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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature
and State Progress

VOLUME XL
NEW SERIES, VOLUME III

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Helen M. Thompson.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XL No. 1 JANUARY, 1908. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, No. 1

Helen M. Thompson

Born in Andover; a teacher for 65 years; died in Pasadena; buried in Andover.

By Clarence E. Carr.

As I sit down to write a brief sketch of the rare woman whose face precedes this page, there come flooding in upon me so many memories and so much of her charming personality, and so many things others know and have told me, that I wish this might be a book of experiences and memories wherein a thousand of her pupils, men and women, might tell what I know is in their hearts to say.

She was a typical, latter-day puritan, New Hampshire born and bred, with all the strength of character that rugged necessities, stern surroundings and the inborn purpose and capacity for work can give. And her love! Ay, it was such love as our maternal ancestors had in their hearts but hid except from their children. She carried it in her open hand. It radiated from her face and speech and surrounded her with a charm that warmed the hearts of all who came under her influence, and will go singing away in their lives as long as they remember.

How do I know it?

Read what I say and know I am under her spell. Many years ago I was in San Francisco. After a hard day's work, weary, sick and somewhat discouraged, I went to my room at the hotel and there with my wife for the first time saw her, and the room was brimful and running over with her sunshine. It is with me yet, and so long as my eyes are permitted to behold the glories of these hills and mountains amid which she was born, and my soul to drink in the fragrance of the grasses and ferns and flowers, and the songs of the brooks and the birds from which her spirit drew its inspiration, the sweet memory of her will abide. She revelled in sunshine and always reflected it.

How do I know it?

Practically all she had, all the treasures which it takes a lifetime to accumulate, went down in the San Francisco fire. All, I say? Not all. The same sweet will, the same faith in tomorrow, the same capacity to be happy and impart happiness, the same firm purpose, and the same spirit were still hers. In the midst of the smoke and ruin, pupil after pupil wrote her or got word to her telling the same story. One is typical: "You know we all love you. You know we all owe you more than we can pay. My home is yours and what I have I will divide with you. You will be doing me a favor if you will only come. I am simply saying what is in the hearts of all your girls."

Did she accept? No. When she told me, she only said, "How lovely of the dear girls to think of me. I could not live in half the homes offered me." So it was. She seemed to have homes everywhere on both sides of the continent—homes where the charm of her presence was a happy benediction.

How do I know it?

There lies before me as I write one of the most beautiful testimonials I have ever seen. It is the work of love and art—an illuminated copy of the resolutions adopted by the school board of San Francisco on her retirement from service. In forty years only one other teacher was similarly rewarded.

After her death there came to her eastern home a touching letter of sympathy, appreciation and love, signed by the principal and the eighteen teachers of the Girls' High School of San Francisco, and with it a wreath of exquisite beauty for her grave.

Talk about wealth, or fame, or power. When we march to the head of the line and at the great awakening day face all the facts of good or ill that span our lives, we shall find our poor wealth will only be measured "by what we have given away;" our fame may prove a phantasy, and our power a dream, but eternal love will abide with Eternal Goodness and souls like hers adorn all worlds forever.

So far I have recorded nothing of the so-called work of this woman. She was a teacher at sixteen—aye thirteen—of large, rude, but strong New Hampshire backwoods boys, who in the old-time way had thrown the masters into the snowdrifts. For $1.50 per week, she faced a motley crowd in that "old red schoolhouse under the hill," with no more consciousness of their muscular power than of her short skirts and her "pig-tail." She was as sure of them as Napoleon of his soldiers and as much their master.

A teacher at sixteen! Yes, and in the '40s, south of Mason and Dixon's line. She was a "Yankee school-ma-am" in Virginia and Kentucky, commanding patronage, commanding respect, overcoming prejudices and difficulties, maintaining her position and her puritan views and dignity, not officiously but boldly and smilingly, and bringing the hat from the head of the haughty cavalier when he came to sneer.

Remember, all this for a girl of sixteen when Virginia and Kentucky were such long distances away.

After a dozen years of this work, she went to California in 1860. What a dream! What a far-away country! There every ease was offered her that wealth could buy, but she was needed and nothing could quench the insatiable desire to work and be helpful. Into the schools of San Francisco she went. She was more than forty-five years a teacher in the Girls' High School there. Forty-five years a teacher! Yes, she was more than sixty years in active work.

How old was she? I do not know. She was not old. She could not grow old. You might as well talk about the flowers and the stars or goodness or love or happiness growing old. No heart was so young as hers, no spirit so blithesome.

Where did she teach? Wherever the wills of youth or their hearts came in contact with hers. What did she teach?

"She taught us how to live, and, oh,
too high
The price of knowledge, taught us
how to die."

I am still in the midst of my story, with more unsaid than I can tell. Why not leave her with the smile of God on her face and the loveliness of her soul "all round about us like a sea of golden water."

Out of the West a spectre came
Touching a heart of gold,
And bore her spirit all aflame
Away on the river old.

When shall we see her like again?
Who will beguile the hours?
For the blithesome call shall we listen
in vain,
As sweet as the breath of the
flowers?

Her spirit was light as the winds that
blow,

As soft as the skies in spring,
With a love that flowed as the waters flow.
And the charms that love will bring.

She caught her smile from the mountain brook
In the days when her years were young,
And the peace of God was in her look
And joy in the songs she sung.

With hopes as high as her native hills,
With purpose in life as grand,
She touched the hearts of youth and their wills
With a gentle and guiding hand.

Her spirit will sing in a thousand hearts,
And a thousand smile through her tears,
And better and braver will play their parts,
For a voice they will hear through the years.

Then lay her away on Nature's breast
By the paths her feet have trod,
Here in the peace of the Valley of Rest,
Under the gracious sod.

No More

By Laura Garland Carr

How would it be if our divided ways
After these long, long years again should meet?
If from the golden depths of memory's haze
Our modern selves should now step forth and greet?

We parted young and gay; the world was new
And we all eagerness its way to try.
We thought its love was sure, its friendship true,
And for our courage naught too deep or high.

And now we're old and gray and sorrow-scarred;
The spirit-flame is dull and flickers low.
We've found earth's treasures buried deep or barred;
We've grown suspicious of both friend and foe.

We've gained in knowledge, but in faith we've lost;
We've earned experience but lack desire;
When impulse stirs we stop to count the cost;
When hearts grow warm we quench or bank their fire.

Could we again those olden cords unite
That held us each to each, so long ago?
Could the same fancies thrill us with delight?
The same emotions bid the quick tears flow?

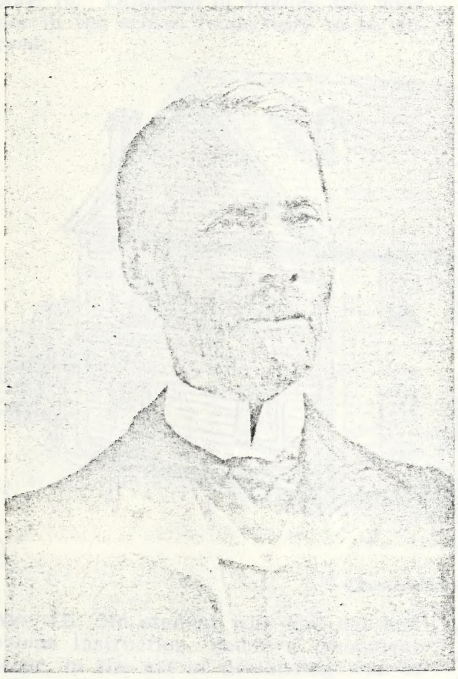
Perhaps environment our souls has bent
Farther apart than e'en our life paths trend,
And each no more could fathom the intent
The other holds, or trace it to its end.

I pray we meet no more. Sweet was the past
And sweet its memory, so let it rest.
No hint of change its baleful shade should cast,
The vision's perfect beauty to molest.

Old Academies of Cheshire County

By Gardner C. Hill, M. D.

Academies played a very important part in the higher education of the youth of the early and middle part of the last century. Instead of high schools, in charge of the town or city authorities, academies were established in the more important towns, which were under the control of a board of trustees and quite often they were designed to carry out the religious views of the trustees. For instance, the Keene Academy was established by the First Congregational Church, and one of the rules of the board of trustees was that the principal should be a member of a Congregational or Prebyterian church. Mt. Caesar Seminary at Swanzey was established in the interests of the Universalist faith.



Gardner C. Hill, M. D.

There were a number of academies in Cheshire County, all of which did good educational work and to which the youth of the vicinity and places more remote flocked in large numbers; and among the graduates were men and women who became very successful in the various callings of life.

CHESTERFIELD ACADEMY.

Chesterfield Academy was incorporated January 12, 1790. The first trustees were Rev. Abraham Wood, Solomon Harvey, Moses Smith, Esq., Silas Richardson, Zur Evans, Simon Willard and Abner Johnson.

May 6, 1790, the town voted to allow the trustees of the academy to put a building on the common for the use of a school.

July 4, 1792, it was voted that the afternoon of every Wednesday, for the rest of the year, should be a holiday.

In 1806 the trustees of the academy adopted by-laws for the institution. The following abridgement contains all of their most important provisions:

ART. 1. No student was to be admitted for a shorter term than six weeks, nor to pay less than $1.50 for tuition.

ART. 2. Any student absent without permission, or unable to give a satisfactory reason for his absence, was liable to pay a fine of 25 cents for each day's absence, or be otherwise punished.

ART. 3. Every student was to pay 25 cents per week tuition, and was to be held accountable for any damage done to the property of the academy or of any person.

ART. 4. Students were forbidden to dispute or contradict the preceptor, or use indecent language in his presence.

ART. 5. When the preceptor entered or left a room, whether in the academy building or elsewhere, all students present were to rise and stand until he had taken a seat, or until they were permitted to sit.

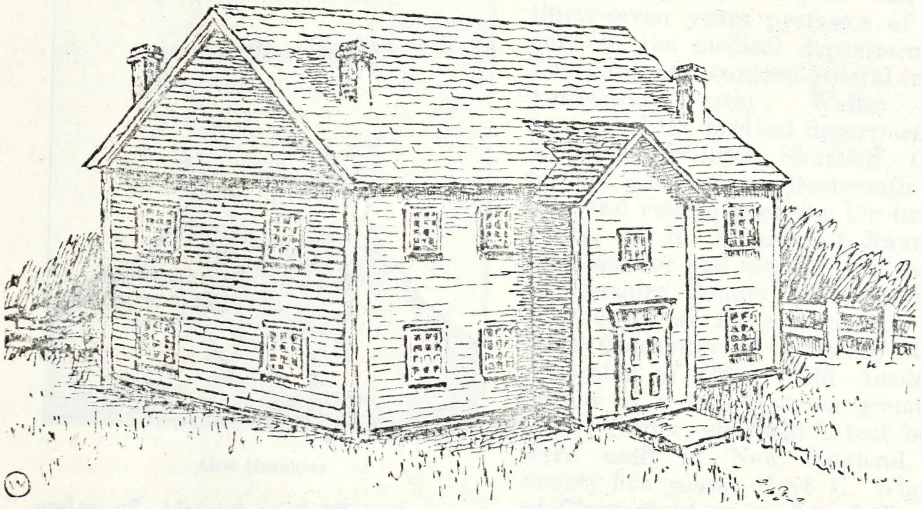
ART. 6. Students were required to observe the same conduct toward the trustees as toward the preceptor. Any student refusing to do so was to be dismissed as unworthy of a seat within the walls devoted to science.

ART. 7. Students were obliged to keep themselves clean and neat; their apparel must be decent; their conversation chaste and their diversions polite. They were not to keep cards or dice, nor play at "games of hazard," nor frequent public houses.

ART. 8. Students were required to attend church, if practicable, on the Sabbath. They were forbidden to have any play or sport on that day, or "to treat with contempt any religious institution, sect or denomination of Christians, the sacred scriptures or any divine ordinance whatever."

ART. 9. Students were commanded to cultivate friendship with one another, and kindly feelings "toward mankind in general."

ART. 10. Diligence in studies and good order in the school room were to be observed.



Chesterfield Academy

ART. 11. No student who had not had previous instruction, under a competent teacher, in the art of declaiming was to be allowed to take part in the exhibitions of the academy until he had been a member for at least twelve weeks.

ART. 12. All students to whom parts might be assigned in any public exhibition were obliged to make careful preparation, in order to perform their parts accurately and to preserve the reputation of the academy.

ART. 13. No student was permitted to attend any other school without the consent of the preceptor or trustees.

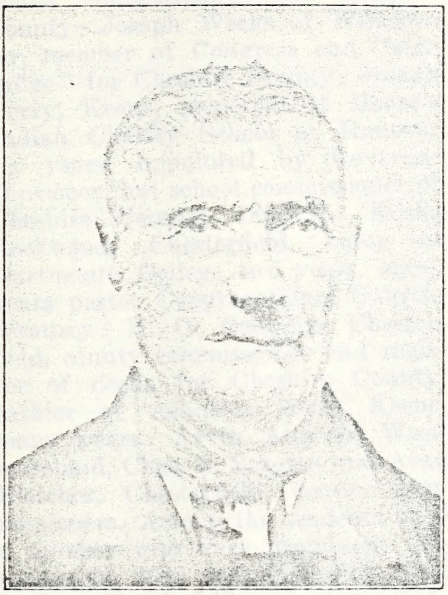
The articles regulating the price of tuition were changed from time to time but no other important change was made in the by-laws till 1834, when that portion of article 5, which required students to rise and stand when the preceptor entered a room *not* in the academy building, was repealed. Some other changes were also made. The property held by the trustees for the use of the academy seems to have consisted at one time, in 1800, of real estate, a portion of "Hardscrabble" (the Glebe land). The academy never realized much, if any, income from this source. Its support was chiefly from tuition and donations.

The names and time of service of all the preceptors have not been ascertained, owing to the imperfect condition of the records of the institution, but some of them were as follows:

John Logan, John Noyes, Broughton Wright, Levi Jackson, Daniel Hardy, Jonathan Hartwell, Asa Keyes, Isaac McConike, Otis Hutchins (four years), Elisha Plumb, Thomas Hardy (seven years), George Freeman, John Walker, John Goldsbury, H. C. Wheeler, John Chamberlain, Josiah M. Fairfield, Edward P. Harris, Oliver M. Smith, James W. Emery, Charles L. Strong (six

years), John F. Butler, Samuel H. Pierce, E. M. Wright, Alphonso Wood, Nathan Kendall, George I. Cutler.

This was the first academy established in southwestern New Hampshire, twenty-two years before Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, and twenty-three years before Miss Catherine Fiske's Seminary at Keene, and about thirty years before the academies of Alstead and Walpole, and forty years before Marlow, Jaffrey and Swanzey. For some thirty years of its existence this parent academy of Cheshire County was second only in the state to Phillips' Exeter Academy.



Otis Hutchins

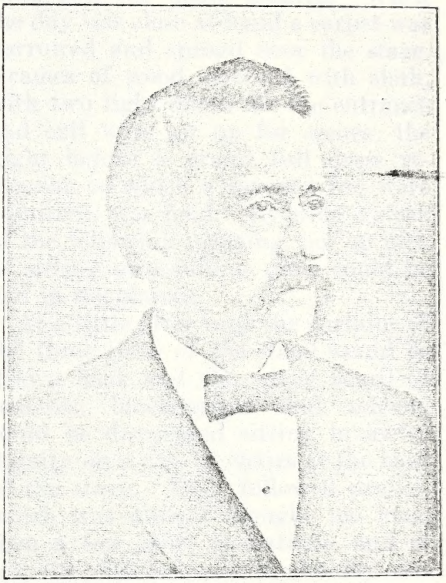
Students were numerous in its palmy days. For over a third of a century it was sufficient to have been a student of the academy, even for a short time, to obtain the reputation of being a scholar. Most of the scholars in southwestern New Hampshire, and Windham County, Vermont, flocked to this school. Some came from Massachusetts, and even the southern states.

Many became more or less distinguished in the various professions and vocations of life. Among them may be mentioned: Rev. Hosea Ballou of Richmond, Russel and Sebastian Streeter of Swanzey, and Rev. Lemuel Willis, pioneers in Universalism; Horace Wells of Westmoreland, one of four who claimed the discovery of anæsthesia and first to use nitrous oxide gas in surgery; Alphonsa Wood, Chesterfield, preceptor of Chesterfield and Kimball Union academies, author and noted botanist; Dr. Warren Stone of Chesterfield, a surgeon of national repute and for thirty-seven years professor of surgery in the medical department of Louisiana and surgeon-general in the confederate army; Walter Carpenter, of the medical department of Vermont; William Shurtleff, Chesterfield, professor in Dartmouth College and college preacher for twenty years; A. H. Bennett of Swanzey, state senator and school commissioner of Cheshire County, judge in Iowa and mayor of Davenport, Ia.; Rev. John Goldsbury of Warwick, Mass., preceptor of Chesterfield Academy, author of a text book on grammar, school reader, etc., which text books were used in New England for twenty-five years; Hoyt H. Wheeler of Chesterfield, preceptor of Chesterfield Academy, judge in Windham County, Vermont; L. W. Pierce, Chesterfield, preceptor of Mt. Caesar Seminary, Swanzey; Hon. Larkin G. Mead, Chesterfield, father of Larkin G. Mead, the famous sculptor (Italy); Dr. Charles G. Adams, eminent physician of Keene, from 1815–50; Edwin D. Mead of Chesterfield, the editor of the *New England Magazine,* well known as an author and lecturer; Gen. Herbert B. Titus, school commissioner for Cheshire County; William Haile, Chesterfield, governor of New Hampshire; Charles Marsh, Chesterfield, who was of the firm of

Jordan & Marsh, Boston, many years; C. J. Amidon, Chesterfield, manufacturer in Hinsdale and state senator; Barton Skinner, Westmoreland, register of deeds of Cheshire County; B. D. Harris, Chesterfield, secretary and acting governor of New Mexico; Larkin Baker, Westmoreland, judge of probate and "side judge" of Cheshire County; Harvey Carlton of Winchester, judge of probate and school commissioner for Cheshire County; Joseph Weeks of Winchester, member of Congress and "side judge" for Cheshire County; Joseph Perry, Keene, principal of Moore's Indian Charity School at Hanover six years, appointed by Governor Dinsmoor first school commissioner of Cheshire County, 1850–51; Elisha Rockwood, Chesterfield, tutor at Dartmouth College two years, many years pastor Congregational Church, Swanzey; H. O. Coolidge, Chesterfield, county commissioner and register of deeds for Cheshire County, cashier of Ashuelot Bank, Keene, many years; Arvin Aldrich, Westmoreland, Chas. R. Sargent and Arad Fletcher, Chesterfield, county commissioners. Among the students were a number who were prominent musicians in their day, including Wm. L. Day, Chesterfield, orchestral; G. L. Fullum, Chesterfield, violin; Wm. S. Hutchins, Winchester, singing school teacher and chorister of the First Congregational Church of Keene for many years.

EXHIBITIONS

Exhibitions at the close of the fall terms were red letter days during the period of the academy's greatest prosperity, though they took place at a period beyond the memory of most living persons. The exhibitions were usually held in the old meeting-house, near the academy, at the Center Village, and were attended by large numbers of people, many coming from the neighboring towns. A temporary stage was built in front of the pulpit and enclosed by curtains. On the stage were acted tragedies, comedies and farces, and the masterpieces of the great orators of all nations were recited. The programs were often very extensive and sometimes consisted of three parts, for the forenoon, the afternoon and the evening, respectively. The following synopsis of the "Order of Exercises" for an exhibition given November 19, 1846, will serve to illustrate this point:



Dr. George I. Cutler

FORENOON (beginning at 9 o'clock).—Prayer; music; salutatory oration (Latin); introductory piece; comedy, Lost and Found (fifteen characters); declamation; declamation.

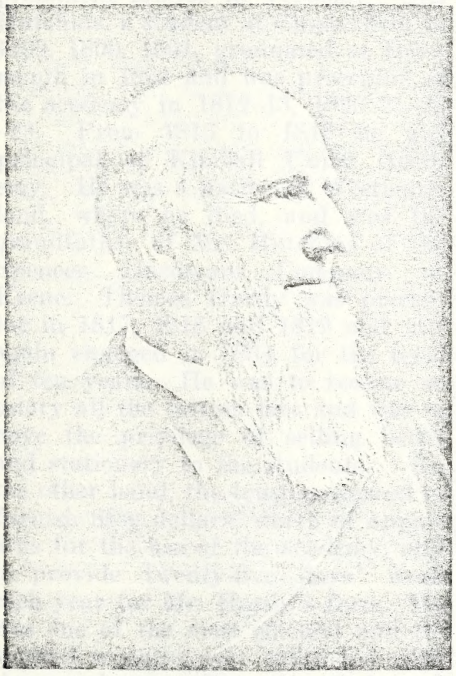
AFTERNOON.—Oration; dramatic play, "Lady of Lyons" (twelve characters, officers and servants); declamation, "Contilena"; farce, "State Secrets" (six characters); "Facetiae"; declamation.

EVENING.—Oration; farce, "Rendezvous (nine characters); declamation; tragedy, "Venice Preserved" (seven characters, officers, guards and conspirators); cantus; declamation; comedy, "Rip Van Winkle" (fourteen characters and mountain demons); closing piece; valedictory.

In 1819 the trustees decided to abandon the custom of having annual

exhibitions, stating as their reason for such decision that the time spent in preparing for them could be more profitably devoted to the regular studies. But the practice had become so firmly established it could not easily be done away with and was afterwards resumed.

There were always discussions as to whether there would be an exhibition that particular term, its advantages, its disadvantages, and the details of the affair were rife



Hon. Hoyt H. Wheeler

in early autumn and went forward in cumulative interest as the days passed on. The decision having been made, the plays to be enacted were at once selected and the parts assigned and written out, there being generally only one book for the use of all who had parts in any one play. Then followed rehearsals of a very informal character, at any odd time, when a few of the actors could be brought together. For two or three weeks before the great day the old meeting-house would be taken possession of, square timbers laid on the tops of the old-fashioned "pen" pews, a floor laid on the timbers, posts erected at the corners, from the tops of which wires were strung for the curtains, then the rehearsals began in good earnest. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and every available moment of time (except Sundays) the hours were improved, the lower windows of the church being darkened and the doors secured. When the day was close at hand a carpet was borrowed and spread over the stage. Frames of wood, covered with cloth, with two light doors for the entrance and exit were set up for scenes; the night before a grand full dress rehearsal, to which a favored few were admitted, was held. By nine o'clock of the following morning, not an inch of sitting or standing room could be had in the church.

At a little after nine the curtains of the three sides of the stage would be drawn back and the whole board of trustees, black-coated and solemn, could be discovered sitting in awful dignity on a row of chairs at the back of the stage. Then followed prayer, which was always thought too long, then a few short recitations, and at last the real business of the day was begun. The performance lasted until nearly eleven o'clock at night, and was closed by a valedictory from one of the oldest and best students.

The academy building was a two-story structure. The first floor had two rooms for assistants, the second, one room for the preceptor. The building was burned to the ground April 9, 1859. A new one was erected the same year by school district No. 5 and the trustees of the academy, on condition that the same should be used both for the district school and for a high school or academy.

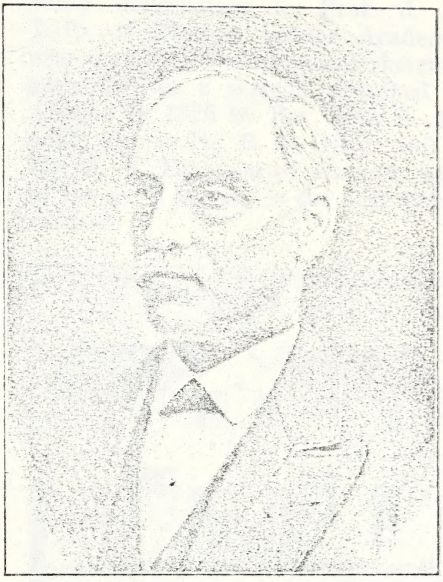
Among the heads of these institutions were men of talents of the highest order. In those days the office of

teacher was held in greatest respect, and there were strong men in the profession. Space will admit of only brief mention of a few names:

John Noyes, A. B., graduate of Dartmouth College, in which institution he was a tutor for several years, was preceptor of Chesterfield Academy in 1795–96. Levi Jackson was preceptor in 1799, 1800 and 1801; Asa Keyes in 1810, 1811. He fitted for college at the academy and graduated at Dartmouth. He became a prominent lawyer in Vermont. Otis Hutchins, a student at Chesterfield in 1799, 1800, 1801, graduated at Dartmouth in 1804 and was preceptor of the academy in 1812–13, 1820–21–22–23. From 1815 to 1819 he was principal of Kimball Union Academy. He was a native of Westmoreland, where he died, and was the grandfather of Mr. Hutchins of the Spencer Hardware Company of Keene. Thomas Hardy was preceptor in 1817, 1818 and 1819 and was again engaged in 1834 for the term of ten years. He was to receive as salary all the tuition fees and was to have the privilege of selling books and stationery to the students. On the other hand, the trustees agreed to furnish fifty dollars' worth of apparatus for the use of the academy, and to provide twenty-five days' work each year for Mr. Hardy's farm. He was one of the most efficient and respected teachers ever connected with the academy. Six thousand and seven hundred persons were under his instruction during his career as a teacher in all the schools under his care. He was born in Dublin, N. H., October 23, 1784, and died March 3, 1864. For ten years he was a successful teacher of large private schools in Boston, from 1819 to 1829. He taught a private school in Keene in the winter of 1833–34. The length of service of Otis Hutchins and Thomas Hardy testifies to their popularity and success.

The following is a copy of a certificate given by Preceptor Hutchins to Mr. Hardin Albee, a prominent teacher of that period:

This may certify that Mr. Hardin Albee, in whose favor this is written, has received Instructions from me at this Academy for a Short Term. He has given evidence of possessing good Tal-



LaFayette W. Pierce

ents, and a studious mind. He is well versed in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, and has paid considerable attention to Geography.

OTIS HUTCHINS,
Preceptor of the Academy of Chesterfield, N. H.

Chesterfield, Nov. 24th, 1821.

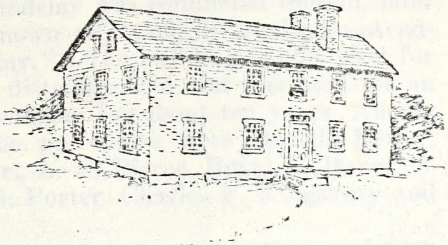
Mr. Hardin Albee is thought qualified to instruct an English-Grammar School.
O. H.

The above certificate examined and approved of by me, Dec. 3, 1821.
NATHAN WILD, *Selectman of Chesterfield.*

ALSTEAD ACADEMY

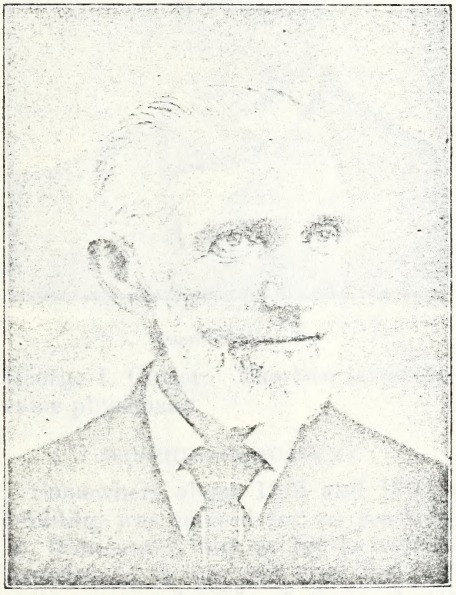
Alstead Academy was incorporated in 1819. The first preceptor was Ebenezer C. Tracy, in the fall of that year, a graduate of Dartmouth College. In 1820 Rev. Seth S. Arnold was preceptor, a graduate of Middle-

bury College, Vermont, and pastor of the First Church of Alstead. Those who succeeded Mr. Arnold were Levi Smith two seasons, a Dartmouth College graduate; Charles Walker one



Alstead Academy

season and Thomas F. Fletcher one season, both also graduates of Dartmouth College; Ira Hatch one season, a member of Union College Schenectady, N. Y.; Enoch Hale, 1827; Milton Parker, 1828. The institution was then closed until 1833, when it

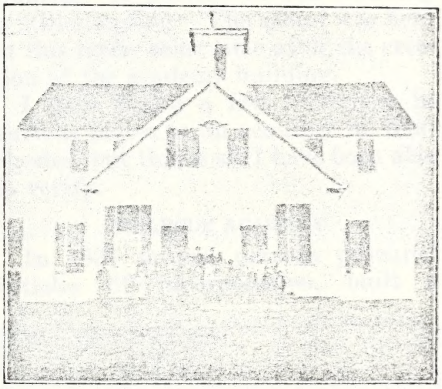


A. R. Emerson (at 80 years)

was opened again by Mr. Justice L. Jones, a member of Amherst College. Mr. Jones taught three seasons in succession and was very popular. Sumner Kidder, 1838, was the last preceptor as far as known, the academy being closed for want of patronage in that year.

The old academy was a brick structure, two stories high, fifty feet long and thiry-five feet wide, with a pitched roof, an entrance in the middle of the long side, with no portico, and had two chimneys.

I am indebted for most of the foregoing information to Prof. J. A. Tufts of Phillips Exeter Academy, who quoted from historical sketches, appended to a sermon preached at Alstead in 1826 by Rev. Seth S. Arnold; also to Dr. R. F. Oliver and to Mr. A. R. Emerson of Alstead, who, so far as is known, is the only living student.



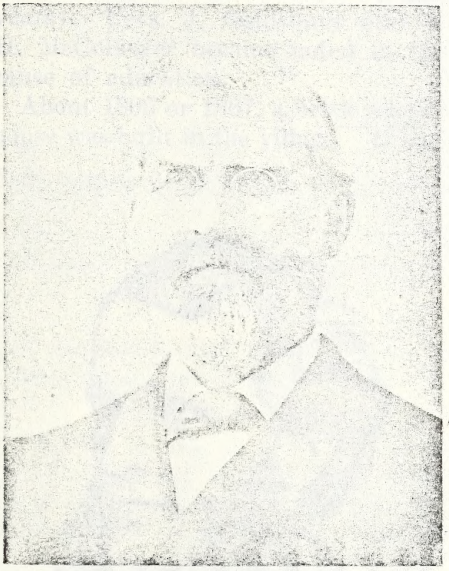
Cold River Union Academy, Alstead

Mr. Emerson, who was born on an Alstead farm December 29, 1822, was a student in the academy in 1838, and at other academies later. He taught school and was engaged in the foundry business at Alstead and Hillsborough for many years. Later he was engaged in building and in public business, serving many years as selectman; also as town collector, and as chairman of the committee to fund the town debt of $40,000. He was also for twelve years postmaster at Alstead and has held various other positions of trust, but is now retired from active business.

In 1838 an abandoned meeting house at Alstead Center was taken



down and brought to what was called at that time Paper Mill Village (then the most prosperous and populous part of the town) and erected again, and for several years a successful academy was conducted therein, later known as "Cold River Union Academy." The building is now used for a district school, but was used for an academy for about ten years. Among the preceptors were Burrill Porter, Jr., L. F. Pierce, Royal L. Burge, S. H. Porter, Charles F. Kingsbury and



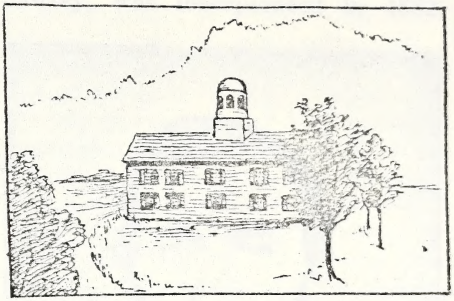
Burrill Porter, Jr.

George I. Cutler. The two latter became physicians.

WINCHESTER ACADEMY

Somewhere about 1815 and 1820 a building was erected for an academy in Winchester, but as far as can be ascertained it was not used for that purpose any length of time. Later it came into the possession of the Center Village district, and every fall select schools were held in it, up to the time of the opening of the high school.

As Winchester has no written history, any information I have been able to gather has been from one aged person, whose mother was a teacher in the first schoolhouse in the Center, which was located on the bank of the river opposite the Congregational



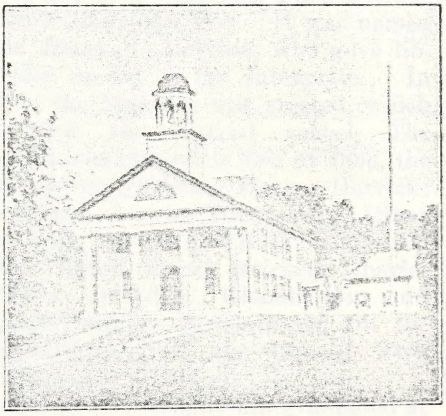
Winchester Academy

Church. A portion of this building is still standing. The school was held in this house some time after the erection of the academy building.

I have found a few references in various places to an academy in Winchester, but this is all I have been able to verify.

WALPOLE ACADEMY

In 1831 several persons procured articles of incorporation, built a



Walpole Academy

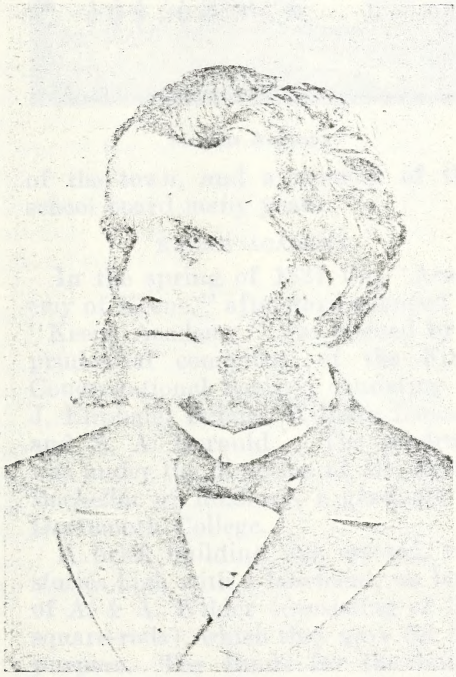
building and established an academy in Walpole, which building is now occupied by the high school.

The first principal was Charles H. Allen, a graduate of Harvard. After

Mr. Allen came Richard Packard, J. L. Jones (Miss Jones and Miss Bellows were assistants), H. F. Harrington, John Nichols, Mr. Seagrave, I. N. Bellows, Fisher Hill, John Goldsbury, S. H. McCollester and others. The school existed till 1854, when the high school was established.

Of the high school principals recalled are Galen Graves, Francis B. Knapp, Burrill Porter, George R. Brown, Abel P. Richardson (four years), two Howards, C. C. Davis, J. E. Rubell, C. R. Crowell (eight years). Revs. J. Goldsbury and S. H. McCollester became noted in the cause of education.

About 1806 or 1807, a brick schoolhouse was built in the village. It had

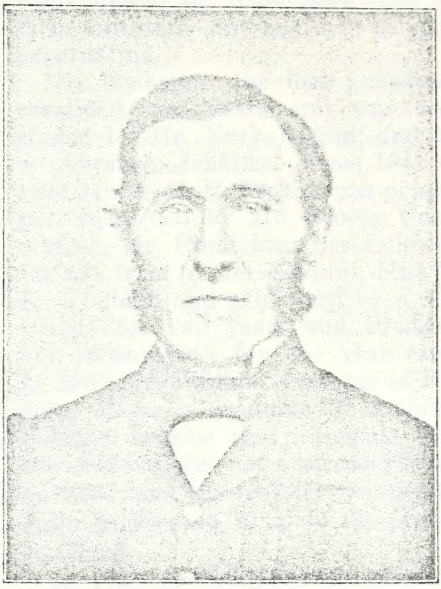


Rev. S. H. McCollester, D. D.

two schoolrooms on the first floor and a hall on the second, where select schools were kept until the academy was established. Mr. Wm. G. Field, a lawyer in town, kept a select school several years in this building. Ebenezer Swan was the first male teacher in town.

MELVILLE ACADEMY

Melville Academy, in the town of Jaffrey, was incorporated in 1832.



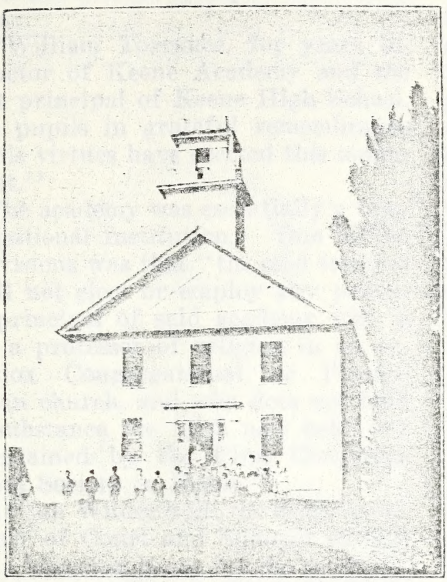
David C. Chamberlain

The grantees were Asa Parker, Luke Howe and John Fox. It was named for Jonas M. Melville, who gave liberally in aid of the enterprise. In 1833 the building was erected, which is now the district school. The school was opened in fall of 1833, the first principal being Horace Herrick; assistant, Aurelia Townsend. Other teachers were Roswell P. Hitchcock, Wm. Eaton, Harry Brickett, Charles Cutter, David C. Chamberlain and Sarah French. It continued till the establishment of the Conant Free (now high) school.

David C. Chamberlain graduated at Amherst College in 1844, taught in Pelham, Mass., and Fitzwilliam, N. H.; was principal of Melville Academy from 1845 to 1857, when he removed to Winchendon, Mass., and taught the high school there eight years, returning to East Jaffrey,



where he died in 1897. He was always much interested in the schools



Melville Academy

of the town, and a member of the school board many years.

KEENE ACADEMY

In the spring of 1837 the "Academy of Keene," afterward changed to "Keene Academy," was opened by a prudential committee of the First Congregational Society, consisting of J. Eliphalet Briggs, William Lamson and S. A. Gerould. The academy was under the direction of Mr. Breed Bachellor of Roxbury, a graduate of Dartmouth College.

A brick building was erected, two stories high with a basement, on land of A. & A. Wilder (consisting of 110 square rods), which they gave for the purpose. The funds for the building were raised by subscription, chiefly through the efforts of Rev. Z. S. Barstow and William Lamson. It stood on the lot now occupied by the high school buildings, and was deeded to fifteen trustees: Joel Parker, Amos Twitchell, Z. S. Barstow, A. A. Livermore, James Wilson, Aaron Hall, Azel Wilder, William Lamson, Elijah Parker and Eliphalet Briggs, all of Keene; John Sabin of Fitzwilliam, Elisha Rockwood of Swanzey, Alanson Rawson of Roxbury, Larkin Baker of Westmoreland and Pliny Jewell of Winchester—five of them ministers—the board to be self-pepetuating.

Mr. Bachellor, the first principal, remained two years and was succeeded by Mr. Noah Bishop, and he by Abraham Jenkins. From 1841 to 1844 Mr. A. E. P. Perkins was principal, succeeded by Mr. Seneca Cummings. Mr. Cummings was followed for one term by his assistant, Miss L. K. Kimball, and afterward by a Mr. Clarke for two years and Blodgett and Woodworth for one year each. In 1850 Mr. William Torrance of Enfield, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College, became the principal. But the academy was not a success; it had no fund, and the trustees found difficulty in keeping it up to the proper standard.

In 1853 the building was leased to



Keene Academy

the "Associated Districts" for the term of ten years for a high school, of which Mr. Torrance became the first principal. Mr. Torrance was an excellent teacher and was greatly be-

loved. A monument was erected to his memory in the old cemetery after his death and the epitaph reads as follows:

"William Torrance, for years instructor of Keene Academy and the first principal of Keene High School. His pupils in grateful remembrance of his virtues have erected this monument."

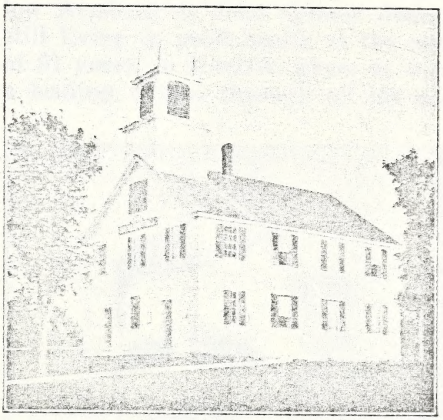
The academy was essentially a Congregational institution. One of the provisions was that "the said trustees shall not elect or employ any person as principal of said academy who is not a professor of religion in an orthodox Congregational or Presbyterian church, and who does not hold in substance the faith now held and maintained by the First Congregational Society in Keene."

Abijah Wilder built the brick house, corner of Court and Summer streets, for a boarding house for the academy, now the residence of Abbott M. Lane. It was 40 feet square, 2½ stories high, and contained twenty rooms. Mr. Timothy Hall gave a bell for the building, which is still in use on the high school house.

From the rent, the sale of the apparatus to the high school, and other sources, the trustees had on deposit January 1, 1860, a fund of $750, which, with the proceeds of the final sale of the property some years later, and interest, has increased to a large sum, now in the hands of fifteen trustees. Much consideration has been given as to the final disposition of this fund, which will eventually be used for educational purposes.

MARLOW ACADEMY

In the spring of 1838 Marlow Academy was opened to students in the hall of Edmund Jones' hotel, by Giles Bailey of Acworth. The fall term opened in the same place, but, difficulties arising, the school was transferred to Huntley's Hall, Mr. Bailey being succeeded by Charles F. Stockwell. Afterward the home of the school was in the "Tontine," till 1841, but the removal of this building and its conversion into a dwelling house precluded its further use as an academy. In 1841 an association was formed, Rev. Amos Tenney being the prime mover, whose purpose was to erect a house and establish on a firm basis an academy. The first principal under this regime was Warren J. Guernsey, who remained in charge till 1846, when a Mr. Johnson had charge for a term. In 1847 Lucian Hunt was secured as principal. The school was then at a low ebb, but under him it was brought to a most excellent condi-

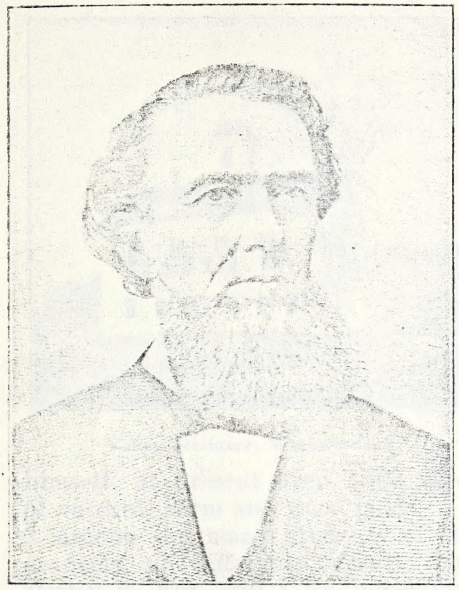


Marlow Academy

tion, seeing its palmiest days. Rev. W. S. Evans succeeded Mr. Hunt as principal in 1849 for one year, when Rev. H. C. Wood, a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1844, took charge of the academy, remaining about three years. Under him the school prospered and earned an enviable reputation. Among the students fitted for college under Mr. Wood may be mentioned Hon. Silas Hardy of Keene, Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont and Hon. Horatio Colony, first mayor of Keene.

For a short time the school was under the care of William M. H. Hollis, when, in 1835, George W. Todd of Rindge, an experienced and popular teacher, was employed. Under his

administration of three years the school prospered. In 1857 J. L. D. Otis purchased the academy and established a normal school, but lack of support caused the effort to fail, and he sold the building to members of

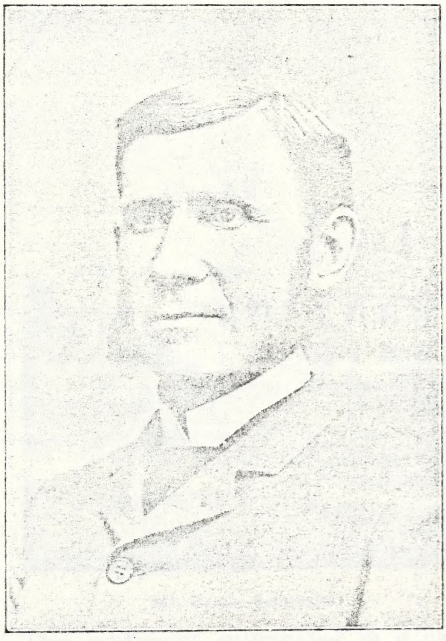


Prof. Lucian Hunt

the Baptist Church, who for a few years held their meetings in it. Finally the building came into the possession of the Marlow Academy Association. Dating from the departure of Mr. Todd, the decline of the school began, so far as the attendance, which at times had numbered 150 students, was concerned, though much excellent work was done for many years. Teachers were secured for one or more terms thereafter who succeeded in the following order after Mr. Otis: John Paul, C. M. Houghton, Geo. A. Whitney, Geo. I. Cutler, E. M. Smith, J. A. Wilbur, Emma Nelson, F. D. Mussey, C. A. Allen, W. P. Beckwith, B. C. Cole, L. F. Hayward, A. E. Cudworth, D. W. McKean, H. D. Upton, E. A. Jones, A. S. Hazelton, C. W. French, F. W. Lane, H. O. Hill, A. P. French, T. D. Wells, A. W. Mitchell, L. O. Williams, G. E. Whitehill, F. E. Benjamin, F. A. Douglas, G. S. Ellis, G. B. Chandler, G. L. Lowell, Helen Peabody. The institution passed out of existence nearly twenty years ago, but in August, 1901, an interesting and largely attended "reunion" of teachers and students was held.

Among the various principals were several who became successful physicians, notably Dr. George I. Cutler, now of West Swanzey, Dr. C. A. Allen of Holyoke, Mass., and Dr. A. W. Mitchell of Epping. Doctor Cutler is a native of Keene and also taught at Chesterfield and Westmoreland.

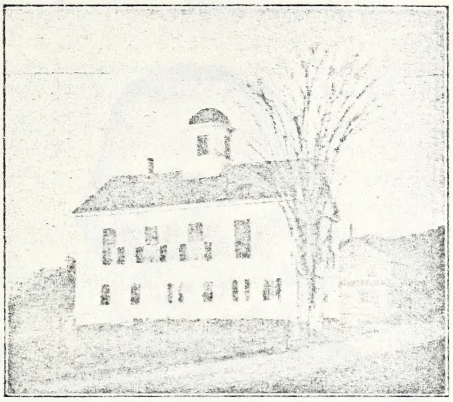
The oldest living student of Marlow Academy is John Quincy Jones, still living in good health at the age of 91 years, in Marlow, where he was a leading citizen through all his ac-



Elgin A. Jones

tive life. His son, Elgin A. Jones, who was also a student there and a graduate of Dartmouth College Scientific Department in the class of 1874, and who was principal of the academy in 1877–'78, also remains a citizen of

the town and prominent in public affairs along political, educational and business lines. In recent years he has dealt extensively in real estate, having in the last half dozen years bought and sold over 12,000 acres and holds,



Valley Seminary, Westmoreland

himself, at present over 1,500 acres of valuable farm and wood lands.

Among the many students of the academy at different periods were Perley E. Fox, still a leading citizen of Marlow; Hon. Alfred F. Howard, well known lawyer and insurance manager of Portsmouth; the late George E. Dame, long clerk of the court for Sullivan County; Dr. O. M. George, a prominent and successful dentist of Bellows Falls, and George F. Tinker, a native of the town, long a prosperous business man in New London, Conn. Mrs. Tinker, who was a popular school teacher, was a student here and at Winchester Academy.

VALLEY SEMINARY

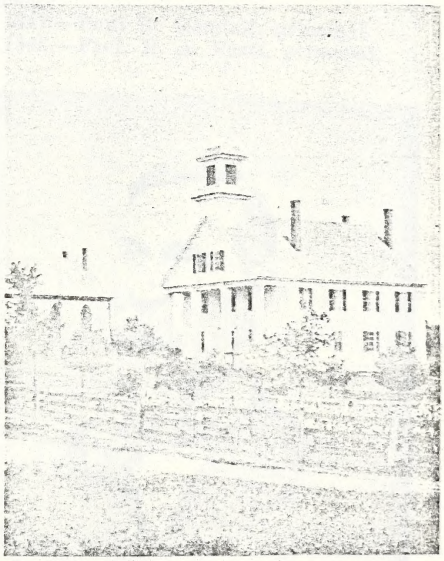
In the fall of 1857 a school was opened in the town hall of Westmoreland, under the above name, by J. H. Robinson. He was succeeded in the following years by Rev. S. H. McCollester, Dr. Geo. I. Cutler and others. The term was held usually in the fall and the school existed for six or seven years. Mr. McCollester taught there a fall and two spring terms, having in the fall more than a hundred students, the larger part of them being teachers, or those who were fitting themselves for that calling. Although the school did not exist many years, it accomplished an excellent work.

Rev. Josiah L. Seward, D. D., of Keene, was a student at the Valley Seminary. He was the first principal of the Conant Free High School in Jaffrey, the first term of which opened in the fall of 1870 in the old Melville Academy building.

Another Valley Seminary student was Orrin W. Cook, the veteran accountant of Springfield, Mass.

MT. CAESAR SEMINARY

About 1840 the Universalists of Cheshire County began to discuss the advisability of establishing an institution of higher education, representative of their faith, in the county.

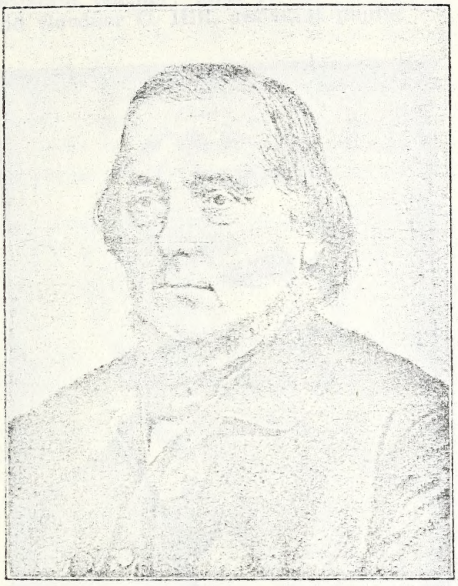


Mt. Caesar Seminary

This sentiment culminated in a call for a county convention to consider the subject. The towns having Universalist societies elected delegates, consisting of clergymen and laymen, numbering in all sixteen. This convention voted to locate the seminary in the town that would subscribe the

most funds for the institution. Swanzey raised the full amount required, and the convention voted to locate in that town.

This body elected a board of trustees as follows: Hon. Elijah Carpen-



Rev. L. J. Fletcher, D. D.

ter, Col. Carter Whitcomb, David Parsons, Capt. Edward Goddard, Amasa Aldrich, Esq., Isaac Stratton, Esq., Israel Applin of Swanzey, Rev. Stillman Clark of Jaffrey, Jonathan Robinson, Esq., of Surry, Calvin May, Gilsum, Danforth Tyler, Richmond. A building of suitable size, two and one half stories high, was erected. The first floor included two rooms for the assistants. The second floor was used by the principal, and the third floor contained the hall for lectures, lyceums and entertainments.

A boarding house, containing twenty rooms or more, was erected for the use of the pupils. It is now used for a hotel.

Notwithstanding this was a Universalist school, it was always conservative, students from all denominations attended it, and later, the principals were selected without regard to religious belief. It was opened to the public in the fall of 1843.

The first faculty consisted of the following teachers: Rev. J. L. Fletcher, A. B., principal; L. Winslow Blanchard, A. B., assistant; Miss Fidelia Loveland, preceptress and teacher in female department. The teaching force in subsequent years included the following:

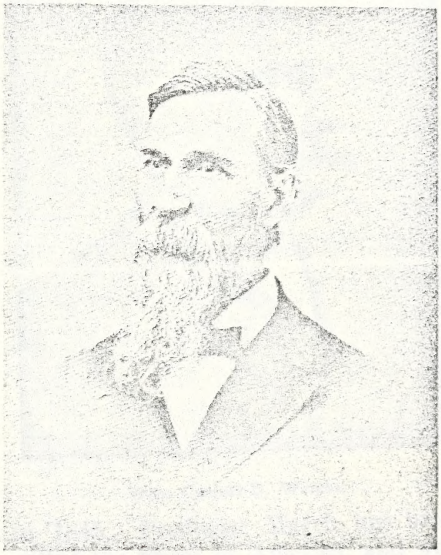
1844.—Rev. J. L. Fletcher, A. B., principal; L. W. Blanchard, A. B., Paul R. Kendall, Jr., assistants; Miss C. E. Blanchard, preceptress; Miss E. B. Drake, teacher of music; Mr. J. W. Knights, teacher of penmanship.

1845.—Rev. John S. Lee, A. B., principal; Francis A. March, A. B., assistant; Miss Marian E. Bridgman, preceptress and teacher of music.

1846.—Rev. John S. Lee, A. B., principal; A. M. Bennett, A. B., S. M. Plimpton, A. B., assistants; Miss Marian E. Bridgman, preceptress and teacher of music.

1847.—Paul R. Kendall, principal.

1848.—Prof. H. A. Pratt, principal.



Francis A. March, L.L. D.

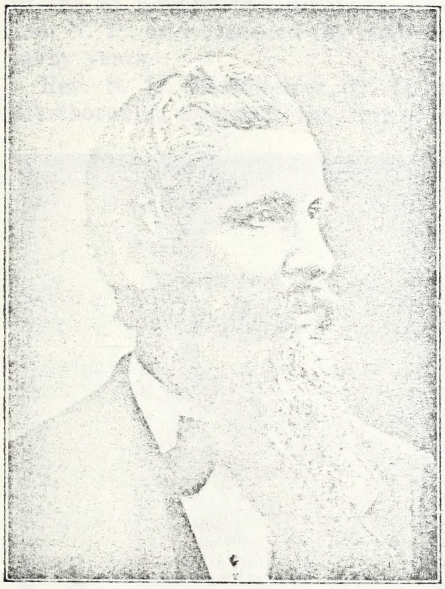
1849.—Rev. Joseph Hemphill, principal.

1850.—Mr. Marshall, principal; Misses Rhoda J. and Elizabeth Wilder of Keene, assistants.

1851.—Lafayette W. Pierce, A. B., principal; Frank M. Crosby, assistant; Miss Frances A. Haven, preceptress and

teacher of music; Miss Julia Haven, teacher in ornamental branches; S. W. Horton, teacher in penmanship.

1852.—Spring term, Miss Louisa B. Randall, preceptress; fall term, M. E. Wright, A. B., principal; Miss Catherine D. Conant, preceptress and teacher of music and drawing; Miss Ann I. Tilden, assistant teacher; Miss H. A. Thompson and Gardner C. Hill, assistant pupils.



M. E. Wright

1853.—Spring term, M. E. Wright, A. B., principal; fall term, Rev. S. H. McCollester, A. B., principal; Mrs. S. F. McCollester, preceptress; Mrs. D. L. M. Comings, teacher of music; John Q. A. McCollester, assistant; Edwin Guild, teacher of mathematics.

1854.—Rev. S. H. McCollester, A. B., principal; Mrs. S. F. McCollester, preceptress; Miss E. D. Knight, assistant teacher; Miss J. L. Emerosn, W. S. Myers, assistant pupils; W. W. Guild, teacher of penmanship.

1855.—Rev. S. H. McCollester, A. B., principal; Mrs. S. F. McCollester, preceptress; Mrs. D. L. M. Comings, teacher of music; Edwin Guild, associate principal; W. W. Guild, teacher of penmanship; Julius A. Houston, teacher of vocal music.

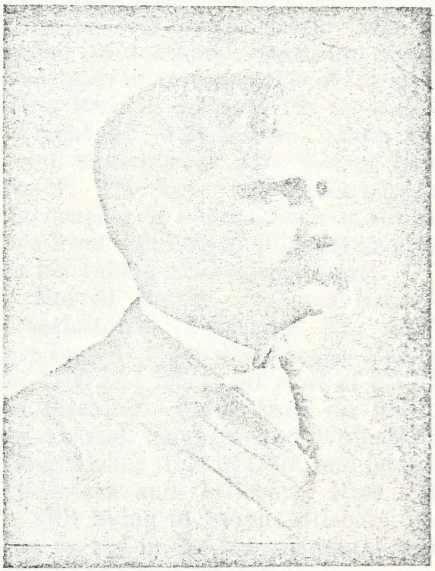
1856.—Rev. S. H. McCollester, A. B., principal; Mrs. S. F. McCollester, preceptress; Edwin Guild, associate principal; W. W. Guild, teacher of penmanship; Miss Luvania M. Aldrich, teacher of music.

1857.—Spring term, Rev. S. H. McCollester, with the same corps of assistants. Fall term, Rev. L. A. Spencer, principal; Caroline L. Southgate, preceptress.

Subsequent principals included Rev. W. W. Hayward, Burrill Porter, Jr. (in 1860–61–62), George W. Gay (1864), Charles J. Barber (1865), J. W. Cross, Jr., and others.

Rev. L. J. Fletcher, D. D., was a native of Alstead and educated in part at the old academy of that town, and was a popular principal of the seminary for nearly two years. He afterward settled in Brattleboro, Vt., as pastor of the Universalist Church.

Francis A. March, LL. D., graduated at Amherst College in 1845. He was assistant principal at Mt. Caesar



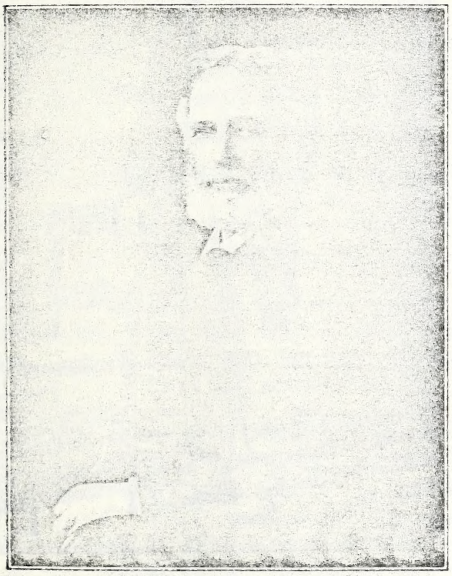
Hon. Carroll D. Wright

in 1845. Professor March has been called the Skeat of America, and was one of the foremost Anglo-Saxon scholars and comparative philologists of the time. He was the author of a number of valuable works on language and literature.

Rev. John S. Lee, D. D., assumed

charge of the seminary immediately after his graduation from Amherst College in 1845. He was a great lover of books and a fine student, with remarkable memory. In 1869 he took the position of Professor of ecclesiastical history and biblical archaelogy in the theological school of the St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and occupied the chair for many years.

Rev. S. H. McCollester, D. D., of Marlborough assumed the duties of



Dr. George W. Gay

principal of the school and pastor of the Universalist Church in 1853. Doctor McCollester was a student at Mt. Caesar under Mr. Fletcher and a graduate of Norwich (Vt.) University. He was principal of Westbrook Seminary in Maine for several years, also of the academies at Walpole and Westmoreland. He was school commissioner of Cheshire County for four years. Subsequently he was for several years president of Buchtel College, Akron, O. He has traveled much in foreign lands, been the author of many books and correspondent of various journals. Up to this point the seminary had been very successful, there being from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pupils at the fall terms. After Doctor McCollester left, the school began to decline, and I do not find that any catalogues were issued after that time.

Miss Louisa B. Randall (Mrs. Wright) was at the head of the school in the spring of 1852. Mrs. Wright became a very successful teacher. From Swanzey she went to Troy, where she taught a select and high school for six years. During her teaching there her one hundreth term of teaching service was celebrated. After leaving Troy she taught for six years in Marlborough, and left there for Kansas, where she was principal of a high school (fitting students for college) for seven years. She assisted in teachers' institutes during vacations in various parts of the state. Miss Randall married Dr. Samuel G. Wright of Winchester. Both had been students at Mt. Caesar Seminary. The doctor had been a successful teacher of select schools in the old academy building in Winchester prior to his taking his medical degree.

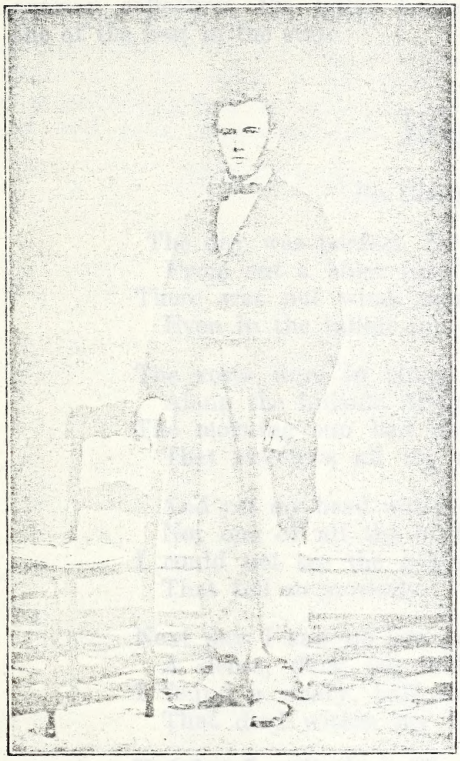
Burrill Porter, Jr., was born in Charlestown, February 22, 1832; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1856 and has spent most of his life in teaching. Aside from his service in Alstead, Swanzey and Walpole, he taught some time in Ohio, and later in Braintree and Attleboro, Mass. He is still living in North Attleboro, and has served in the Massachusetts legislature and as postmaster.

Carroll D. Wright, who was assistant to Mr. Porter at Mt. Caesar in 1860, has since won a worldwide reputation as a statistician and sociologist, was long U. S. commissioner of labor and is now president of Clark College, Worcester, Mass.

George W. Gay, a native of Swanzey, who was both a student and principal at Mt. Caesar, is one of Boston's most eminent physicians and surgeons,

president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and holds a position in the front rank of the profession in America.

Charles J. Barber, who followed Dr. Gay as principal, was a native of

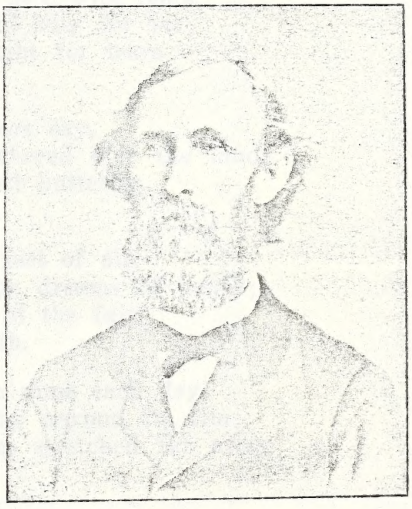


Dr. Charles J. Barber

Northfield, Mass., born July 31, 1842. He was a graduate of Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass. He studied medicine at Pittsfield, Mass., and Boston, practised in Warwick, Lunenburg and Winchendon, and died at the age of thirty years.

Among the many students at Mt. Caesar, at one time or another, may be named Denman Thompson, of "Old Homestead" fame; Charles Holbrook, successful California merchant; Gen. D. W. Bill of Gilsum, Hon. G. K. Harvey, Surry; John J. Holbrook, professor of mathematics; Amos P. Foster, W. S. Meyers, A. J. Blake, Daniel H. Healey, Leonard Wellington, J. H. Reed and Floyd Eaton, lawyers; C. J. Kingsbury, J. H. Robinson, S. J. Wright, H. O. Bowles, physicians; A. A. Ware, J. B. Abbott, E. Kingsbury, county commissioners; Irvine A. Whitcomb, of Raymond & Whitcomb, excursion managers; Hon. G. H. Eames, ex-mayor of Keene; Hon. George Carpenter, J. P. Whitcomb, G. H. Aldrich, Dexter W. Gilbert, J. Warren Pierce and others. Elkanah Lane, while a student here was known as "the Tall Pine of Mt. Caesar," being 6 feet, 7 inches high. He later became a prosperous manufacturer of steam drop hammers in Cleveland, O.

George W. Oliver, a native of Swanzey, was a classmate of the writer, attending the seminary from 1852 to 1854. He subsequently taught three years and then engaged in business in New York, locating finally in Syracuse, where he was extensively and successfully engaged in



Hon. George Carpenter

belt manufacturing, retiring several years since. He has traveled extensively in this country and Europe.

After the building ceased to be used for school purposes, Hon. George Carpenter of Swanzey bought the interest of the other shareholders and

presented the building to the Mt. Caesar Union Library Association. The building was well adapted to its new use, the ground floor being used for reception and cloak rooms, while the second floor is occupied by the library and the third for the antiquarian collection, the latter being one of the best in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter both attended the old institution and have always been interested in the building. They have spent their days near it and cherish the old memories. Their hospitable home at "Valley View" is always open to the old students, and to all old residents of Swanzey.

Moods

By Clara B. Heath

The day was perfect, for the sun ne'er shone
From out a bluer sky; the air was fine.
There was not wind enough to make a moan,
Even in the tallest pine.

The roses were in bloom and daisies grew
Along the hillside, fringing it with white;
The morning sun had not yet dried the dew
That sweetens all the night.

And yet my head was bowed as if with years,
Not one of all the birds did sing for me;
I could not see the golden light for tears
That fell so stormily.

Next day I saw no sun or azure sky,
A dense, dark fog had gathered o'er the land;
I found a weary, half-drowned butterfly
That died within my hand.

But lo! I walked as if with feet of air,
My future glowed as in the dreams of youth;
My children were the fairest of the fair,
My friends as true as Truth.

The outer world was just the same each day,
The same dark mysteries lay beyond its rim;
The same dull round of cares stretched far away
Into the future dim.

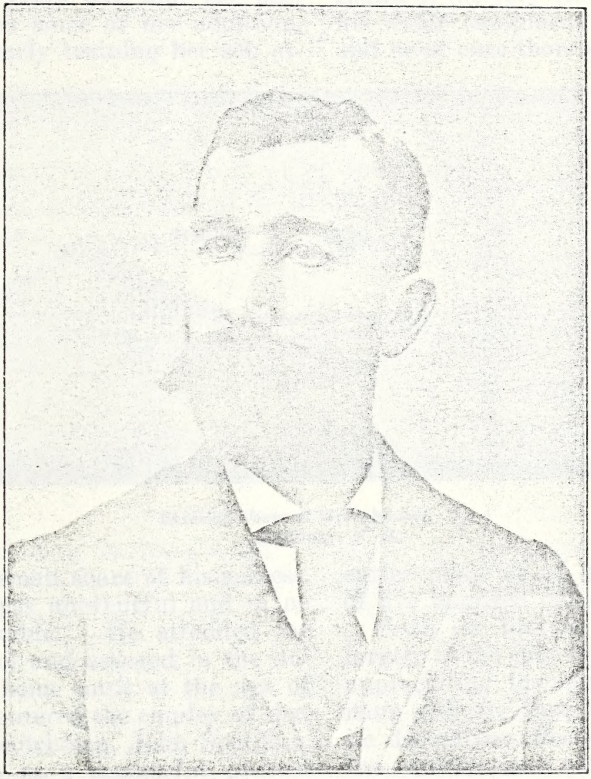
But to my inner life a change had come,
Intangible as mist and light as air,
And all my sorrows and my griefs were dumb,
I could no more despair.

Ah! whence these varying moods that come and go,
Fair-winged today, tomorrow dark as death,
Tossing our spirits lightly to and fro
With their own fitful breath?

A Notable New Hampshire Enterprise

By Joseph Harvey, Ass't. Ed.

In contemplating the resources of the Granite State they at once divide into two leading products, manufactures and agriculture. The pioneers began the development of the state through agriculture, but they quickly appreciated the value of the sparkling streams as they ran down to the sea and soon restrained and controlled them and made them grind their corn and wheat. As their wants multiplied the inventive genius of the Yankee also developed, and as the state grew and increased, her needs kept equal pace and inventions also multiplied, until we have come to look upon *this* feature of our resources as practically inexhaustible, while the severity of our winters and the all too brief summers and those early wasteful methods of cultivation that filled New Hampshire with "abandoned farms" have combined to make our agricultural products decidedly circumscribed. It is therefore a pleasure to note the introduction of new methods and means which add to the prosperity and wealth of our state and if "he who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before" be accepted as a benefactor to mankind, what then shall we say of him who produces not two, but thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of beautiful and fragrant roses upon the unproductive fields of an "abandoned

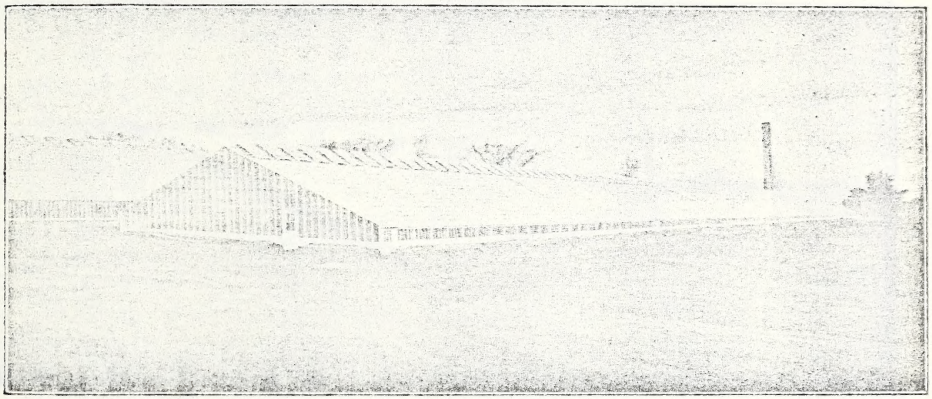


William H. Elliott

farm"? All this has been accomplished by a son of the Badger State.

William Henry Elliott, son of George and Margaret Elliott, was born in Lancaster, Wisconsin, November 18, 1858, where the first seven years of his boyhood were spent. At the death of his father his mother removed to New London, Conn., where several of her brothers and sisters resided. She was one of eight children of the Bindlors family, who came to America from England when she was but sixteen years old, and she still resides in the home of her adoption, and to her early training her son attributes no small share of his success. His youth was uneventful and in no way remarkable. He attended the village school and assisted in the duties of the home until at the age of thirteen he entered the employ of that venerable Scotchman, John Spalding, well known as a successful pioneer among New England florists, and here he remained eight years, learning the rudiments of the business to which his life has been devoted. On reaching his majority, the young man went to Natick, Mass., and for the next three years continued his training under Alexander Montgomery, who is recognized as the leader of American rose growers and who originated the justly celebrated "Wellesley" rose.

By economy he had managed to save a little more than six hundred dollars and in 1884(?), ambitious to start in business for himself, he borrowed five hundred dollars and went to Brighton, where he purchased an established greenhouse. The price was nine thousand dollars ($9,000), of which he paid one thousand, giving notes for the balance. After getting settled in his new home he had a working capital of but $165, and to add to his already heavy burdens, he found at the very commencement that his water equipment was inadequate and he at once thoroughly refitted the entire plant at an additional outlay of five hundred dollars.

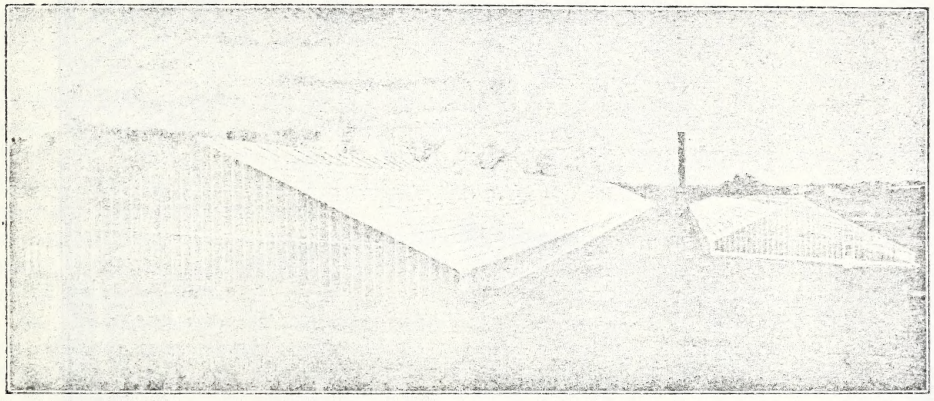


Exterior View of Greenhouses, No. 1
Madbury, N. H.

From the first he devoted himself largely to the cultivation of roses, but, appreciating the need for something more delicate than smilax for artistic decorative effects, he early began the cultivation of the asparagus vine—"*asparagus plumosus wamus*"—and soon was recognized as its largest and most successful producer and is generally known as "The Asparagus King."

By close personal attention to business he managed in seven years to discharge his indebtedness and all the time had been adding to and enlarging his business, until he had increased his holding to twenty-eight

different greenhouses, covering an area of 100,000 square feet. The demand for his products steadily increasing, it became necessary for him to find a new location and this proved no easy task. In his search he examined something more than two hundred farms, from Plymouth, Mass., on the south to Somersworth, N. H., on the north, and settled at last upon Madbury, N. H., as offering the greatest number of essentials for his business success. Many points had to be considerd in making this selection—a heavy clay soil is absolutely necessary for the cultivation of the rose—



Exterior View of Greenhouses, No. 2

then, too, there must be level fields, and in this case they needed to be of ample proportion, in order to accommodate the mammoth plant which Mr. Elliott has here established. The water supply must be inexhaustible. Easy access to the depot, to enable rapid shipment and to avoid "long hauls" of building materials, was of great importance. He wanted to secure a large house as a summer home for the family—and easy access to the shore, while not absolutely necessary, was in his case very desirable. Mr. Elliott's first purchase was the "Young" farm and to this he has since added two more farms and in all has purchased seven different parcels of land. His holdings now aggregate 225 acres, against which no mortgage has ever been recorded.

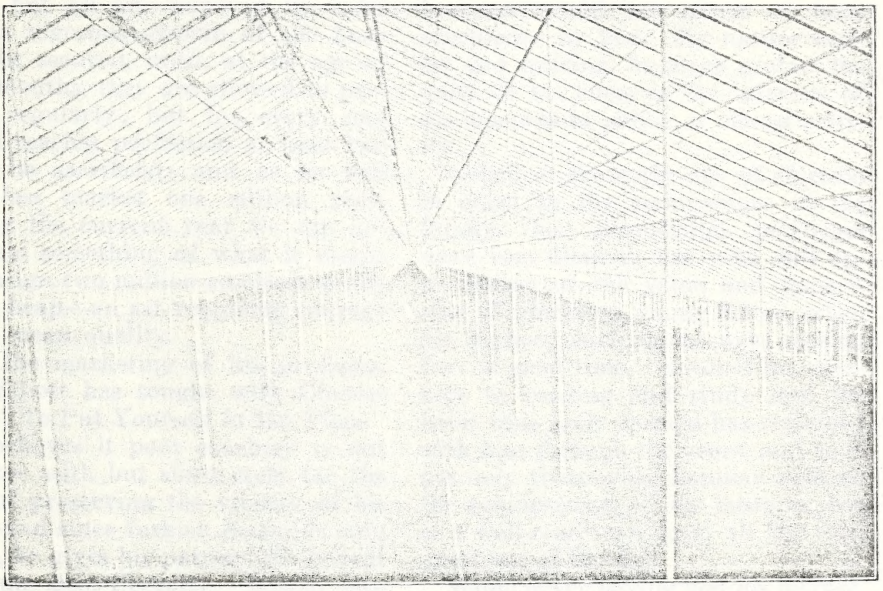
The work of building the first house began in 1890 and was completed the following year. Its dimensions are 50 by 812 feet. Mr. Elliott first planted the American Beauty, but the venture was not successful.

American florists have long looked to Europe for their novelties, but three years ago Mr. E. G. Hill of Richmond, Ind., gave to the world that wonderfully beautiful deep red rose whose velvety petals, exuding rich fragrance, make it today queen of the roses. This, with becoming modesty, he christened "The Richmond." Its keeping qualities are second to none and it is hard to conceive a more beautiful sight than the first bed which Mr. Elliott planted, which measures 4x150 feet, and from it 800 perfect roses were cut in one day. The Richmond divides with that exquisitely beautiful pink rose, the Killarney, whose opening petals day by day disclose new beauties,—the place of honor among Mr. Elliott's products; in fact, fully nine tenths of the entire yield of roses from the Madbury plant is of these two varieties.

The Bonsilene, that famous old tea rose which thirty years ago made Boston noted as a rose center, is still

cultivated to a limited extent, and Mr. Elliott is almost the only florist now producing the fragrant buds so dear to our grandmothers and which awaken so many pleasant memories of days long fled. A few Safranos, another small bud, the only salmon-colored rose grown, completes the varieties.

The new house, just finished at a cost of $50,000, measures 60 by 1250 feet and covers 75,000 square feet, and is the largest single hothouse in the world. Both these houses are the very best products of modern architecture, being constructed almost wholly of steel and glass. The accompanying view fails to convey to the reader's eye an adequate realization of their vastness.



Interior View

The writer, although born in a New Hampshire apple orchard, entertains serious doubts of his ability to do justice to the method of cultivation employed in this gigantic enterprise. The beds for the roses are constructed of cypress, as this wood lasts longer when exposed to water than any other variety known; nor is this hard to understand to one who from the deck of a steamer has followed the intricate wanderings of the Ocklawaha River through the somber shade of those vast groves, whose towering forms rise directly from the watery wastes, which occupy so large a section of Florida.

The open fields are plowed just deep enough to turn the sod; the "disk harrow" is next employed and day after day its well nigh ceaseless rounds cut the turf until it is thoroughly pulverized. Cow manure, in what would seem to the average farmer to be enormous quantities, is added, as also a liberal supply of bone meal and the disk harrow resumes its round until the whole mass is thoroughly mixed. It is then carried to the beds and there deposited to the depth of about six inches. All the roses here grown are grafted upon "Manetta Stocks," imported from Europe for the purpose. They are planted about fifteen inches apart, each way. As these have to be renewed each year, it involves an annual expenditure of about ten thousand dol-



lars, which, together with the "coal bill," for it requires twelve hundred tons each year, combine to form an important item of expense.

No weed or grass is allowed to grow beyond its first appearance. The surface is constantly agitated and kept moist by frequent and most copious application of liquid manure, which is prepared in a large vat on the premises and no less than 50,000 gallons, together with an equal quantity of clean water, is required for the daily bath of the growing bushes. In about four weeks the first buds appear, but all are removed in order that a vigorous growth of the bush may be secured, until, at the age of four months, they are allowed to produce regularly; but for every rose which reaches perfection at least two must be sacrificed; and as he will doubtless market one million roses during the current year we can appreciate something of what it means to consign two million rosebuds to the waste heap—an act requiring courage of no mean quality.

In the marketing of his products, Mr. Elliott has sought with Charles Read "To Put Yourself in His Place" and believes it poor economy to cut the rose with but short stem for the sake of preserving the vitality of his bush, and since fashion demands long stems, he gives his patrons the benefit and cuts most liberally. Boston supplies a market for his entire output. The highest development possible is his ambition and since the wholesale price runs up to $12 per dozen, it is easy to believe he has very nearly reached his goal.

His associates in business have called him, much against his will, to numerous positions of preferment and responsibility, a few of which we enumerate:

He is a trustee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the second wealthiest horticultural society in the world; a director of the Society of American Florists; he has also served as director of "The Boston Co-operative Flower Growers' Association," as well as president of the Florists' Club of Boston. Many similar positions have been declined. Although appreciative of the compliment their tender conveyed, he felt that the ever-increasing demands of his business would not admit of their acceptance by him. By nature modest and retiring, he much prefers the quiet of his home or the interests of his business to public or official activity.

Called at the early age of thirteen to assist in the maintenance of the family, his educational privileges were very limited, but with full appreciation of the value and importance of education, young Elliott, when his boyhood companions were seeking for "a good time," devoted his evenings to reading and study and the habit thus early formed has remained with him through the years, and he is not only thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of his business, but is a well-read man upon all the vital questions of the day.

While never having met his mother, I am nevertheless impressed by the thought that from her he inherited those traits of careful attention to detail and thoroughness in everything, which have so largely been instrumental in making him not only the most extensive but also one of the most successful cultivators of roses in the world.

Legal and Constitutional Rights of Women

By Marilla M. Ricker

Every well-regulated magazine should begin the year with an article on Equal Suffrage, consequently I am anxious that the GRANITE MONTHLY and the state of New Hampshire should go down in history in a proper manner, that is, on the side of Woman Suffrage. Last January my article brought many of the suffrage "girls" to the front, but there are still many in the rear that are well worth talking about. Notable among them is Lillie Devereux Blake of New York City. I met her at the Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, D. C., in 1870. She impressed me as being a very brilliant woman and seemed deeply interested in the movement to which she has since so largely devoted her life. In addition to contributing to *Harper's, The Atlantic, Frank Leslie's, The North American Review, The Forum* and many other leading periodicals, Mrs. Blake has published several novels, of which the best known is "Fettered for Life," a story designed to illustrate the subject condition of women. In 1883 she delivered a series of lectures in reply to the Lenten discourses on women by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D. These lectures were the sensation of the day; printed under the title of "Woman's Place Today," they have had a large sale. I read very carefully the voluminous lectures of the Rev. Morgan and Mrs. Blake's replies, and if Lillie didn't get the better of Morgan then have I read Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in vain! She has conducted many legislative campaigns and secured the enactment of many statutes of benefit to women. She was influential in the passage of the school suffrage act, the police matron act, and many other beneficial laws. Elizabeth Cady Stanton told me the last time I saw her that Mrs. Blake had done more for the women in the state of New York than any other woman. What higher compliment could be paid her? Mrs. Blake has just returned from England, where she was the recipient of much attention in high places. Mrs. Blake wrote many helpful letters during our suffrage campaign of 1903 and paid our state many compliments. New Hampshire is a great state. Mrs. Blake said: "From the dawn of her history she has loved freedom." The stirring part which her brave sons took in the Revolution proves that. I have often said that if our hills were rolled out we should be as big as Texas, but we do not want them "rolled out"; they attract the summer boarder!

It is conceded that the right of self-government in the United States is a natural right. You may select any one of the numerous constitutions that have been prepared and promulgated with solemnity, and you will find that there is not one that has assumed to create and confer this right of self-government; they all declare expressly or impliedly that the right to govern is inherent in the people. Now if women are a portion of the people, this right resides in them, for if the right of self-government is a natural right, then it pertains to every human being alike. Such is the recognized theory of every constitution and such is its practice. Take a step further and you find that, starting with a recognition of this pre-existing right of government, constitution-makers have simply provided the machinery by which it may work itself out. The only means

placed in the hands of the citizen by which he may accomplish his portion of this great task is the ballot. A young woman asked me "Why do you say *his* portion?" I immediately read to her chapter first, section first of the revised statutes of the United States, which says: "Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled: In determining the meaning of the revised statutes or of any act or resolution of congress passed subsequent to February 25, 1871, words importing the singular number may extend and be applied to several persons or things; words importing the plural number may include the singular; words importing the masculine gender may be applied to females; the words insane person and lunatic shall include every idiot, non compos, lunatic and insane person; the word person may extend and be applied to partnerships and corporations, and the reference to any officer shall include any person authorized by law to perform the duties of such office, unless the context shows that such words were intended to be used in a more limited sense; and a requirement of an oath shall be deemed complied with by making affirmation in judicial form." As a more striking and frequent occurrence of the masculine form, I refer to the criminal code of the United States, and some of the many curious uses of the words "he, him and his."

The very first section limits the punishment of treason exclusively to males, unless *he* can be construed to mean *she* (section 552, Revised Statutes, page 1041) and a woman who commits perjury cannot be punished unless *he* means *she*, for the statute declares that *he* shall be punished and says nothing about *her*. I have heard many women sentenced to the penitentiary for perjury. No woman was ever known to escape a criminal statute because its language ignored her sex. It is a matter of history that women have and still do fill the various classes of post-offices in the republic, but how can she unless *he* means *she*? No woman could be hanged for murder unless *he* means *she*, but Mary Rogers was hanged in Vermont December 8, 1905. *He* certainly meant *her* that time. Nor can a woman, with all her invention, rob the mail in contemplation of law (section 5472); but if she does she will be sent to the penitentiary under the next section, because *he* means *she* when punishment is concerned. In the old dark days, the shadow of which is on them yet, women often suffered death because they were women, under the cruel fiction that a woman could not be a clerk, while the guilty male escaped solely because he was not a woman.

Every student of English law knows that statutes imposing penalties are to be strictly construed so as to *exclude* every body and thing not within their letter. Statutes creating privileges, conferring benefits are to be liberally construed so as to *include* every person within the reach of their spirit. I think we have reached a period when women are to have the benefit of both these rules, to co-relate each other. Shall there be more than one rule for the construction of all our statutes on this important point? Shall the word *he* include woman in one set of laws and exclude her in another, or shall they all be expounded by one rule? So where there is nothing but the pronoun *he*, *his*, or *him* to indicate sex, it shall be taken to refer to males and females alike for fate or favor. All honest people should contend for the one rule for all. I say without fear of successful contradiction that if *he* means *she* with force enough to hang a woman and make her a postmaster, it certainly is powerful enough to allow her to exercise the elective franchise.

I get many letters from various

parts of the country inquiring about Belva Lockwood, and in reply will say that she secured the passage of a bill through Congress admitting women to practise law in the United States Supreme Court and was the first woman admitted under it. This bill virtually admits women to all the federal courts in the country. She was admitted in March, 1879. In 1896 she was one of a committee appointed by the Federation of Women's Clubs of the District of Columbia to draft and urge through Congress an act to amend the laws of the District of Columbia as to the legal status of married women, and to make both parents the natural guardians of their children. This bill passed June 1, 1896. She has been connected with the Universal Peace Union for more than twenty years and has held many offices. She was asked when in Berlin, Germany, if women had written law books. She replied: "They have not, although they have caused the enactment of many needed laws." Four million and seven hundred thousand dollars were awarded the Cherokee Indians by the court of claims on March 20, 1905. This claim was one of long standing and dated back to the treaty of 1835. Belva Lockwood was one of the attorneys of record. She worked on the case for nearly thirty years; visited the Cherokees in their homes and was conversant with their claims in all particulars. There were eight lawyers in the case, but it was generally conceded that "she was it." She was complimented by the court for her knowledge of the case. She received a fee of $50,000. *She* was equal to a *he* that time!

Many of the suffrage "girls" in other states are inclined to think I brag about New Hampshire too much. I think I simply tell the truth about the state. But I was chagrined when I received many letters from various suffrage clubs in New York, Illinois, Oregon and California, asking what this meant, and "this" was a clipping which reads thus: "The Supreme Court in New Hampshire today answered in the negative a query from the governor and council asking if a woman is qualified to fill the office of notary public in this state. Half a dozen women now hold such office and the effect of the decision will be to cancel their commissions." I made a few comments at the time concerning that decision and I think they hold good today. Chapter 18 of the Public Statutes of New Hampshire, pertaining to notaries public says: "Notaries public shall be appointed by the governor with advice of the council and shall be commissioned for five years. Whenever a notary public shall remove from the state, resigns, or from any cause ceases to act in that capacity, he shall, within six months thereafter, deposit all his notarial records and all papers filed in his office in the office of the secretary of state." The magical words, *he, his* and *him* appear and not *she* and *her*. Neither do they appear in chapter 275 of the Public Statutes of New Hampshire, which says, "If any person shall commit any larceny from the person of another *he* shall be imprisoned not exceeding seven years. If any person shall steal, take and carry away any horse, mule, cattle, sheep, swine, the property of another, *he* shall be imprisoned not exceeding seven years." Chapter 227 says: "If any person shall wilfully and maliciously burn a dwelling house or an outbuilding adjoining thereto, or any building whereby a dwelling shall be burned, *he* shall be imprisoned not exceeding thirty years;" but not a word about *her*.

I have heard many women sentenced to imprisonment for larceny and arson, and no lawyer materialized to argue that *he* didn't mean *she*, and no one will take issue with me when I assert that no judge in New Hampshire ever refused to sentence a woman who had been proven guilty

of a crime because the statute declared that *he* should be punished and said nothing about *her*.

The 14th amendment to the constitution of the United States says: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." I am a person, one of the sovereign people, a citizen of the United States and of the state of New Hampshire. Does the state of New Hampshire enforce any law which abridges my privileges or immunities as a citizen? Most assuredly it does. A few years ago, I was assisting in settling an estate in a small town here in New Hampshire; there was no notary public within eighteen miles, and I asked to be appointed notary public, but was refused, simply because I was a woman. Is it nothing to be denied to be appointed a notary public? What privileges and immunities have I differing from those of the subjects of the most absolute monarch? They are subject to such laws as he sees fit to impose. Am I subject to any laws other than are imposed on me? I can have what they will give. Could any slave have less? Therefore government permits the state of New Hampshire, in the face of the 14th amendment, to enforce laws which abridge my privileges and immunities as well as those of every other woman who resides therein, who is responsible, taxed and who contributes to the maintenance of any organized government.

I know of but one woman who takes part in town meetings in New England; that is Miss Floretta Vining of Hull, Mass. She is the only woman that owns and controls a whole syndicate of newspapers. She runs a big hotel and supports twenty-eight men, and they have the sense to consult her concerning the taxes of the town and many other things. She certainly ought to go to Congress from her district, and I trust in the near future she will.

No honest man, doing a legitimate business, need be afraid of a woman's vote; but some men scare easily. It is stated on good authority that when it was first proposed to admit women to the high school of Boston, the trustees were thrown into a panic. One old minister was so alarmed that he said if girls were educated the time would come when the wife sitting at one end of the table pouring coffee would be able to answer all the arguments of her husband sitting at the other end carving the steak. This he feared would disrupt the home, abolish the theological universities and perhaps destroy the Democratic party. The descendants of that man are not all dead. It is pleasant to think how shocked they must be when they read about Jennie B. Powers of Keene and Jennie Kendall of Nashua, N. H., both deputy sheriffs.

Blessings

By Dana Smith Temple.

Our sweetest blessings seen through hidden tears,
Reach us like echoes from the far away
That oft dispel the gloom and calm our fears,
And give us strength to face the wildest fray.

New Hampshire Necrology

FRANCIS B. PEABODY

Francis B. Peabody, of the banking firm of Peabody, Houghteling & Co., of Chicago, died in that city January 2, 1908.

Mr. Peabody was a native of the town of Milford, born Oct. 27, 1827. He was educated at Trinity College, studied law with the late President Franklin Pierce, was admitted to the bar in 1850, and was associated for a time in practice in Concord, with the late Governor Nathaniel B. Baker; but had been a resident of Chicago for more than fifty years.

DR. GEORGE F. ABBOTT

Geo. F. Abbott, M. D., born in Littleton June 7, 1849, died in Kent, Washington, December 22, 1907.

Dr. Abbott was a son of the late George Abbott of Littleton. He was a druggist for some years, but finally studied medicine, taking his degree at Dartmouth Medical school in 1891, and practising successfully for several years at Littleton, where he was prominent in social, religious and fraternal circles. He went West three years ago, on account of failing health, to engage in fruit culture.

EDWARD P. ROGERS

Edward P. Rogers, born in Plymouth, October 14, 1834, died at Portland, Oregon, December 25, 1907.

He was a son of John and Nancy (Russell) Rogers, educated at Holmes and Kimball Union Academies, and removed in youth to Burlington, Iowa; thence to the Pacific Coast where he became prominent in the railroad and transportation business. He was for many years General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Oregon Transcontinental line, and afterward of the Southern Pacific.

COMMANDER H. H. HOSLEY

Harry Hibbard Hosley, Commander in the United States Navy, died in New York, January 6, 1908.

Commander Hosley was a son of the late Col. Jewett D. Hosley of West Lebanon, where he was born November 9, 1856. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1875. He had served in the navy since graduation and attained the rank of Commander March 15, 1904. His most noted achievement was the taking of the monster floating dry-dock, "Dewey," from Newport News to Manila. He held the position of supervisor of the port of New York at the time of his death.

ALVAN A. KEMPTON

Alvan A. Kempton, born in Newport, September 8, 1872, died at Saxton's River, Vt., December 6, 1907.

Mr. Kempton was a son of Elisha M. Kempton, register of probate for Sullivan County; was educated at Colby Academy and Brown University, and had been several years engaged in teaching. He was principal of the Warren (R. I.) High School for a time, later principal of Bingham Academy at Bakersville, Vt., and at the time of his death, associate principal of Vermont Academy at Saxton's River. He was treasurer of the Vermont Teachers' Association and active in educational circles. He is survived by a widow and one child.

HON. DAVID M. ALDRICH

David Marks Aldrich, born in Whitefield, April 27, 1835, son of Morrill and Lydia Ball Aldrich, died in that town January 2, 1908.

Mr. Aldrich was long prominent in business and political circles in Northern New Hampshire and was one of the leading Democrats of that section for 50 years, during which time he missed attending but one State Convention of his party. He had held nearly every town office, was a representative in the legislature, county commissioner, and a member of the Executive Council during the administration of Gov. Samuel W. Hale. He also served under President Cleveland as postmaster of Whitefield.

PROF. CHARLES A. YOUNG

Charles Augustus Young, the foremost of American astronomers, died at Hanover on January 3, 1908, in which town he was born, December 15, 1834.

He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1853; was professor of mathematics, natural philosophy and astronomy in Western Reserve University from 1857 to 1866; of natural philosophy and astronomy at Dartmouth from 1866 to 1877, and professor of astronomy at Princeton University from 1877 until his retirement about a year since on account of failing health, when he returned to his old home in Hanover. He was the author of several astronomical works, and had received honorary degrees from various universities.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

A notable event in the church history of the state was the observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the Presbyterian church edifice in the town of Bedford, which occurred on Sunday, December 22, 1907, this being the Sunday nearest the actual anniversary of the dedication, which took place on Christmas day in 1832. The historical address was given by Gordon Woodbury, and the pastor, Rev. A. P. Watson, read an extract from the dedicatory sermon, preached by Rev. Dr. Savage. The Bedford Presbyterian church was organized in 1749, a year before the incorporation of the town, and its first house of worship was built seven years later, giving place to the present structure in 1832. This is one of the handsomest churches of the colonial type to be found in the state and Bedford people, regardless of religious affiliation, take pride in its plain and stately beauty.

The annual report of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association is issued in pamphlet form, and contains a report of the annual meeting in Manchester, October 25, with the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports appended, the same being prefaced with a comprehensive history of the Association and its work. A frontispiece portrait of the first President of the Association, Mrs. Armenia S. White, and a portrait of her husband, the late Nathaniel White, are presented. The organization was formed at a meeting held in Concord, at Eagle Hall, December 22 and 23, 1868. Of sixty-five signers of the call, whose names are printed, few survive, but among the survivors are Mrs. White, Col. J. E. Larkin, now of Everett, Mass., Hon. Warren F. Daniell of Franklin, Hon. E. H. Cheney, now U. S. Consul to Curacoa, Mrs. Lizzie A. T. Lund, and Miss Martha L. Noyes. Dr. J. H. Gallinger was elected corresponding secretary of the Association at its organization.

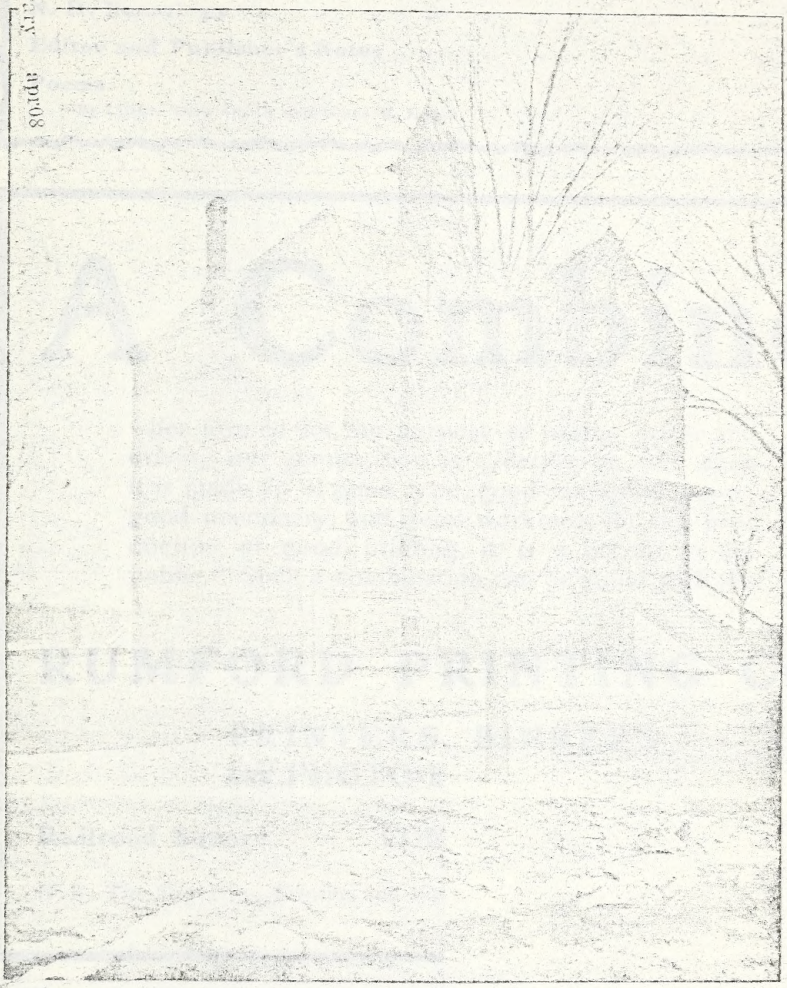
With the present issue THE GRANITE MONTHLY enters upon the Fortieth Volume since the establishment of the magazine, and the Third Volume of the New Series, under the present management. While this publication makes no pretension to mammoth size, such as characterizes many of the leading magazines of the day (though largely made up of advertising matter), it does claim to fill an important place in the field of periodical literature, so far as the state of New Hampshire is concerned, and the value of its work as a magazine of the History, Biography, Literature and Progress of the Granite state is recognized by all people interested in these lines. And yet its support is far from being as hearty and generous as it should be. A few earnest friends have always given it ready aid and encouragement in promptly paying their own subscription and inducing others to subscribe; others have been neglectful in both respects. It is to be hoped that with the opening of another year, and the commencement of a new volume, these latter will "turn over a new leaf" and resolve to give THE GRANITE MONTHLY the support it needs by paying their own subscription in advance, and persuading their friends and neighbors to do likewise. Any subscriber whose own subscription is paid one year in advance, may have THE GRANITE MONTHLY, for 1908, sent to any two new subscribers he may designate, for one dollar, the offer to hold good during the present month.

VOL. XL, Nos. 2 and 3 FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1908 New Series, Vol. III, Nos. 2 and 3

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A New Hampshire Magazine Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress



Newmarket High School

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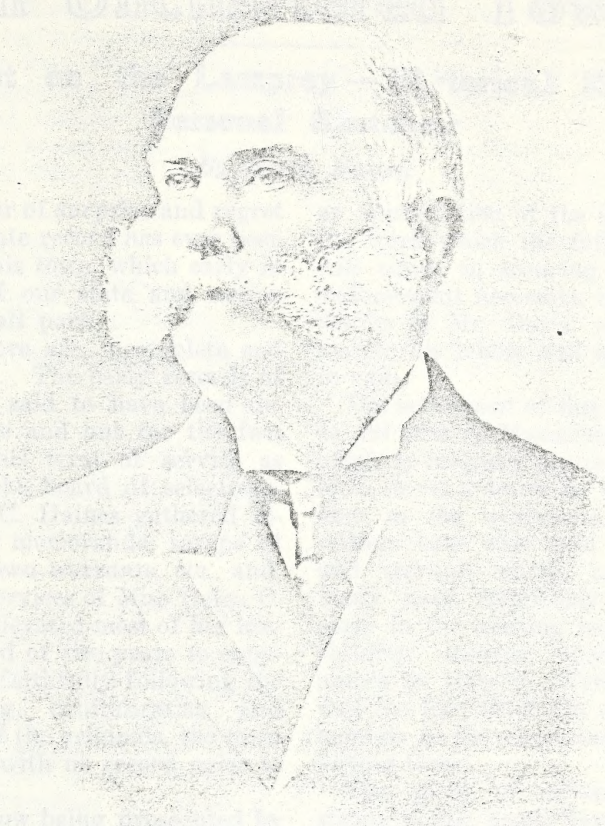
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XL NOS. 2 AND 3. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NOS. 2 AND 3.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1908.

An Unchartered Town

Newmarket on the Lamprey — Historical Notes and Personal Sketches

By Joseph Harvey

It is a matter of surprise and regret that no adequate record has ever been compiled of this town, which early in the history of our state and nation played no small part.

Sketches there are, incomplete and unsatisfactory. The early records of the town are said to have been destroyed by fire and but for the fact that during his term of service as chairman of the board of selectmen, Mr. Alanson C. Haines gathered together all the memoranda, scraps of records, old town warrants, etc., and, securing the services of Miss Helen C. Bennett, who devoted most of her leisure for upward of two years to copying the same, faithfully following the crude spelling, capitalization and punctuation of the originals, the town would be left with no record prior to 1784.

The work now being prosecuted by Mr. Nestor W. Davis, a son of the town, and chairman of the historical committee of the Newmarket Club of Boston, cannot be too highly commended. Some of the results of his tireless research, covering more than fifteen years, last past, have been, or will be, published in the *Advertiser*.

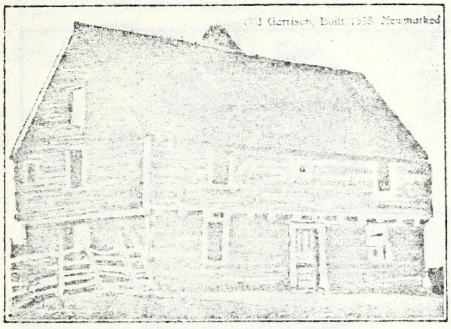
The compiler of the following sketch makes no claim for originality or great worth in these pages, the preparation of which has been no small task, by reason of the above mentioned scarcity of adequate records. If his efforts, however, help to create an appreciation of the importance of the work which the fathers did that will result in securing the financial endorsement necessary to publish the results of Mr. Davis' exhaustive research, his labors will not have been in vain.

The settlement of this state did not, as did that of Massachusetts, owe its origin to religious persecution in England, or yet a desire for religious freedom in the wilderness. The first settlers here were men of education and sterling worth, and doubtless many were religiously inclined, as early in the existing records we find children bearing such significant names as Hatevil (Nutter), Charity and the like, brief but eloquent testimonials to the character of those selecting them.

The spirit of adventure, always strong in the Anglo-Saxon, has given to America a host of mighty men, whose mark, both broad and deep, is found from ocean to ocean, and to this trait Newmarket is undoubtedly indebted for her first citizen, Edward Hilton, of Norfolk, England.

In the spring of 1630, according to Belknap, but about 1638, according to the memorial of Messrs. Allen, Shapleigh and Lake, Edward Hilton obtained from the council of Plymouth a grant of land called the Hilton or Squamscot Patent, which, as described by Belknap, comprised all that part of the river Piscataqua called or

known by the name of Hilton's Point, with the south side of said river up to the falls of the Squamscot, and three miles into the mainland for breadth. This grant included territory in Dover and what is now Durham, Stratham and a part of Newington and Greenland. The patent, sealed with the common seal of the council and subscribed to by the Earl of Warwick, set forth that Edward Hilton and his associates had at their own proper cost and charges transported servants, built houses and planted corn at Hilton's Point, and intended



Old Garrison House

the further increase and advancement of the plantation.

In 1630 he sold his interest to parties in Bristol, England. The next year ('31) they sent as their representative one Captain Wiggin, who seems to have been a man of much energy and enterprise, for after a residence of two years he returned to England in search of more money for the promotion of the enterprise. Captain Wiggin evidently possessed faith not alone in himself but also in the land of his adoption, for, in 1639, we find him paying £600, a goodly sum in those days, in consideration for which he now became the sole owner, in spite of which fact it appears that the Massachusetts government seems to have considered Edward Hilton as "the principal man of the settlement," to whom they looked for the maintenance of order.

By a grant issued in 1653 by the town of Exeter, Hilton became owner of about two miles square of territory, embracing the entire village of Newfields, which grant was in payment "in regard to charges in setting up a sawmill" and unless that was "a mighty big mill" he must have been well paid. "In 1639 he enjoyed possession of all the uplands and meadows extending from the river Squamscot to the mouth of the Lamprey," while, as noted "in 1653, the entire village of Newfields was added to his possessions." In 1660, by a deed from the Indian Sagamore Wadononamin, his son, Edward, acquired possession of all the land lying between the Pascassic River and the western main stream of the Lamprey, being about six miles in length and six miles breadth, so there was very little of the territory covered by Newmarket —— that did not belong to the Hiltons." Portions of this original grant have remained in the Hilton family to this date.

The first to settle within the confines of the present town of Newmarket, so far as can be found, was John Smart, or "Goodman Smart," as he is often referred to in the early records, who resided at some point in the territory now occupied by Newmarket, probably in close proximity to the Lamprey River, and appears to have settled there shortly after 1639.

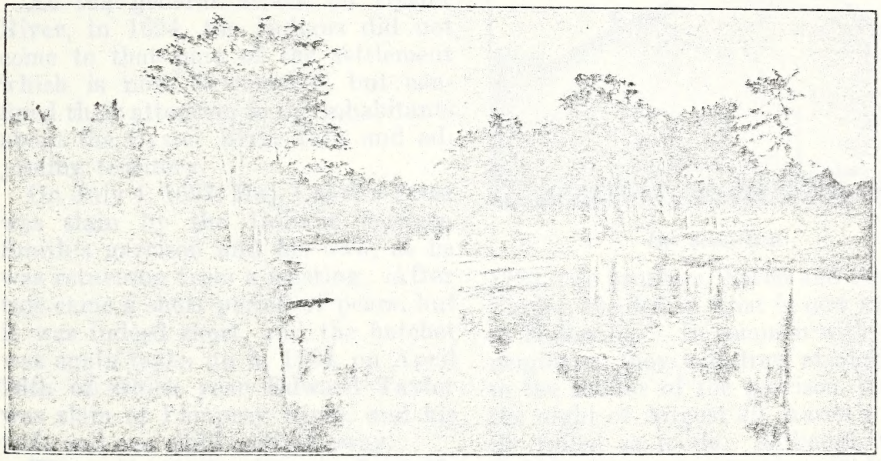
At the meeting held in Exeter on the first Wednesday in December, 1639, after defining the uplands and meadows belonging to Edward Hilton, the court proceeded to distribute the remainder of the meadows belonging to the town. It was provided that all meadows lying between Exeter village and Edward Hilton's house, and between the Lamprey River and the head of Little Bay, should be divided into four equal parts, one of which should be apportioned by lot among such inhabitants as were not possessed of cattle, or owned a less number of

goats than four (the hay growing thereon, however, to be distributed to those who were possessed of cattle or owned more than four goats, until such time as the holders should either acquire the necessary live stock or dispose of their holdings to such as were so possessed), the remainder to be divided among such inhabitants as were possessed of cattle, or owned a greater number of goats than four, in proportion to the number of cattle or goats owned.

These marshes and meadows, covering in all one hundred and ten acres, were distributed to the heads of thirty-seven families, of whom the only one known to have settled in any part of the territory now occupied by the town of Newmarket was John Smart, who came from Norfolk County, England, with his wife and two sons, John and Robert, and settled in Hingham, Mass., in 1635. He removed to Exeter prior to 1639, and his assignment of one acre and twenty-six poles at Lamprey River shows that he was either possessed of cattle or had a greater number of goats than four, or possibly both.

The lands he first took up appear to have been situated on the Stratham side of the Squamscot River, but he very shortly afterward settled in the part of Exeter which is now Newmarket, and was one of the number who, in 1646, entered into the agreement to purchase the Rev. John Wheelwright's house, in order that it might be used as a parsonage.

From the date of the earliest settlement there is nothing to indicate but that the Indians lived upon the closest terms of friendship with the whites up to the outbreak of King Phillip's War in 1675; and, in fact, this particular locality seems to have escaped the depredations of the savages until the period of King William's War, 1689 to 1697, suffering most from their attacks during that period and the war immediately following, known as Queen Anne's War, which extended from 1702 to 1713. The brunt of the savage cruelties during these years fell upon Cocheco, Oyster River and Salmon Falls, but frequent and sudden attacks were made throughout the vicinity of the Piscataqua and Great Bay wherever the settlers could be taken unawares.



View on Lamprey River

The first to suffer within the territory now occupied by Newmarket, so far as we have record, were seven persons, whose names are unknown, who were slain at Lamprey River, according to the journal of the Rev. John Pike, July 4, 1690. A lad was also

taken captive at this time. On the following day the Indians attacked Hilton's garrison. Lieutenant Bancroft endeavored to relieve the inmates and eight or nine of his men were slain. This was the day preceding the famous fight at Wheelwright's Pond, in which sixteen of Captain Floyd's company were killed. On August 27, 1696, David Davis was killed in the Lubberland district, which was then a part of Dover, and on November 15th of the following year, Thomas Chesley, son of Philip, who dwelt in the same district, was killed near Johnson's Creek.

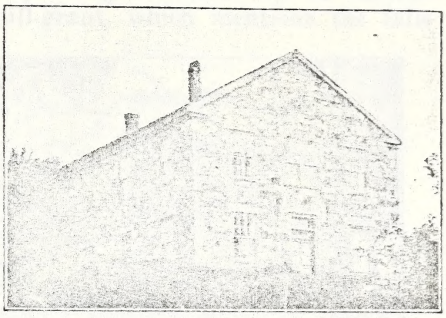
At the general attack on Oyster River, in 1694, the Indians did not come to that part of the settlement which is now Newmarket, but confined their attention to the inhabitants about the Oyster River falls and adjoining territory.

On July 4, 1697, Maj. Charles Frost was slain by the Indians between Smith's garrison and his own, as he was returning from a meeting. After this came a short period of peace, but it was indeed short, and the hatchet was again taken up in 1704, on April 26th of which year Edward Taylor was slain at Lamprey River, and his wife and one child carried away.

The next attack was one of considerable importance, and took place on July 23, 1706, when about twenty of the Indians fell upon ten Exeter men as they were mowing in a field between Exeter and the Lamprey River. Richard Matoon and his son, Hubertus, Robert Barber and Samuel Pease were killed. Edward Hall, Samuel Mighill and a mullatto were taken captive, and Joseph Hall, John Taylor and another escaped, although John Taylor was badly wounded. Edward Hall and Samuel Mighill were afterward recaptured. On June 11, 1709, Ephraim Folsom, Sr., was killed by the Indians while riding between Exeter and Colonel Hilton's garrison.

The two principal garrisons about the Lamprey River district during these troublous times seem to have been Smith's garrison at Lubberland and Col. Winthrop Hilton's. On March 4, 1701–'02, Captain Peter Coffin was ordered by the provincial government to send two scouting men from Exeter to Smith's garrison, and Captain Woodman of Oyster River was ordered to do the same daily until further instructed.

Wentworth Cheswell is quoted as an authority for the following: In



Old Stone Hall

1723, two brothers, Aaron and Samuel Taylor, resided in what is now known as Hallsville. In common with their neighbors, they withdrew at nightfall to the shelter of the garrison, but on the night of August 29, Aaron's family failed so to do. Although there had been no recent signs of hostilities on the part of the Indians, it appears that their movements were closely watched and, on this ill-fated night, a war party of eighteen, divided into two groups, simultaneously fell upon the homes of these brothers, but finding the house of Samuel deserted, he having retired within the garrison, as was his custom, the attacking Indians joined their comrades at the home of Aaron. His wife and two children, attempting to flee, were captured and carried into captivity, while the father and his twelve-year old daughter made an heroic defense of their home, yielding at last to the vastly superior numbers and died, fighting to the last, and sleep in the same grave.

Unfortunate, indeed, is the town that cannot boast of at least one Indian name in this historic state of ours, on whose soil was exemplified the highest type of New England Indian life, as expressed in the character of the great and good Passaconaway and his followers, but comparatively few can boast of more than one. In Newmarket, however, we have the exception, and the town is able to point with pride to the fact that she has received as her inheritance from the savage race at least two Indian names, the present towns of Lee, Epping and Newfields.

About these falls, known as Pascassic, as shown by the mute testimony of various burial grounds, dwelt quite a colony of the subjects of Passaconaway and of his under-chief Wadononamin, the sagamore of Washucke and Piscataqua, who were undoubtedly known locally as the Pascassic or Pocasset Indians, although history is silent on this point, their presence only being intimated by an ancient mill-grant, which mentions the falls



Little River

the first, *Pascassic*, or, as it is sometimes written, *Pocasset;* and *Washucke,* or *Watchet,* the first undoubtedly derived from the three words, *pos*, meaning great, *coash*, pines, and *auke,* place, signifiying "the great pine place"; and the second from the well-known Indian word *wacho,* hill, and *auke,* place, or "the hilly place"; the first covering in the early days the entire region about the Lamprey River, from its mouth to the confluence of the Piscassic, later confining itself more particularly to the territory between the first falls of the Lamprey and the first falls of the Piscassic, and the second covering the territory between the west bank of the Piscassic and the western main stream of the Lamprey, including parts of in the Lamprey River as being "a little above the wigwams." And it was undoubtedly here, about these falls, that pre-historic Newmarket was peacefully pursuing its village life in the honest work of fishing and hunting, and occasionally planting corn, when the foot of the white man first trod upon the soil, shortly after the settlement of Dover in 1623.

These pioneers were men possessed of sterling character, as well as great energy. They recognized the hand that guided them as the same which protected and prospered the patriarch, who, on parting from his brother, Lot, also sought a home in a new country, and they early built a house where they might worship the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

It is a source of lasting regret to every loyal son and daughter of the town that the records are so broken and incomplete and this leaves us in doubt as to the date of the erection of the first place of worship. A meeting house had been built, for under date of April 6, 1738, we find:

"Voted mr Robert Smart Richard mattoon and Ensign folsham be a Committee to Lay out the preveledge of bulding pues in the galereys in the meeting house and brought the Return as followeth in the pues in the frunt number 6 number 7 and number 8—in the wimens galery—number 1—number 2—number 3—number 4 number 5 and in the mens galery number 9—number 10 number 11 number 12 and number 13 * * * then it was put to vote whether the galereys Should be finished by bulding pues or with seets and it was voted by bulding pues then it was voted cap^{t} hall deacon mattoon Robert Smart deacon Judkins and Ensign folsham be a commitee to appint the parsons that shall have the a fore sd pues and Set a price on them—and at s^{d} meeting mr Stephen pendergast was chosen constable then voted ye meeting be adjorned to ye 24th day of this month at 3 a clock in ye after noon to Receive the commitees Return Relateing to the pues.

at a parish meeting holden by adjornment the 24 of apriel 1738 mr Jeremiah folshum was chosen moderator for tempory and Received the commitees Return which is as followeth viz

to winthrop hilton n°—6 price—5—0—0

to Thomas young n° 8 price—5—0—0

to Israel gilman—n°—9 price 3—0—0



to Joseph burley—n°—7 price—4—0—0

to John purkins—n°—2 price—2—10—0

to John purkins Jun n°—3 price—2—0—0

to Richard clark—n°—5 price—1—0—0

to James marston n°—10 price—2—10—0

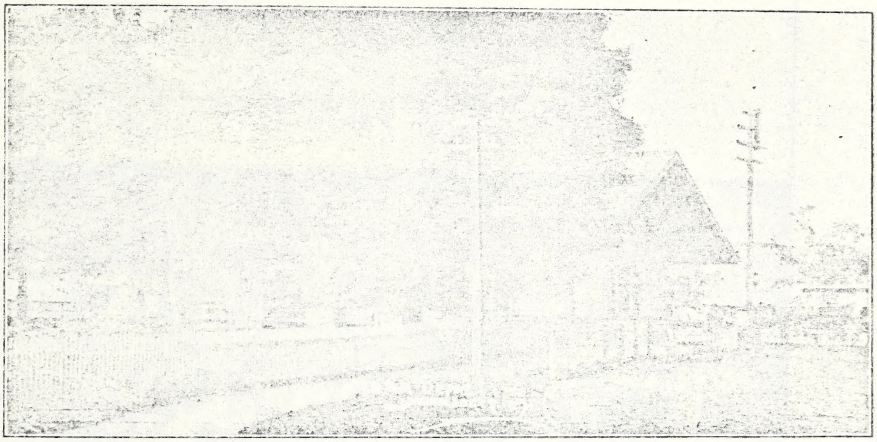
to walter neal—n°—1 price—3—0—0

to Jonathan colcord n°—12 price—2 10—0

to nathaniel peeas—n°—13 price—2—0—0

to william folsham—n°—4 price—2—10—0
to doctor gilman n°—11 price—2—0—0

numbered and prised by us Ephraim folsham Edward hall Joseph Judkins Robert Smart Richard mattoon a committee, then it was voted the committes Return in Seating and valueing the preveledge of the pues in the galereys of the meeting house Should be good to the parsons to whome thay ware granted if thay declare thair Exceptence at the next meeting for that purpose and thare pay thair money or



make Sattosfaction to the parish and finish their pues months after thair declaration at if aney persons Refuse to pay the preveledge to be Sold to the highest bidder."

Incomplete as was this edifice, it had evidently been used for several years, for in 1729–'30 a contract was made between the parish and Rev. Mr. John Moody, which of itself is so unique, and because it led to a controversy which continued almost half a century, that we deem it of sufficient interest to our readers to introduce it in full, as follows:

"We under written being chosen a committee for the parish of newmarkit in Exeter in the province of new hampshire to treat and agree with mr John moody to settle among us in the work of the ministry—upon his Excepting the Invitation given him by the parish—we as a committee in the name of the parish do promise to fullfill the following perticulers to him—we promas in the first place we promas to give him one hundred pounds in money or pasable bills of credit pr year for the three first years of his abode with us—and the fourth year to give him one hundred and five pounds the fifth year one hundred and ten pounds the sixth one hundred and fifteen pounds the seventh year one hundred and twenty and the Eighth year one hundred and thirty pounds and Still to make further addisions as his famaly shall stand in neead and to pay the Salery Quarterly

"Sacondly we promise to bring to his house what fire wood he shall yearly Stand in neead of for his family

"3^{d}ly we promise to give him Twenty acres of Land which we have purchased of Joseph Jacobs for his own and one hundred acres of Land or up wards or as much as aney one of our parish has for their Rights in the commons in the township of Exeter

"4ly we promise to give him one hundred pounds in money or bills of Credit towards bulding his house and to pay it in three years—one third part per year—we also promas to pay

and make his yearly Salery good as money now pases in this province

"dated february the 9th 1729–30

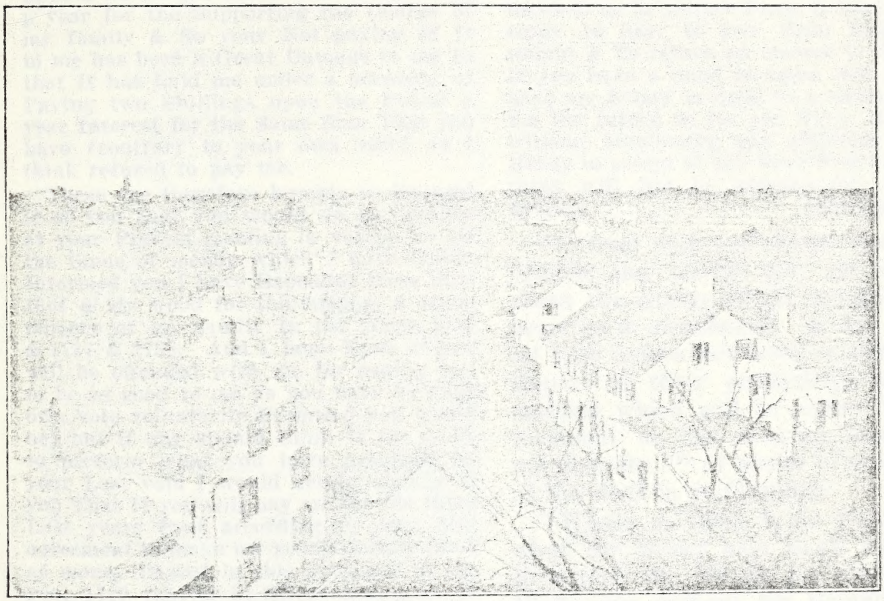
Samson doe
Joseph hall
Edward hall
Thomas young
william perkins
Robert Smart
Richard mattoon

a committe in the behalf of Said parish

"a true copy Examined pr Thomas young parish Clerk"

in case Sd 136£ & my wood Should not be Sufficient honourably to Support myself & my Family you would make from year to year Such further additions to Sd 136£ p year in passable Bills of credit in this Province as Shall make my Salary Sufficient honourably to Support the Charge of my family. That is So that I & my family my be enabled upon My Salary to Live Credibly & honourably as is becoming a minister of The Gospel.

In consideration of which vote & only in Consideration of your voting this: It was that I Released you from your obligation which you Laid yourselves under by your first agreement with me to make my yearly Salary good to me as money



Street View in 1866

Three years had not passed before the beginning of the trouble, which increased with each succeeding year, until in 1739, under date of March 27, we find recorded the following extraordinary "eypissel":

Newmarket March 27—1739

Brethren of The Parish of Newmarket

These are to put you in mind that you have by your vote at your Parish meeting oblidged your Selves to pay me one hundred & thirty Six pounds p year (& bring to my house my fire wood according to your first agreement with me) from March which was Anno 1735–6 and also in the Same vote oblidged yourselves That Passed in ye Province at the time when the agreement was made.

These are also to mind you that at your Meeting In March 1737–8 I informed you that an hundred & Thirty Six pounds & my wood had not Suported my family In the year 1736 by Twenty odd Pounds & That Sd hundred & Thirty Six Pounds & my wood had Not defrayed the Charge of the maintenance of my family In the year 1737 by Thirty odd pounds & In as much as you have hither to refused to make any Such additions To Sd 136£ as you have Engaged to do by your vote, Notwithstanding I would then have taken upward of Twenty pounds Less then what you had voted to pay me.

These are therefore again to Inform you

that my Charge & Expence for the maintaining my family In the year 1736 was one hundred & fifty Eight pounds five Shillings besides my wood & In the year 1737 my Charge & Expence for the maintaining my family was 168£ 11 s—0 besides my wood.

And these are also to inform you that my Charge & Expence for The maintaining my family In the year 1738 has been one hundred & Ninety five Pounds 0s—besides my wood So that as much as 158£—5s—0 & 168£—11s—0 & 195£—0—0 Is more than 136£ & 136£ & 136£ Is now Due to me from you by your own vote & your Not voting The additions in years past according to your vote concerning The additions That Should be needed above 136£ & my wood p year for the Supporting the Charge of my family & So your Not paying of It to me has been a Great Damage to me In that It has Laid me under a necessity of Paying two Shillings upon the Pound p year Interest for the Same Sum That you have (contrary to your own vote) as I think refused to pay me.

These are therefore humbly to Request it of you that you would do me Justice at your Present meeting in voting To me the Sums of money which I have herein Informed you I have Expended More than 136£ & My wood for the support & Maintenance of my family In the years 1736 & 1737 & 1738. And I hope None of you will be offended with me for asking you to be as good to me as you have by your own vote voluntarily Promised you would be; but if any should think It too much to perform what you have promised by your Last vote I would hereby signify to you That If you will pay me for the three Last years Past according to your first agreement to make my yearly Salary Good as money Passed in this Province In the year 1729 that is in Silver money at 19 Shillings p ounce It Shall be Perfectly Satisfactory to Me & I will make no Mention of the Charge of my family according to your Last vote And I would hope none of the Parish will be So Unreasonable & unmanly after you have made two agreements with me, as to desire to fall from both of them, and fulfill Neither when I am so fair as to Leave you at your Liberty to fulfill which of the agreements you please So that you be Sure to fulfill one of them. And If you don't according to your vote add to the 136£ & my wood So as to answer the charge I here inform you I have been at more than 136£ & my wood Each year for the three years last past I must loose it out of my own estate & So you would oblidge me to go the warfare I am Engaged in as a minister of the Gospel at my own charges, or in great part at my charges, which you can't but know is contrary both to reason & Scripture

Pray Brethren be pleased to grant my reasonable Request, and do me the Justice which as a man I have Reason to Expect from you. And you will greatly gratify your Sincere friend & Servant who heartily wishes (& is ready to do all he can to promote) your Temporal but especially your Spiritual welfare

John Moody

P. S. I desire that when this Epistle has been Read publickly in your Parish meeting It may Either be put upon Record in your Parish book or Returned to me again And if you See fit to make any Reasonable Proposals to me in ye affair In writing in order to our Setting matters between us in perfect Peace & Love, I am ready to hear to give them their due weight & To return an answer to them & If you have a mind to agree with Me to have my Salary brought to a certain Sum for the future or for any Term of years without Mentioning any additions I am Ready to accept of any Such Sum as I can think will Not be unreasonably to my damage

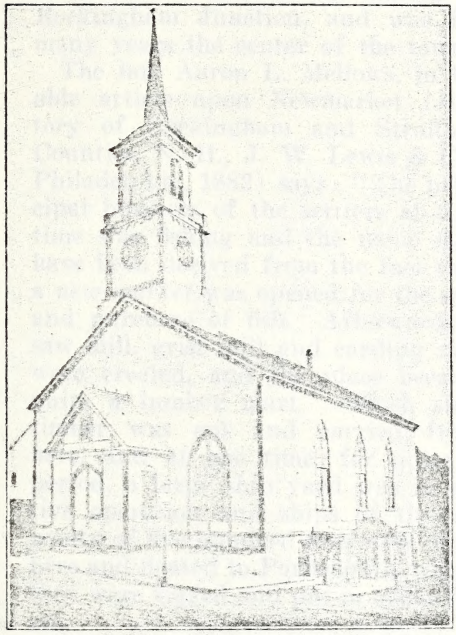
John Moody

"to treat with and debate the cause betwen the parish and mr moody about the charge of his fammaly the years past menchened In his eypissel Laid before this meeting and make Report of thair proseedings to this meeting which will be holden by adjornment at the meeting house on munday the 7th of apriel 1740 at teen of the clock in ye forenoon

"Whare as there is no Certainety what the Select men Shall Pay the Reverand Mr. Moody for his Salary Each year without his Bringing his Purtuckle Account of the Charge of his famaly and the Select men thinking it not Proper to Pay any more than what is Voted him by The Parish without thare further agreement with Each other

"These are thare fore to notify and warn all the freeholders & Inhabatance of the Parish of Newmarket to Convean to gather at the metting house in Sd Parish on thorsday the 30th Day of Apriel Curant at teen of the Clock in the fore Noon than and thare to heare and Consider what the Reverand Mr Moody has to Offer to Sd Parish in Refarance to his Salary:

Either for the Stating the Sum or Paying his Charge and to Pass Such Vote as Shall be thought Proper Relating to the Same and also to take the Exceptance or Refusal of those Parsons that had the Liberty of bulding Pues in the galerys upon thare Paying the Saveral Sums for the Same; and Also to Pass a vote for the finishing the meeting hous by granting Pues or Sum other way



Congregational Church

"Given under our hands this 24th day of Aprel 1741

Robert Smart
Israel Gilman
Rich[d] Mattoon
Selectmen."

It is deeply interesting to the student of history to follow this controversy, in spite of its great verbosity and stilted phraseology, which continued until the entire parish seemed to be up in arms against their pastor, and so intensely bitter had the feeling against him become that under date of Monday, June 9, 1777, we find the following record:

"At a legal Town Meeting held at Newmarket on Monday 9[th] June 1777 Pursuant to usual Notice by Warrant

"Voted that Walter Bryent Esq. be Moderator

"The Journal of the Committe on M[r] Moodys Affair being read & their Report Considered

"Voted that the Comitte may Proceed before the Council on Sallery or any Other Affairs as they think best, only taking Care to use their utmost Endeavour, either to have Judgment on the Present Complaint before the Council, before any further Submission, or at least to have it therein, Specially provided, that there be from this Time a final Period to M[r] Moodys Ministry here: That being the Principal Object that the Town now invariably has in view, inasmuch as the whole Tenor of his Life and Conversation has now become disagreeable to the Town and they Consider him as having totally divested himself of every Becoming Quallity proper to his Order, And altogether Alineated the Affections of the People from him so that any future Concern Spiritual or Temporal between him as a Minister & the Town, will only tend to irritate that Spirit of Resentment which we think is but too justly raised by his Treatment of the People in this Case & thereby promote the unhappy Divisions & retard any future Settlement in Church and Congregation here

"On motion whether the Town advise the Committe to add any more members to the Council

"it Passed in the Negative
From & against which Votes Bradstreet Gilman entered his Dissent

"Walter Bryent moderator"

And this is the last reference made to this man, who had isolated himself to the entire community by his conduct, save that on March 30, 1778, "Upon motion made by Mr. John Moody to have his rate abated. Voted in the negative."

When we remember it was the uni-

versal custom to exempt clergymen from taxation and further note the absence of the prefix "Rev.," which for fifty years had studiously been observed in the records, we shall begin to appreciate the ill feeling engendered.

He died in 1778, having been the only preacher of the town for about half a century.

This meeting house stood a little north of the site of the station at Rockingham Junction, and was for many years the center of the town.

The late Aaron L. Mellows, in his able article upon Newmarket (History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties, N. H., J. W. Lewis & Co., Philadelphia, 1882) says: "The principal business of the settlers at that time was fishing and the name may have been derived from the fact that a *new market* was opened for the sale and purchase of fish. Afterwards a saw mill, grist mill and carding mill were erected, and the place became quite a lumber mart. Much ship timber was cut and carried from here, and at one time, for quite a period, a large ship yard was in active operation and ships of the capacity of five hundred tons were built here and floated to Portsmouth, where they were rigged and put in order for sea.

"Seven vessels, some of them quite large for those times, have been on the stocks here in process of building at one time, and twenty-one of all kinds have been built here in a single year. Ship building was also carried on at Newfields Village (then a part of Newmarket) by Zechariah Beals, Dudley Watson, George Hilton and others, and lumber and shooks were shipped there direct from the West Indies."

The first official reference we have been able to find to the site and organization of this town is in the proceedings of the provincial legislature, and in the legal proceedings, as found in the records of the courts, for fixing the boundary between Exeter and Dover. In 1668 one Edward Colcord testifies that the northerly bounds of Exeter, mentioned in an agreement made with Wehan-now-now-it, the chief sagamore of the Indians located here, was the westerly part of Oyster River, about four miles northerly beyond Lamperiele River. This (Oyster) River is several times mentioned as the boundary between Exeter and Dover, Exeter claiming to own a strip of land northerly of the river. Like many early names of localities, rivers and mountains, we find the name of the river spelled in various ways, as *Lamperiele, Lampreele, Lampreel, Lampeill* and *Lamprele.* It was claimed to be six miles from Exeter and six miles from Dover. It is, in fact, about eight miles from Exeter and about nine from Dover.

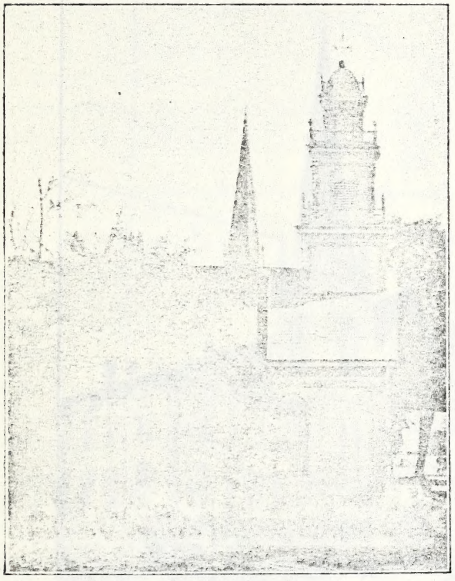
In 1652 one H. Nutter makes a deposition that in the year 1636 the land about Lamprill River was in possession of the inhabitants of Dover, on both sides of the river, for fishing and planting and felling timber. One William Furber also testifies to the same. John Baker testifies that he was one of a committee to fix the bounds between Exeter and Dover, and that Lamprey River was the bounds. Here we find the name of this river spelled *Lamprey* for the first time.

In 1719 a committee was appointed to renew the line of a tract of land granted by Massachusetts to Portsmouth and two miles were added to the six miles before granted, "which two miles to be appropriated to the encouragement of the iron-works building at Lamprill River, for *cole,* wood, etc., and for settling people thereon, to be imported for that service, and settled in such order as a committee for that purpose shall direct and that Mark Hunking, Geo. Jaffrey and Richard Waldron, Esqs., and Col. James Davis, Capt. Timothy Gerrish and Capt. Samuel Tibbetts be the committee for laying out and

building said land, and that Samuel Penhallow, Esq., be added for directing the settlement."

The next mention we find of this river and settlement is also in connection with the line between Dover and Exeter, in the same year. It is therein provided that those holding the oldest grants of land shall be good to them that have them, always excepting highways and such land sufficient to mills or works set up on Lamprill River.

The next mention found of this



Free Baptist Church

place is that a petition was presented to the legislature, praying for the erection or establishment of a parish in the north part of Exeter. Upon this petition the following action was had:

"In Council, Dec. 14, 1727, it was ordered that the prayer of the petitioners be granted, and that the petitioners have leave to bring in a bill accordingly, and that the name of the parish be Newmarket. In the House of Representatives the same day, 'Read and concurred.'"

In the proceedings of the Provincial Legislature, August 18, 1737, it was voted that Newmarket have liberty to bring in a bill, and to have the privilege of choosing their town officers as other towns have. Thus Newmarket seems to have been formed into a parish in 1727, and in 1737, ten years later, "given town privileges."

We fail to find any record that the town has ever been incorporated and we unhesitatingly hazard the opinion that it remains The Newmarket Parish to this day.

Within the last few years we have heard and read much of "the gentle art of grafting" and the opinion generally prevails that this is a modern innovation, but our records show that as early as 1767 "the fathers" knew a good thing when they saw it and were not slow to "catch on," as witness:

Province of } taken up Damage feasant
Newhamper } In Ley Eppin By Josiah Hilton of Newmarket a year old Heifer Coming tow so caled a Light Brindled with a white fac & sum whit under her Belly & on Each of her Legs a whit top to her tail marked with a crop in the left Ear a Slight in the same the Right owner may Have Her paying cost and damage
october 10 ye 1767
Mr Josiah Hilton Constable of newmarket

Query: Which end of an heifer's tail is the top?

The record continues at great length to show that in compliance with the law, appraisers were appointed who in discharge of their duty fixed her value at 19s, and then the following "bill of particulars" was filed, "orddered payded and recordded."

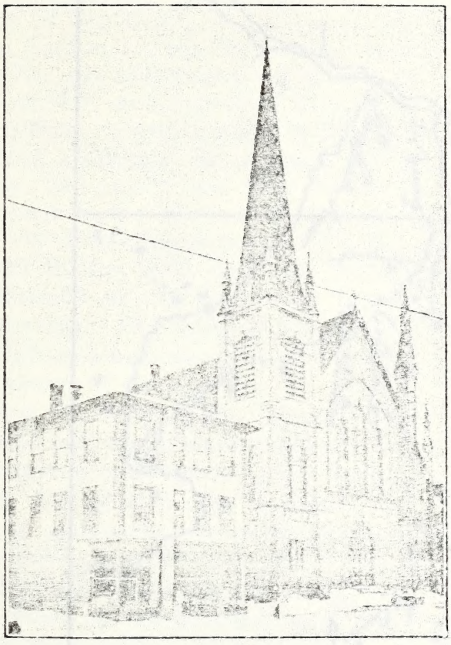
December ye 8th 1767

	£ s d
the cost of crying Said heifer at 3 places three publick Days	0=2=4
Clerks fee for Entering	0=0=6
Josiah hiltons travail in having her Cryed Entered &	0=8=6
to keeping Sd heifer from ye first of July Last	0=5=6

to ye Justice fees for this warrant ye oaths & approving this acct 0=1=6
1=1=0
Lawful money
I approve of ye above account
Walter Bryant Justice of ye Peace

Of course the town had to stand the deficit and it is only fair to suppose that Walter Bryant, who approved the account, got his "rake off."

It may interest the faithful followers of Nimrod, who, during the two weeks recently closed of "open season for deer," daily, under the able leadership of mine host Willey, have "climbed the hills and far away" only at nightfall to gather under his hospitable roof to fight their battles over again and to tell how near, how very near they came to— seeing a track, to learn that at a "parish meeting," regularly called on March 23, 1747, for the election of officers for the ensuing year for such important posts as sealer of leather, haywards, "lootlayers," tything men, etc., we find David Litfoot (the right man in the right place) "to Inspect disorderly Person for Killing *decar* out of season." Again, March, 1774, "Capt Neal elected deer keeper" and on March 29, 1779, "Voted that Lieu^{t} Asa Folsom and Mr. Joseph Doe be deer keepers according to a late act of this state"



Methodist Church

Another curious entry shows that the people of this parish were alive to other kinds of "spiritual" things besides those supposed to be taught by Pastor Moody:

Feby ye 26d 1776 seleckmen Dr	
to 5 Bols of Chre tody	£3=10
Aprel ye to 6 Bols of tody	4=4
may ye 5 to tody	1=8
may ye 25d to 1 Bol tody	0 " 4
July to tody 48/ Dr to 4 Bols tody	5 " 4
July 27d Dr to tody 27/	1 " 7
Decmbr to 6 Bols tody	6 " 0
Dr to 1 Bol tody	1 " 0
January ye 22d 1777 to 4 Bols	4 " 0
febry ye 14d to tody	3 " 0
	£30 " 7
	12
	18 " 7

Benja mead

Another entry of interest conveys these items:

"to 2 Quarts of Rum to Dres mol Does Lage When Broct 0—3—0
for Nusing of mol Doe & tanding her 13 Weeks at 3/ 1—19—0"

July 30, 1779, a mare and colt were taken up and duly impounded and David Wiggin and Abram Parsons were appointed to appraise the same and their report follows:

July 30th 1779

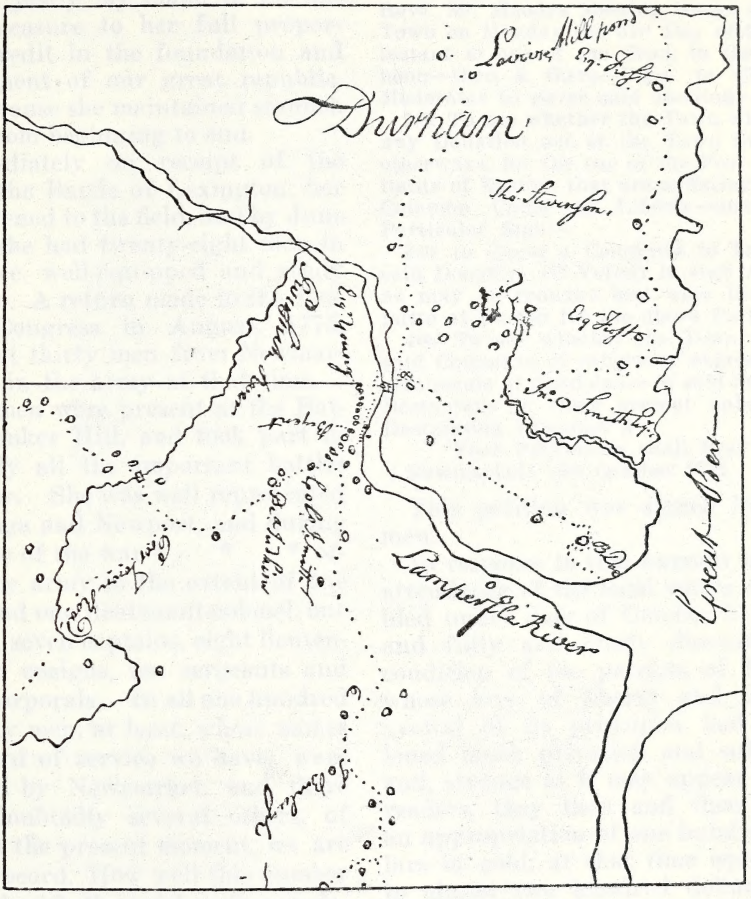
Agreeable to our Appointment we have apprised the above Mentioned Mare at one Hundred & five pounds & the said Coult at thirty Nine pounds L. M.

David Wiggin
Abraham Parsons

Evidently the bicycle and automobile had not at that time affected the value of horseflesh.

In this connection we present our readers with what we have cause to

believe is the very earliest map of the village now extant. The *Advertiser* of February 1, 1907, publishes a map and presents good sound reasons for dating it about 1800. If this be so, we feel justified in claiming for the one we here present a priority of at least sixty years, which would make ours bear date of about 1740.



Early Map of Newmarket

A comparison of the two maps shows that the only residence marked upon both is that of Bryant, which stood a little in the rear of Masonic Hall. When we recall how very slow the fathers were to change their homes, we see at once that many years must have elapsed in order that all these changes might occur.

If we were able to publish a royal octavo volume on "The History of Newmarket," it might then be possible to do justice to the heroic men, who, during those dark days of the Revolution, pledged life, liberty and sacred honor to the cause. From the first we have realized our limitations and our readers will not fail to appreciate the difficulties that confront one who tries to condense to the scope of a magazine article the history of a town.

Very fortunately for the future, as well as for the present generation, "The Newmarket Club of Boston" has done and is doing a work of inestimable value in preserving these historic facts. We have heretofore quoted from some of the papers now

being published in *The Advertiser*, under the auspices of this club, and in approaching "the dark days of '76" perhaps we can do no better than to again quote.

"Newmarket gave liberally of her sons in the great struggle for independence, and did her full duty toward the accomplishment of that end. She may justly lay claim in an unstinted measure to her full proportionate credit in the foundation and establishment of our great republic, to which cause she maintained staunch loyalty from beginning to end.

"Immediately on receipt of the news of the Battle of Lexington, her men hastened to the field, and by June 1, 1775, she had twenty-eight men in the service, well-equipped and ready for action. A return made to the Provincial Congress in August, 1775, shows that thirty men from Newmarket were in the army at that time.

"Her men were present at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and took part in practically all the important battles of the war. She was well represented at Saratoga and Newport, and during the course of the war * * * officered the army to the extent of one colonel and one lieutenant-colonel, one adjutant, seven captains, eight lieutenants, two ensigns, ten sergeants and eleven corporals. In all one hundred and thirty men, at least, whose names and record of service we have, were furnished by Newmarket, and there were undoubtedly several others, of whom, at the present moment, we are without record. How well this number compared with the total male population eligible for service may be seen from the census of August, 1775, when Newmarket had but 212 men between the ages of sixteen and fifty, which were then age limits for service in the war."

The first reference which the town records make to this struggle appears as follows:

Province of New Hampshire } To Majr. Thomas Tash Capt. Israel Gilman
Rockingham Ss } and Capt. Nathaniel Rogers Esquires—, Selectmen of Newmarket—

Gentlemen

We the Subscribers, humbly Pray your Honors, to Notify & warn all the Freeholders & other Inhabitants of the Town of Newmarket aforesaid quallified by Law to Vote in Town Affairs, to meet at the Revd. Mr. Moodys Meeting House in said Town on Monday the 31st Day of October instant at one of the Clock in the afternoon—then & there—First to Chose a Moderator to gover said Meeting—

2dly To see whether the Town will Vote any Donation out of the Town Stock or otherways, for the use of the Poor Inhabitants of Boston, that are suffering in the Common Cause of Liberty—and what Particular Sum—

3dly to Chose a Committe to Transmit said Donation (if Voted) in such Articles as may be thought best unto the Committe at Boston for the above Purpose

4thd To see whether the Town will by said Committe or otherwise express their sentiments of Condolence to said Suffering Bostonians in their present unhappy & Destressing Dilemma &

Your Petitioners shall Pray

Newmarkett 19th October 1774

This petition was signed by fifty men.

In response to this warrant, a large attendance of the legal voters asssembled under date of October 31, 1774, and fully and freely discussed the condition of the patriots of Boston, whose love of liberty and fearless avowal of its principles had occasioned much privation and suffering, and, strange as it may appear to our readers, they then and there voted an appropriation of one hundred dollars in gold, at that time equivalent to almost two hundred dollars, and appointed a committee of able men to draft resolutions of sympathy and condolence and also appointed messengers to well and faithfully *deliver* and *pay over* to said suffering "Bostonzians the abov meturensed." While Newmarket had many active Tories, yet it is a matter of record only one citizen objected to this timely assistance to the sacred cause.

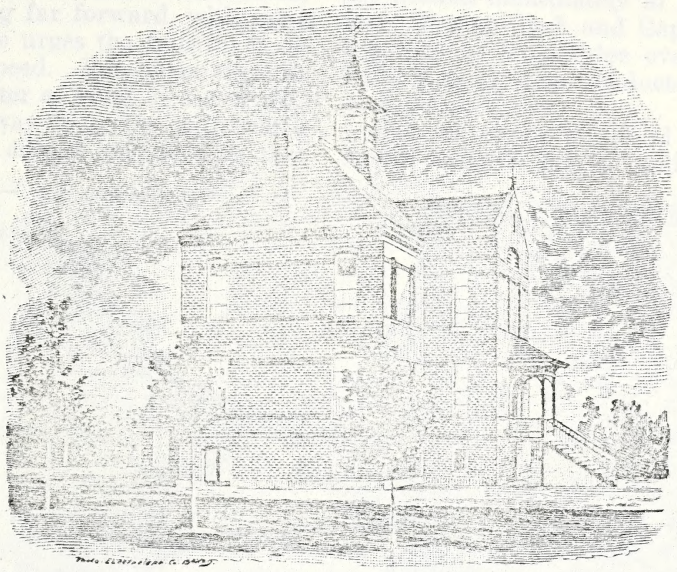
These were days vital with events of gravest importance, not only to the people of this town and the colony of which they were a part, but of the world.

Little did they realize, as with grave faces they met in Mr. Moody's meeting house to pass their various resolves, that they were assisting to lay the foundation stones upon which future generations should build not alone the greatest but the grandest nation of all time, and that the then unknown banner under whose folds they were enlisting was destined to lead onward and upward till the priceless boon of liberty was carried to the far islands of the sea.

A year later the king in council passed an order prohibiting the exportation of gunpowder. A copy of this royal edict reached Portsmouth by express. With great secrecy and dispatch a company of picked men was raised and led by the immortal Sullivan of Durham.

Before the suspicions of the governor were awakened they proceeded to Newcastle, capturing the entire garrison, carrying off over a hundred barrels of gunpowder, part of which, later, was transported by ox team to Bunker Hill, where it lent most efficient aid to the sacred cause.

Immediately the Scarborough frigate sloop of war *Canseau* arrived with several companies of soldiers. The wildest alarm prevailed along the coast. Portsmouth, appreciating her danger and great need of assistance, cried loudly for help. The cry penetrated "the place of pines" and promptly the heroic men of Newmarket responded.



Newmarket High School

Under date of October 20, 1725, at a town meeting specially called, it was "Voted to raise & send thirty Men to Portsmouth agreeable to the request of Portsm^{h} Committee

"Voted that this Meeting be adjourned one Hour

"Met according to Adjournment

"Voted that s^{d} thirty men be raised by Inlistment

"Voted that Lt James Hill take the Command of said Men

"Voted that Wentworth Cheswell apply to the Provincial Committee at Exeter & report the Proceedings of

this Meeting and pay their Directions"

Picture if you can the intensity of the excitement which on that day prevailed in "Mr. Moody's meeting house." Undoubtedly at the door stood Cheswell's horse and he, "booted and spurred" for a heavy ride like the immortal Revere, "springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, but lingers and gazes till—" the vote of the meeting is announced, then bending far forward, with word and spur, he urges the faithful beast to highest speed. Remember that the road to Exeter of today is a very different highway from the path which the faithful animal traversed on that October morn, and as the autumn leaves fell thick and fast about his rider's path, he doubtless read in their crimson color a prophecy of the precious blood which, all too soon, would mark the pathway of the colony, but he faltered not, for in two short hours we find him ready to report and the meeting adjourned, after first voting that the Committee of Safety of this town give Captain Hill such instructions as they judge proper.

In these stirring times meetings came thick and fast. In one week no less than four were held. Six days later,

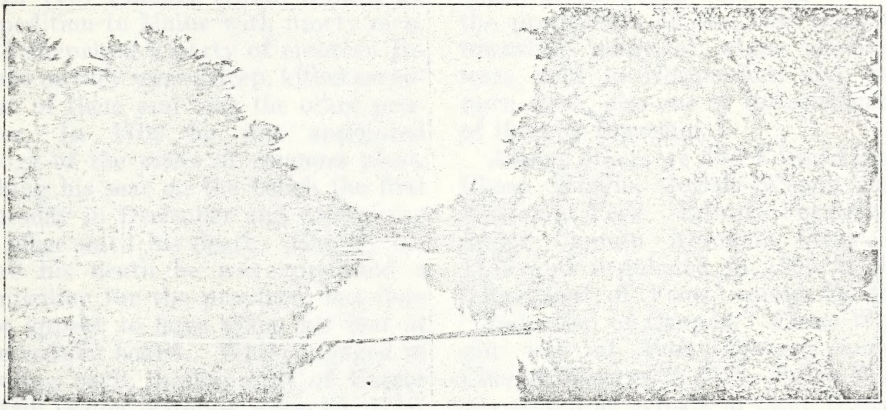
"October 26th 1775

"Voted that Mr Ichabod Hilton be desired to inlist 22 Men to join Cap. Hills Company now at Portsmh agreeable to General Sullivans Orders"

That they were decidedly in earnest in this matter and did not intend to be caught napping or to fail in raising their full quota of men is shown under further record of same date.

"Voted that in Case of any sudain alam the Inhabitants of this Town are desired immediately to Repair to Majr Thomas Tash and Cap. Hubartus Neal at the Bridge over Exeter River & be by them Conducted during such alarm"

Had we space we could at great length recite the heroism and devotion



Fresh River from Bridge

of these gallant men, but well do we realize that they need no word of praise, for their names are graven upon the heart of the nation which they died to establish. Would that we knew more fully of their lives.

COLONEL WINTHROP HILTON

In the early history of Indian warfare in New Hampshire no name stands out more conspicuously for bravery and military achievement than that of Col. Winthrop Hilton. He was the leading military man of the province and had the chief command of one or more of the expeditions to the eastward. In 1706, when the settlements of New Hampshire

were being continually harassed by the Indians, he was kept constantly on the march in command of scouting parties. He served in an expedition against Port Royal, which sailed from Newmarket May 26, 1707.

Colonel Hilton made a winter march in 1708 to Pequauquauke (near Fryeburg, Maine) with 170 men, and in 1709 was out on his usual tour of scouting. In these expeditions against the Indians he was the companion-in-arms of Col. James Davis of Oyster River. In 1710 we find many names belonging to the territory which later became Newmarket in Capt. Nicholas Gilman's company, which did scouting duty during that year.

In 1707 Colonel Hilton headed an expedition to Maine with ninety men, and surprised a party of eighteen Indians as they were asleep, killed seventeen of them and took the other prisoner. In 1706 he was appointed judge of the court of common pleas, taking his seat on the bench the first Tuesday in December and continuing in office until his death. Shortly before his death he was appointed a councillor for the province, but does not appear to have taken his seat at the council board. While engaged in peeling bark, in that part of Exeter which is now Epping, June 23, 1710, he was killed by the Indians, and was buried with the honors due his rank and character in his own field on the western bank of the river. He was a son of the second Edward Hilton, of that part of Exeter (later Newmarket) which is now Newfields, and great-grandson of both Governor Joseph Dudley and Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts.

COL. THOMAS TASH

Among those representatives of Newmarket who figured prominently in the old French or Seven Years' War was Col. Thomas Tash. His military career began in 1747, when he served in a scouting party under command of Capt. Joseph Thomas, which was ordered to Epsom after the attack on that village by the Indians. He speedily distinguished himself for valor, and rose to the rank of captain in 1755, when he was given command of Company No. 4, in Col. Joseph Blanchard's regiment in the expedition to Crown Point. In 1757 he commanded a battalion of troops raised in New Hampshire to reinforce Colonel Meserve's regiment for the defense of Fort Edward. He then ranked as major, and his battalion was afterward stationed at Fort No. 4 by order of General Webb. He was also colonel of a regiment in the War of the Revolution, at the close of which he took up his residence in New Durham and died there at the age of eighty-seven years. He was one of the proprietors of the New Durham township, many of whose meetings were held in Newmarket, and was town clerk, also one of the selectmen, of the new township.

Among others we find Edward Fox, Chase Wiggin, Josiah Wiggin and Benjamin York. Edward Fox served under Captain Abraham Perry in 1756 and re-enlisted in 1758 in the "Regiment of Foot" raised for the "Reduction of Canada." Chase Wiggin was at Fort Edward under Colonel Meserve in 1756. Josiah Wiggin served as private in Capt. George March's company, Colonel Goff's regiment, in 1760. Benjamin York served at Fort Edward, and while returning home with Chase Wiggin was wounded at Chester by the bursting of his gun.

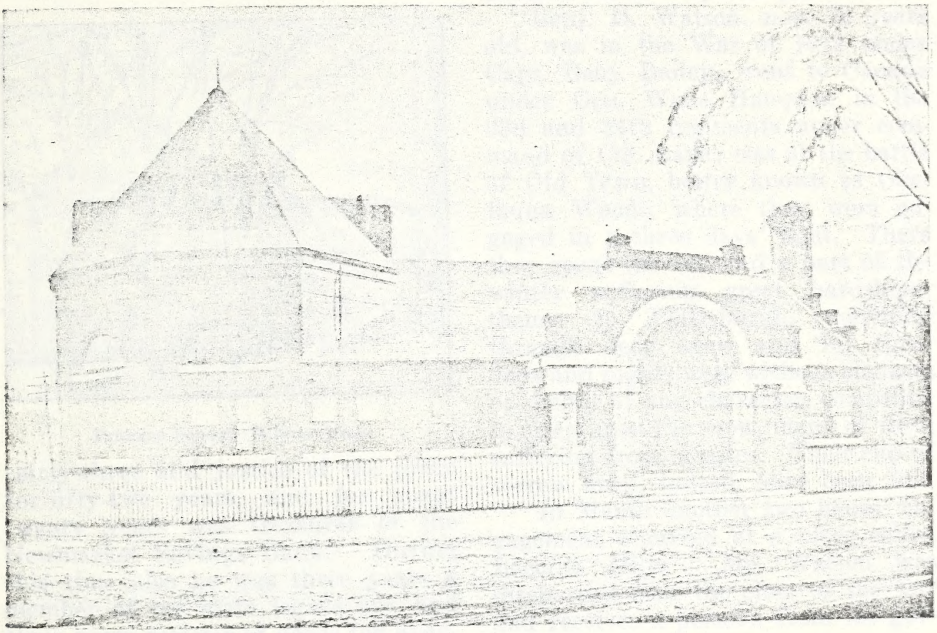
WENTWORTH CHESWELL

As a lawyer, judge and soldier, in Revolutionary days, the name of Wentworth Cheswell stands out prominently in the early history of the town. An educated business man of good judgment and ability, before any regular attorney was settled in the town, he drew deeds, leases, agreements, contracts, wills and other instruments for his townsmen and acted as a justice in the trial of causes. He was for many years a justice of

the peace, and in the Revolutionary War was a member of that select company which volunteered under Col. John Langdon of Portsmouth, called "Langdon's Independent Company of Volunteers," and marched to Saratoga in September, 1777.

WALTER BRYANT

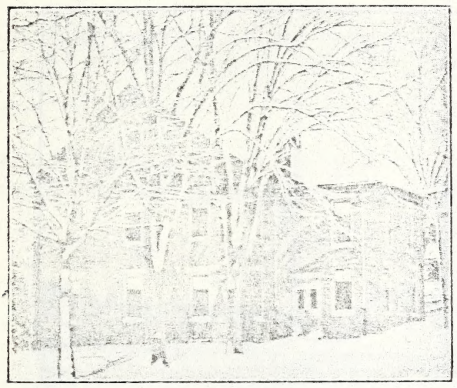
The meager accounts that we have of Walter Bryant show that he was a man eminent for his day not alone in Newmarket but throughout the entire province of New Hampshire. Born in Newcastle, February 10, 1710, the son of James and Honour Bryant, who emigrated from England, he settled in Newmarket at an early age, and married here, at twenty-five, Elizabeth, daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Folsom, residing here until his death in 1807. His homestead was a comfortable colonial house, located on Main Street, opposite the Number Four Mill, with a garden extending south, beyond the present Central Street. Mr. Bryant was a surveyor of high standing, sometimes called in the old papers "Royal Surveyor." He ran out and established the boundary line between New Hampshire and Maine, an undertaking of great danger and difficulty, and calling for considerable endurance. His account of the expedition, quoted in full from a diary in Ridlon's "Settlements of the Saco Valley," begins "Set out from Newmarket with eight men to assist me in running and making out Provincial boundaries 13th March 1741." He goes on to describe the route along Cocheco, Salmon Falls and Ossipee rivers, and as far north as the White Hills. The party returned to Newmarket Friday, March 27, 1741. In the New Hampshire town papers his name appears frequently as surveyor of localities for new townships, or determining the boundaries for towns. He dealt much in real estate, as shown by the records of conveyances in New Hampshire provincial and Rockingham County deeds.



Public Library

DAVID MURRAY

In the earlier part of the nineteenth century a familiar Newmarket name was that of David Murray, the scope of whose activities was not confined to the town alone but extended throughout Rockingham County. Mr. Murray was born in Newmarket, October 5, 1796, and for half a century held one or more of the offices afforded by the town. He was a selectman for eleven years, town treasurer for three years, a notary public for



Primary School—Winter View

thirty-three and justice of the peace for fifty-two years, and for about twenty years was treasurer of the Newmarket Savings Bank. During this time also he was three years a member of the state legislature, and three years register of deeds for Rockingham County. It is said that from 1829 until his death, which occurred January 16, 1879, Mr. Murray had charge of the settlement of more estates and other business in the probate court than any other man in the county. For thirty-five years he prosecuted claims against the government for land warrants, soldiers' bounties and pensions, being an agent, withal, for a number of fire insurance companies.

WAR OF 1812

The devotion and loyalty which provided so large a quota of troops for the Revolution must have contributed many soldiers to the War of 1812, but, if so, they evidently enlisted from other towns, as we find no record of enlistments from Newmarket.

In a small directory published in 1873 by Joshua L. Beckett, he says: "Newmarket and South Newmarket have six soldiers of the War of 1812 still living." This doubtless was correct, but I can find no records of enlistments from here. Two, I have ascertained, enlisted at Hampton. Beckett further says, in part:

"Benj. D. Watson, now 78 years old, was in the War of 1812 under Capt. Benj. Bailey; went to Canada under Gen. Wade Hampton in the 33d and 34th regiments under command of Col. Lane; was at the battle of Old Town, better known as Chataqua Woods, where they were engaged in a three days' fight. There they spent the fall and a part of the winter suffering great hardships; thence to Plattsburgh, marching through deep snow and for three days and nights were without blankets or shelter of any character, compelled to sleep upon the snow, many of them suffering from measles. Their cup of sorrow must, indeed, have been full.

"In March another two hours' engagement occurred at a place called Lacoille Mills. Mr. Watson was discharged near the close of the war and receives a pension from the government.

"Augustus Bradford enlisted in the regular army at the age of twenty-one, in 1808; served under General Boyd, was at Tippecanoe, Nov., 1811, under General Harrison. He was there wounded and remained in Vincennes until April, then went across country to Detroit, where the troops began to throw up fortifications. After the inglorious surrender of Hull at Detroit, the militia were paroled, but the regulars were taken to Quebec. Here he was confined in one of the prison ships about four months, then paroled, sent to Boston and discharged. Mr. Brad-

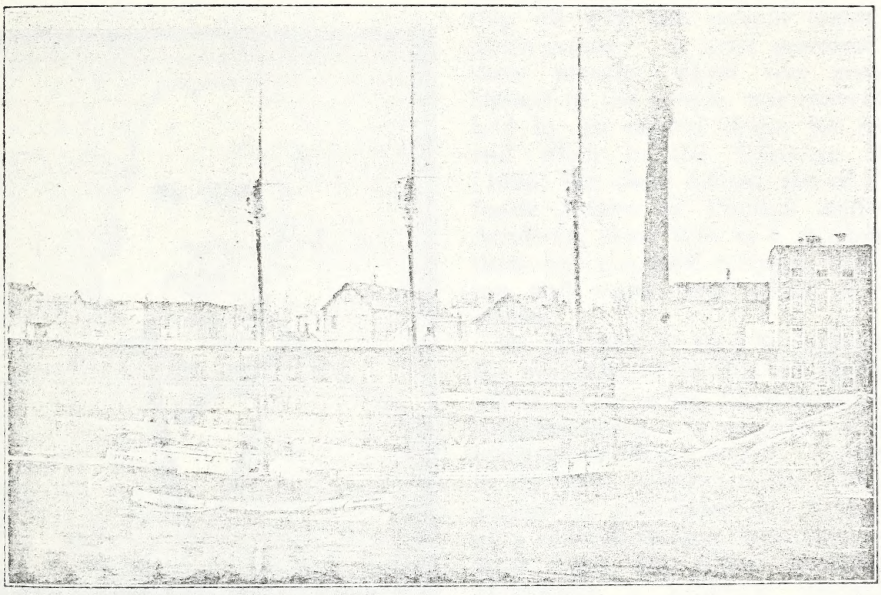
ford then enlisted in the 34th Regiment, where he remained until the close of the war. He is now in his 86th year, hale and hearty. He has four sons."

PACKET SERVICE

Mention should be made of the old-time packet service, which was in vogue during the first half of the nineteenth century, and had its height between the years 1820 and 1850. During the best days of this service about one-half of the cotton used by the mills, and all the coal, were transported from Portsmouth in these packets, or *gundalows,* as they were commonly called.

The first of these were of about ten tons capacity, but in 1834 keel boats of a much larger tonnage were built, some of which were thirty feet long, with a ten-foot beam. They were rigged with a large lateen sail, bent to a long spruce yard fastened to a short oak stump with a chain, and equipped to carry both freight and passengers, the fare from Newmarket to Portsmouth at one time being 12½ cents.

One of the earliest of these packets was built and launched at Chapman's wharf in 1819, and patriotically named the *Monroe,* of which Nathaniel Keys was builder and master. One of the first of the keel boats was the *Fox,* owned and navigated by Captain Stephen Twombly of Dover in 1834; this boat later gave way to the *Greyhound,* sailed by Captain Twombly's son, Samuel. About this time, also, Lemuel Drew of Newmarekt was engaged in the packet service and owned and navigated two or more boats, his last boat being the *Lion,* whose favorite haunt was the Lamprey River.



Shipping on the River

These were the picturesque days of Newmarket, when the shriek of the locomotive had not yet invaded the peaceful sanctity of the town, and the harshest note of commerce was the lapping of the waves against these slowly moving craft, as they entered or left the waters of the bay.

In the later days William and George Drew, sons of Lemuel, had a packet built which they called the *Factory Girl,* sailing first from New-

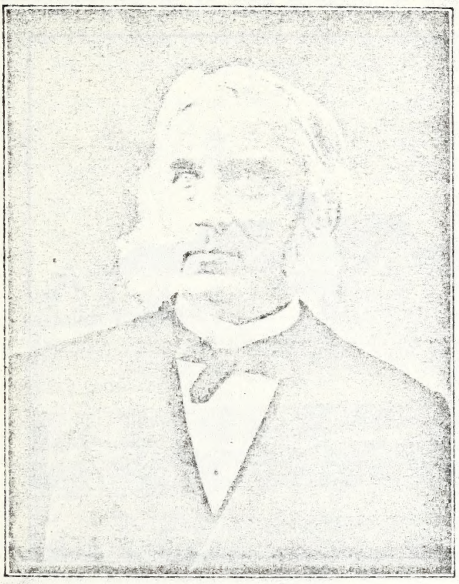


market, and afterwards from Dover to Portsmouth.

It is interesting to note that this type of craft, not unlike the Mediterranean gondola in its appearance, was never popular at any other spot on our coasts except in the region of the Piscataqua and a single river in North Carolina.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHES

The first public religious service held in the village was conducted without church or minister. In 1825



Rev. Isaac C. White

one Timothy Chamberlain was employed by the Newmarket Manufacturing Co. to superintend the erection of the No. 2 mill. The prospect of employment had drawn to the town a large floating population, and Mr. Chamberlain appreciated the great need which existed for public services that these men might attend. He accordingly applied to the company and from the directors secured permission to use the second story of their warehouse, just north of the town hall, for religious meetings. He conducted the services himself, reading a sermon from the words: "Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your soul." Jeremiah VI: 16.

Some three hundred people attended this service, and, led and inspired by Mr. Chamberlain, they then and there raised the money to secure a permanent minister. Early in the fall of that year Mr. John P. Cleaveland, a young man who had been preaching and teaching in Exeter, came and preached his first sermon in the warehouse from the words: "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." A brief pastorate of three months, which was greatly blessed to the people, was characterized by an earnest desire for souls and when in the following May (1826) Mr. John Adams, son of Professor Adams of Phillips Andover Academy, came here as a co-laborer, there was a general religious awakening and many were added to the church.

On the 28th of May, he assisted in the organization of the first Sabbath school, of which Mr. Chamberlain was superintendent. It consisted of five teachers and thirty pupils. Contrary to the then existing custom, this organization ante-dated the formation of a church, for not until two years later was the latter completed. Meanwhile a generous townsman, Walter Smith by name, had erected a hall for public worship at the corner of Main and Central streets.

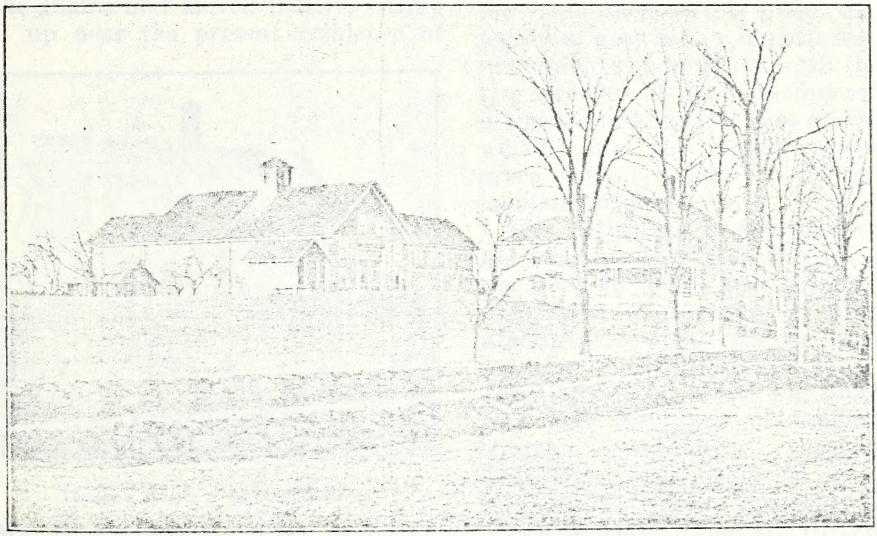
The first pastor of this church was Mr. David Sanford, then a theological student at Andover, who on May 22, 1828, was regularly ordained and installed. The following summer thirty-two members were added and work was at once commenced upon a new meeting-house, which was completed and dedicated December 20, 1828. Many improvements have since been made, but the same building is still in use.

This church has been a power for good in the community and something

like 400 souls have made it their spiritual home.

Lack of space forbids enumerating the list of pastors who have ministered to the people of this or the other churches. These facts are all a matter of record upon the books of the several societies. One pastorate, however, deserves, more than a passing notice. In June, 1865, Rev. Isaac Curtis White began his labors on behalf of this society and town, which continued for nearly twenty-two years. Upon the observance of the semi-centennial of this church, in an historical sermon, he said: "During the present pastorate, which (now) extends over a period of nearly thirteen years, eighty-two have been added to the membership of the church, and this place of worship has been enlarged, remodeled, beautified and furnished with a valuable organ, and the tower has been ornamented and made vocal with a clock and bell, at an expense of $8,000."

In 1874 there was a general spiritual awakening under his earnest efforts and some thirty-five professed a saving knowledge of Christ and were by him received with fellowship and membership in this church. In June, 1887, after a faithful service of nearly a quarter of a century, he resigned and removed to Scotland, Mass., where for a short time he continued to minister in holy things, but the weakness of advancing years lay their weight upon him and he removed to Plymouth for a little rest as the shadows lengthened, and there amid its peaceful quiet, one pleasant Sabbath morning in February, 1907, he suddenly came to the gates of a new East and the dawn of a new day. He was a member of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., which for twenty years he served as chaplain, and at the termination of this service, his brethren elected him to an honorary life membership.



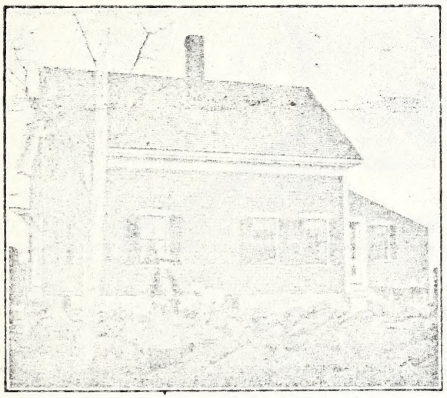
"Lovelands Farm"—Property of Lewis Killam

A profound student, deeply thoughtful, with an easy command of "The Mother Tongue," his sermons were interesting, instructive and elevating; and at times he was eloquent with the depth of feeling which overflowed from a pure heart. He combined a loving, genial disposition with a quiet dignity, which helped to make him an ideal minister as well as a gentleman of the old school.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Early in the nineteenth century, a "Man of God," John Osborne by name but lovingly known as "Daddy Osborne," secured a small building on Newmarket Plains and there established regular religious services, which bore fruit. Deeply in earnest and ordained by The Spirit, revivals followed his ministry.

With the rapid increase of population at the village, the Baptists there felt the need of a more readily accessible place of worship, and, prior to 1834, they purchased the building at the Plains and moved it here, setting it up near the present residence of



Tenant's House, "Lovelands Farm"

Mr. G. K. Leavitt. They called Elder Thurston, who served as their pastor one year. In 1834 a church organization was effected known as "The First F. W. Baptist Church of Christ in Newmarket," with sixty-four charter members. Rev. D. P. Cilley was their first pastor. In 1840 they purchased a lot of land and erected the present house of worship. In the beginning of 1841, the pews were sold and the house ready for dedication.

A variety of musical instruments were introduced into the choir—a clarinet, violin, flute, bass viol and double bass viol. To some this appeared and was declared the direct work of the devil. Later a small organ was placed in the gallery but the climax was not reached until several years later, when a church organ was installed. One of the old fathers used to sit with a finger in each ear as the organist played. It was pronounced "a great idol."

In 1881 the church was raised and the vestry remodeled, at a cost of $1,000. In 1883 the audience room was converted into the attractive place we see it today, at a cost of about $2,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

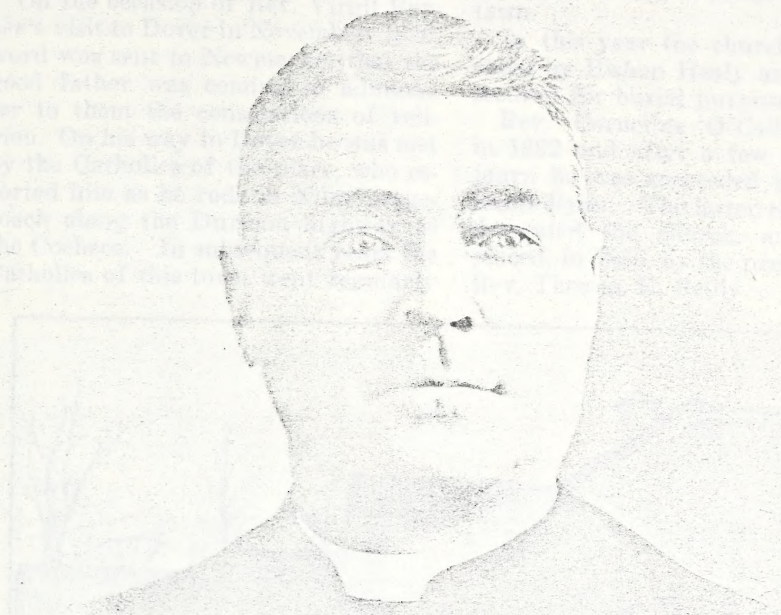
In consequence of the manufacturing established at this place, the village was growing in importance and increasing in population until the active members of the Methodist society deemed it necessary to have a house of worship and the regular means of grace more accessible to all the inhabitants of the town.

The Methodists, in accordance with the true spirit of their mission, took the work in hand, and, through the coöperation of the agent of the manufacturing company and the personal influence and faithful efforts of Mr. John Broadhead, a site was procured *free* and the work of building a church immediately commenced. This house was dedicated by Rev. Benjamin R. Hoyt in November, 1827.

It was expected that Mr. Broadhead would occupy the pulpit, but, owing to his election to congress, he could not accept and the following July (1828) Rev. Samuel Kelly was appointed as the first stationed pastor.

The church grew rapidly. At the end of ten years a parsonage was built at the cost of $800. The church membership increased to 250; the Sunday school, including pupils, teachers and officers, to 186. In 1871 and 1872, a new church was built at the cost of $25,000.

On account of change in population, the congregation steadily decreased, until in 1907, the Methodist and Congregational people agreed to worship together at the Congrega-



Rev. Thomas E. Reilly



tional Church, with Rev. Dr. D. C. Babcock as pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

On the occasion of Rev. Virgil Barber's visit to Dover in November, 1826, word was sent to Newmarket that the good father was coming to administer to them the consolations of religion. On his way to Dover he was met by the Catholics of the place, who escorted him as he rode in Niles' stagecoach along the Durham highway to the Cocheco. In subsequent years the Catholics of this town went regularly to Dover, where religious services were held by Fathers French and Canovan.

Mass, however, was not said in this town till 1848, at which date Rev. John T. McDonnell of Haverhill officiated. He continued to visit Newmarket at regular intervals until the coming of Father McCallion of Portsmouth. It continued to be served from Portsmouth until 1859, when Father Perache of Exeter assumed the care of the mission.

In 1865 a stone meetinghouse was secured by Father Welsh, in which religious services continued to be held for many years. In 1878, Newmarket was made an independent parish, under the jurisdiction of Rev. John T. McDonnell, who thirty years previously had said the first mass in the town.

In this year the church was dedicated by Bishop Healy and land was secured for burial purposes.

Rev. Cornelius O'Callagan came in 1882 and after a few months' sojourn he was succeeded by the Rev. Denis Ryan. The latter repaired and decorated the church, and was replaced, in 1886, by the present pastor, Rev. Thomas E. Reilly.



"Lovelands Farm" Barns

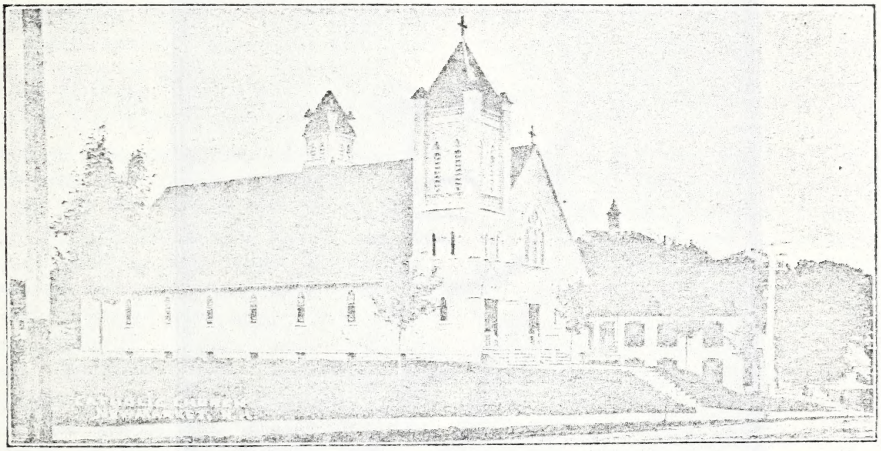
Father Reilly was born in Concord, in 1858, and after a course of studies in the public schools of his native town, attended the colleges of St. Hyacinthe and Three Rivers. After completing his theological studies at the latter place, he was ordained in Portland, Me., in 1883, and thereupon sent as assistant to the Very Rev. J. E. Barry of Concord. In 1884 he was invited to Manchester to assume the rectorship of the cathedral, in which charge he remained until his appointment to the pastorate of Newmarket.

In 1887, Father Reilly enlarged the old stone church, put in a basement,

built a new sacristy and equipped the building with a new heating apparatus. Two years after he secured a very eligible lot on Main St. and built the present rectory.

In 1891 he bought the land adjacent to the rectory, and six years subsequently he further increased this property by a third purchase—the whole occupying a handsome square of nearly four hundred feet.

In the center of this square Father Reilly began to build the present St. Mary's Church, in March, 1897, at which date the parish was free of debt. The cornerstone of the new St. Mary's was laid by Bishop Bradley on September 13, and the church was solemnly dedicated in October, 1898.



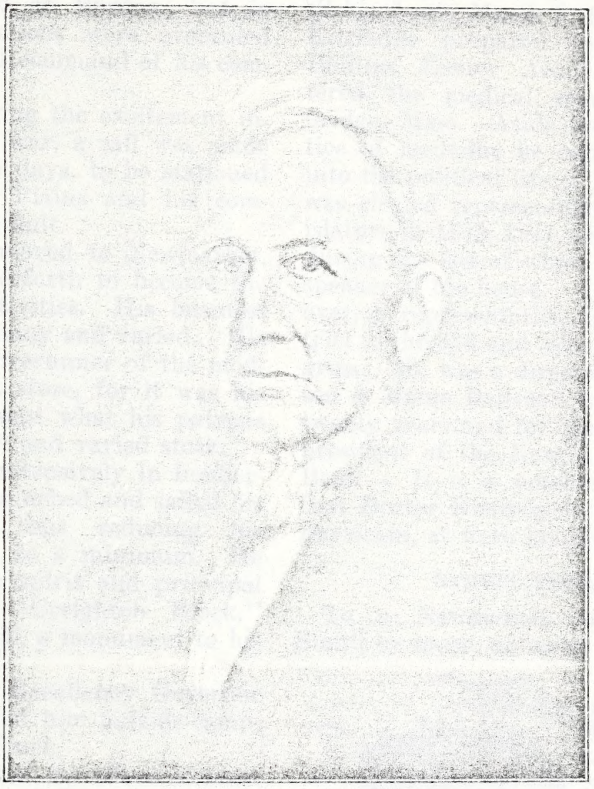
Catholic Church and Parochial House

HON. JAMES B. CREIGHTON

A marked character, a striking personality, identified with the early part of the last century, well remembered by many still living, was Col. James Brackett Creighton, beloved at home, honored abroad.

His father, Stephen Creighton, was one of the old-time "school-masters," while Hannah Brackett, who became his wife, was a woman possessing great force and energy, for when the subject of our sketch was an infant in arms, death robbed her of her natural protector, but accepting the loss with resignation, she quietly took up the added burdens and with that energy for which New England's early women are justly noted, applied herself to the task of providing a home and the rearing of her children. They were then in Exeter, and she opened her house to young men who had left the comforts of their homes and were seeking an education at Phillips. In this atmosphere the early years of the lad were spent. He soon began to plan some way to assist his mother and to make his own way in the world. In an exhaustive sketch of his life, prepared by him at the advanced age of over ninety years, he pictures himself as a remarkably thoughtful youth. He says: "James (himself) at the age of fourteen had made up his mind to learn a clothier's trade." He began immediately to lay and execute his plans to the accomplishment of that end, and in spite of youth he leaves his home and journeys to Lancaster with a pair of horses and a heavy wagon, upon which was loaded a new and at that date a famous invention, no less than a machine for carding wool into rolls and no sooner it is set up in its place than the boy begins to study its mechanism and to learn "how the

wheels go round." Crude as this was in its inception, its work was very unsatisfactory and complaints came thick and fast from the good housewives. The boy discovers that at one end the product is even, while the output from the other he describes as "crinkley, knobby and so you cannot use it." With true Yankee daring, he seizes a wrench, takes the machine apart, discovers and corrects the defect in the mechanism, readjusts it and starts the wheels. He modestly continues, "James now saw both ends of the machine turn out good, smooth, even rolls, and when Mr. Brown (his employer) is told what James has done he orders no one to touch the machine but James."



Hon. James B. Creighton

Those early lessons make deep and lasting impressions upon the plastic brain of our subject, for all through his long and successful career, he refuses to accept what to others would mean defeat. Instead he investigates, discovers the source of the difficulties, seizes the wrench, removes the obstacle from life's paths, starts the machinery and accomplishes still better results. Having served out more than the customary years of apprenticeship at Lancaster, Boscawen and Sanbornton Bridge before he reaches his majority, we find him establishing himself in a mill of his own at Wadley's Falls. After conducting this successfully two years, he buys at Epping Corner, a mill privilege and land. Here he erects a residence, milk barns, store houses and all the

necessary out-buildings incidental to the early manufacturing of cloth or, let us say, the dressing of the webs which were the pride of our mothers' hearts.

He was by nature calculated to be a leader among his fellows. He took an active interest in the militia and was chosen captain, but with becoming modesty declined in favor of older and better known men, for he had but recently settled at Epping; but in 1817 his objections were overruled and he assumed command of his company.

In 1812, during the excitement incidental to the war, a call was made for men for 15 days, to be stationed at Portsmouth Plains and his company went as a unit.

In 1826 he moved to Newmarket, which was henceforth to become the field of his activities. His business interests were many and varied. His store was the forerunner of the modern department store, for it was his pride that he kept what his patrons wanted—a large and varied stock.

He engaged extensively in lumbering and built, launched and sailed his own gondola, thus reducing his freight charges to a minimum. He was the moving spirit and principal owner of the "Creighton Block," which still stands, a monument to his business ability.

In 1830 His Excellency Governor Harvey appointed him aide-de-camp, with rank of colonel.

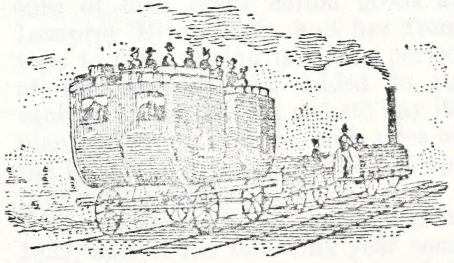
He filled most of the offices of trust within the gift of the town, served repeatedly in both branches of the legislature, and in 1840 was president of the senate. He was justice of the peace and quorum throughout the state and also held the office of postmaster. He was twice married. In 1814 he married Sarah, daughter of Zebulon Dow, by whom he had three children: Zebulon Dow, Eliza Eastman and Martha March. In 1836 he married Charlotte C. Murray, by whom he had one daughter, Sarah J., who became the wife of George Frank Walker. He died August 11, 1882, full of years and honors.

DR. GEO. W. KITTREDGE

The medical profession was worthily represented in Newmarket during a large part of the last century by Dr. Geo. W. Kittredge, who was born at Epping, N. H., January 31, 1805, and settled in Newmarket in 1825, continuing constantly in practice until his death, March 5, 1880. Doctor Kittredge prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and entered the medical school at Cambridge, Mass. Aside from the practice of medicine he entered actively into the political life of the town and was elected representative to the legislature in 1835, 1847, 1848 and 1852, during the last of which years he was speaker of the house. He was, moreover, a representative from this district to the 33d and 34th national congress. He was a director of the Boston & Maine Railroad for more than twenty years and for over forty years president of the Newmarket Savings Bank. It is a notable coincidence that Doctor Kittredge's father was a physician, as were his seven brothers.

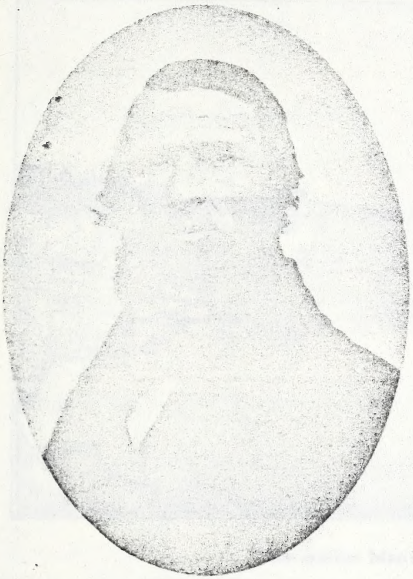
SAMUEL SMITH

To a Newmarket man, Samuel Smith by name, an uncle (on the maternal side) of Dr. Samuel H. Greene, belongs the honor of constructing and operating the first railroad in New England. It was chartered as "The Bangor and Piscataquis Canal & Railroad Co." and the road to Oldtown was completed and its first



First Railroad Train in New England

train operated in October, 1836. A cut of this train eloquently testifies the improvement since made in train service by comparing with a picture of the Empire State Express. For many years General Yeasey has been credited with this honor, but as a matter of fact he had absolutely nothing to do with the construction of the railroad. It was only after adversity overtook the builders and they were obliged to sacrifice their holdings that he became an owner of the road under a mortgage, but the courage to build



Samuel Smith

and the honor of operating New England's *first* railroad belongs beyond all question to the late Samuel Smith of Newmarket.

MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES

That Chesterfield of American letters, William H. H. (Adirondack) Murray, whose beautifully clean, eloquently descriptive and fascinating "Adventures" ought to be owned in every home, where there are children with minds to interest and develop, says that "The site of great cities is a matter of geography." The first settlement was in the vicinity of "Mr. Moody's meeting house," but from the very earliest days, the song of the Lamprey, as it plunged laughing down its rocky bed, had lured the far-sighted business man. You will remember in Edward Hilton's time allusion is made to the setting up of a mill. As early as December 19, 1647, water privileges were granted by the town of Dover to our old friend Hatevil Nutter, who with his associates erected saw mills and from that day to the present the crystal waters of the Lamprey have obeyed the behests of man and for him labored ceaselessly and faithfully.

Before the cotton mills were erected at Lamprey River Falls, this water-power was utilized by a saw mill, grist mill and carding mill, run by Moses Hoyt, and later by Stephen Willey. In the lower story of the carding mill cloth was fulled and colored. These mills were owned by and run in the interests of Capt. Andrew Doe, Deacon Joseph Pinder and Deacon Eben Chapman. The cloth was woven in the various homes by women and purchased by Captain Doe, who furnished it for wear.

Chief and foremost among the enterprises that have gone to make up the industrial history of Newmarket, and towering above all others in size, is "The Newmarket Manufacturing Company," which for nearly eighty-five years has carried on the manufacture of high grade cotton goods at Lamprey River Falls, and has from time to time, during this long period of unbroken success, added to its equipment, until at the present day its plant covers an area, on both sides of the Lamprey River, amounting to approximately fifteen acres.

This company was incorporated in 1822, and in the following year commenced the construction of its first mill, known as No. 1, which was completed in 1824 and had 2,560 spindles. No. 2 mill was built in 1825, with 4,096 spindles, and two years later No. 3 mill was erected, although its machinery was not installed until 1829, when it was equipped with 1,034

spindles. In 1832 the total number of spindles which the company operated was 13,824.

On the first of September, 1857, a fire broke out in No. 2 mill which totally destroyed the buliding, and a new mill was erected to take its place in the following year.

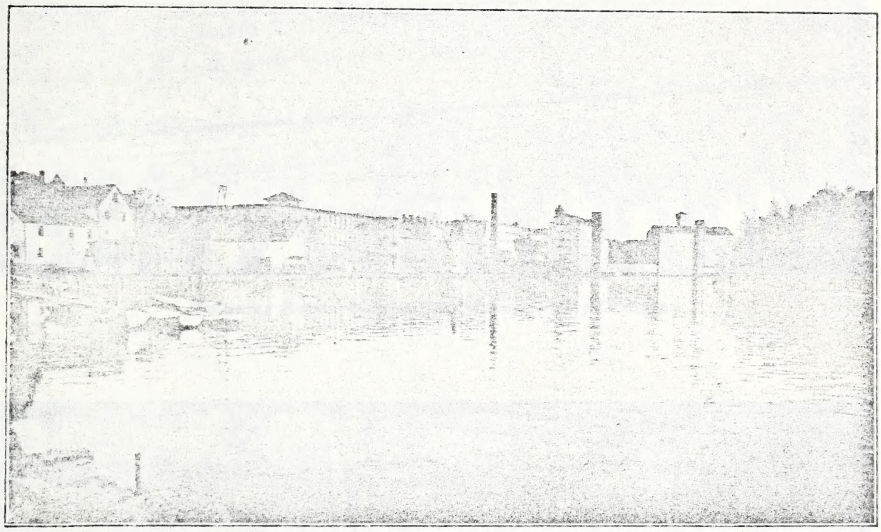
In 1869 No. 4 mill was erected, and the company at this time had 39,000 spindles, operated 906 looms, employed 500 hands, and produced about 160,000 yards of cotton goods weekly. The company's payroll at this time amounted to about $11,000 per month.

The mills which had been erected up to this time were all constructed of stone, the first three being built of large blocks of granite, and the fourth of a kind of trap-rock or slate.

The first of the company's buildings to be constructed of brick was No. 5 mill, which was built in 1881 and has been used exclusively for weaving. This is a two-story structure, 363 feet long and 94 feet wide, with tower and basement, which stands between Main Street and the Lamprey River in the business section of the town. Upon the completion of this building the company ran 55,000 spindles, turned out 300,000 yards of cloth per week, and employed operatives to the number of 700, with a monthly payroll of about $17,000.

No. 6 mill was built in 1892, being an extension of No. 5, and in 1901 No. 7 mill was built, both of which are constructed of brick, so that at the present time the company operates 60,000 spindles and produces goods to the value of $1,500,000 annually.

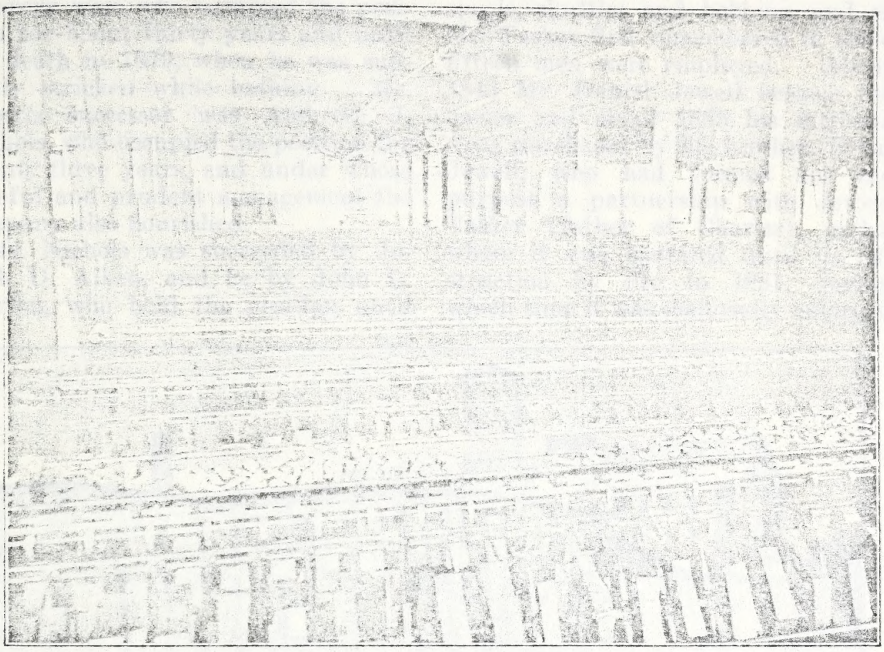
The company has been most fortunate from the first in having for its agents men of high personal character and keen business ability, whose dignity and integrity have made their presence and residence in Newmarket a most valuable asset to the town.



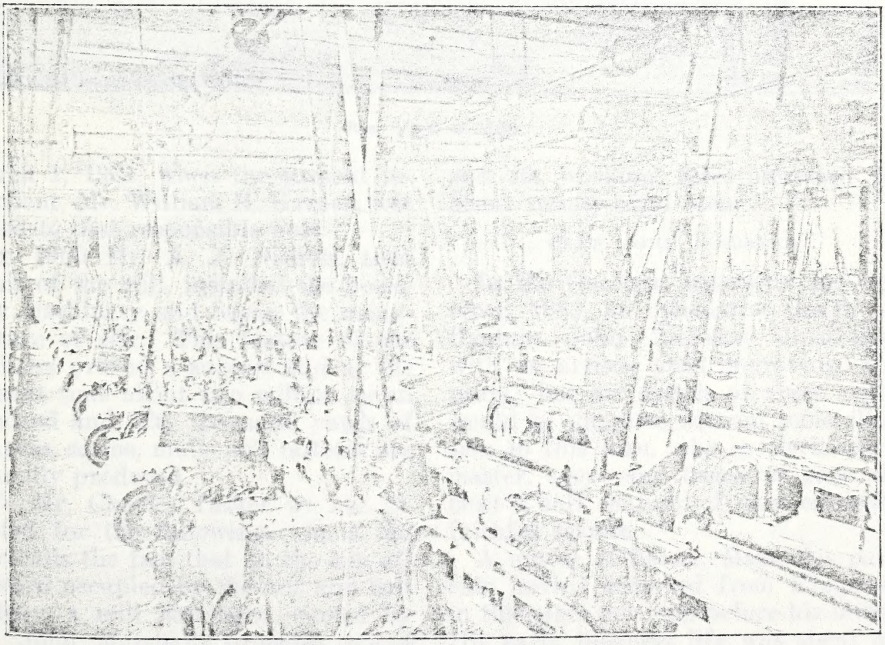
Newmarket Manufacturing Company's Mills

During the first twenty-five years of its existence the company had four agents, the first of whom was Mr. Stephen Hanson, a man of sterling character and worth, who was succeeded by Stephen A. Chase, who, in turn, was succeeded by Benjamin Wheatland, and he by John Webster. All of these men were of the old school, who conducted the business of the company under the old-time transportation facilities, which were by packet and not by rail.

Mr. Webster was succeeded by Mr. George W. Frost, a most able manager



Spinning Room—Newmarket Manufacturing Company



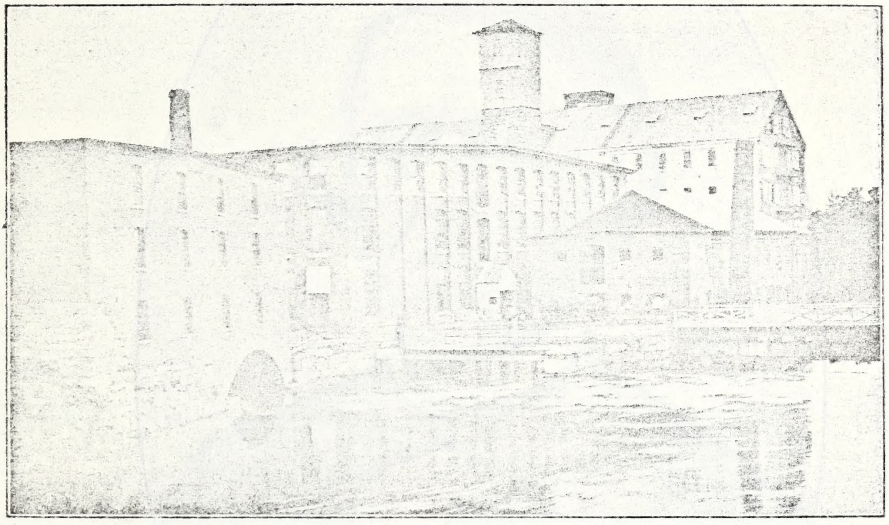
Weaving Room—Newmarket Manufacturing Company

in every way, who occupied the position for about thirty years and until his death in 1879, when he was suddenly stricken while bathing. Mr. Frost's successor was Ambrose J. Nichols, who occupied the position for twenty-three years, and under whose careful and prudent management the company also flourished.

Mr. Nichols was succeeded by Joseph D. Aiken, and he by John L. Burton, who held the position until March 1, 1904, when the present incumbent, Mr. William H. Garner, was called to that responsible post.

In 1900 Mr. A. J. Nichols, then agent of the mill, installed the necessary machinery and began the manufacture of silk. This feature of the business proved a success and at the present time about two million seven hundred and fifty thousand yards of pongees, satins, mulls and taffetas are annually produced.

To Mr. Charles Tasker we are indebted for the following. As a lad he recalls the fact that on the site afterward occupied by the nut and bolt factory, a mill had been erected by Mr. John Marshall, probably about 1830 to 1835, for the manufacture of spools, shuttles and bobbins, and as Mr. Tasker first remembered it, some fifteen men were employed. About 1845 Mr. Daniel Jewell became the owner and about 1855 his interests were purchased by his brother, Elvin Jewell, who had formed for the purpose a partnership with Jewett Tasker (father of Charles), under whom it was operated until its destruction by fire in 1861, during which time it was materially enlarged and its working force increased to about twenty-eight men.



Rear View of Mills

CAPT. JOHN WEBSTER

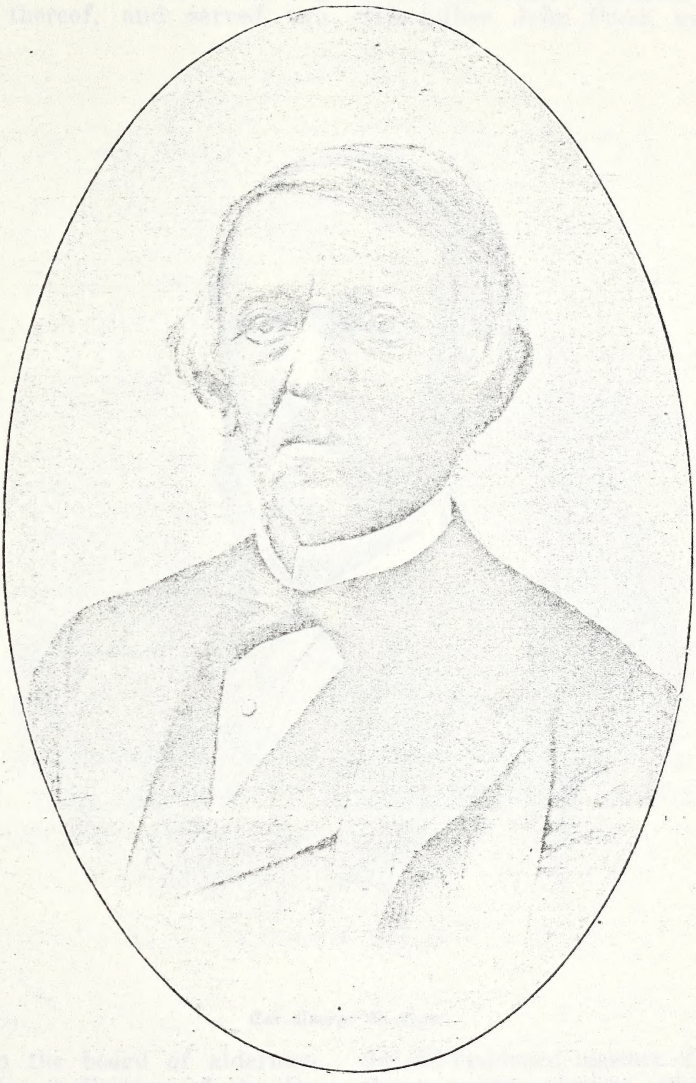
In the GRANITE MONTHLY for October, 1883, an exhaustive sketch of Captain John Webster, illustrated with an artistic steel engraving, appears; but no sketch of these mills would be complete without some allusion to this man, who as clerk, paymaster, agent and treasurer gave almost a half century of most efficient, faithful service.

A native of Salem, Mass., his parents having removed from Kingston in this state not long before his birth. His early business life was spent as a mariner, rising by his own efforts to

the position of master, where his inherent business capacity crowned his labors with success.

In 1834 he began service with this corporation as clerk, and, what was then known as "Outside Agent," which involved the handling of all freights, and, as shipment at that time was almost exclusively by water, his sea training stood him in good stead. He served in this capacity until 1846, when he was chosen agent, and in 1855 became treasurer, which position he resigned by reason of failing health.

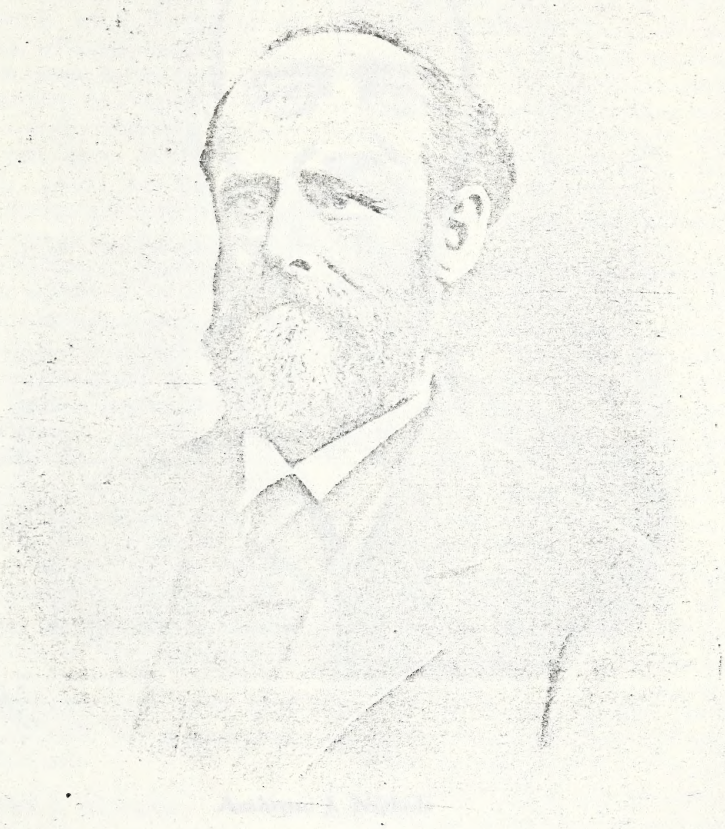
He removed to Salem in 1855, where, in a home of quiet elegance, he spent the twilight of life, surrounded by his works of art, books and beloved flowers. His administration of the affairs of the company was characterized by a marked and steady advancement of its best interests; its capacity was materially increased and



Capt. John Webster

its finances placed upon the soundest basis.

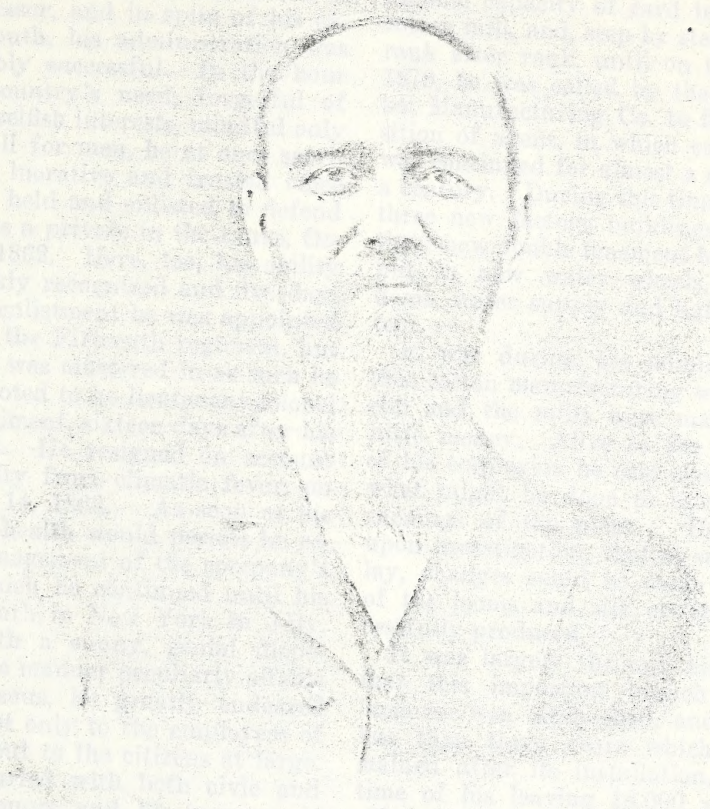
After his retirement from active business, the citizens of Salem honored him in many ways. He was elected to the common council and was president thereof, and served two years upon the board of aldermen. He was also a director of the Exchange National Bank, and was its president for eighteen years. Of a deeply religious nature, he sought every opportunity for doing good. He has left a fitting and lasting monument in the splendid public library which bears his name, and which at once is an ornament and blessing to the town.



Col. George W. Frost

COL. GEORGE W. FROST

George Washington Frost was born in Salem, Mass., September 14, 1824. His father, John Frost, was one of the old-fashioned masters of the merchant marine service which made Salem an household world on the other side of the globe. His mother was Lucy Frye. He attended the Salem schools, but early in life went to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he met and married his wife, coming here upon his wedding journey. He entered the



Ambrose J. Nichols

employ of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company in the capacity of clerk. His employers and associates were not slow to recognize the marked ability which he displayed and his devotion to business, so that when, in 1855, Mr. Webster resigned as agent, Mr. Frost was unanimously chosen as his successor, and in spite of his extreme youth, his administration was remarkably successful. In the hour of his country's need, forgetful of self and selfish interests, mindful only of the call for men, he at once sacrificed the lucrative and trusted office which he held and enlisted to defend the flag as a private in the ranks, October 2, 1862. Here, too, his ability was quickly recognized and five days from his enlistment he was appointed major of the Fifteenth regiment, but before he was mustered in as such he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, sixteen days after his enlistment. He resigned on account of disability from climatic fever, on February 14, 1863. As soon as his returning health would permit he resumed management of the company's affairs, which he continued until his sudden death in New York in July, 1879. With a sunny, genial disposition and a manner peculiarly affable and courteous, he greatly endeared himself, not only to the employees of the mills, but to the citizens at large. He was buried with both civic and military honors and his memory is still greatly revered.

AMBROSE J. NICHOLS

Was it Blaine who said, "Whoever has accomplished anything of value owes it to posterity to preserve the record of his life, and most certainly he who through his own efforts has risen from the ranks and has compelled the fates to grant him his reward, and who throughout a long and successful business career has preserved his integrity unimpaired, is well deserving the pen of the historian?" Ambrose J., son of Welcome and Lucy (Gallup) Nichols was born at Coventry, R. I., March 13, 1834, where, at an exceptionally early age, he began to carve out his own career, for to a remarkable degree he is a self-made man. When only six years of age he began his upward climb, in the humble capacity of card tender in a cotton mill, and, step by step, he rose, rank after rank, until on October 7, 1879, he was called by the Newmarket Manufacturing Co. to fill the position of agent, in which capacity he was continued for almost a quarter of a century. During this time, he built three new factory buildings, twenty-three new double tenement houses and put in new water wheels, engines, dams, water supply and lighting system.

It was during his administration that cotton manufacturing was at low ebb and the mills were making but little money. Alive to the interests of his employers he cast about to see what might be done to increase the earnings of the plant. He found, upon investigation, that at small outlay, changes could be made in some of the looms and silk could be successfully produced.

It was largely through his efforts that this important branch of the business was established, and in the less than three years which he remained after its installation, at the time of his leaving 18,000 yards of silk were being manufactured weekly.

Upon his resignation a "farewell" was tendered him by the citizens, who irrespective of religious or political affiliations, united as one man to do him honor. Eighty-five of the most prominent business and professional men assembled at what is now Odd Fellows' Hall, where an elaborate banquet was served. We quote from the *Advertiser* of March 25, '03: "The remaining hours of the evening were devoted to remarks by the prominent citizens until nearly midnight. Every one spoke of the sterling qualities manifest in Mr. Nichols' makeup—integ-

rity, honesty, charity and his love and friendliness for his fellow man. After the closing remarks the audience arose and sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and bade Mr. Nichols farewell and Godspeed in his new home at Providence, R. I., where he will go tomorrow."

The fact that his schooling was less than six months, all told, and that when he left school he could not pronounce a two-syllable word without "spelling it out," in his case proved no handicap, for, like the immortal Lincoln, he devoted his evenings to reading, and the habit thus early formed has become a fixed one and he is not only possessed of a well filled brain, but to an unusual degree he has the faculty of expressing himself in a direct, forceful and peculiarly interesting manner. At times when deeply moved or much in earnest, he becomes positively eloquent. Over six feet in height, finely proportioned, with an erect, military carriage, with whole souled good fellowship beaming from his face, it is hard to believe that he has lived the allotted "three score years and ten," and it is earnestly hoped that, reaping the reward of his well-ordered, abstemious life, he may long be spared to the wide circle of friends, who love and honor him for his sterling qualities.

Mr. Nichols has been twice married. In August, 1855, Mary E. Brown of Thornton, R. I., became his wife and bore him two children, Frank I. Nichols, now with the Amoskeag Corporation of Manchester, and Mary, who married William G. Chesley of Concord and now resides in Waterbury, Conn. She died March 30, 1901. June 4, 1902, he married Joannah Sullivan of Athens, Ohio.

He was made a Mason in Manchester Lodge of A. F. and A. M. of Coventry, R. I., but after removing to Newmarket, he dimitted and united with Rising Star Lodge, of which he is still a valued member.

WILLIAM H. GARNER

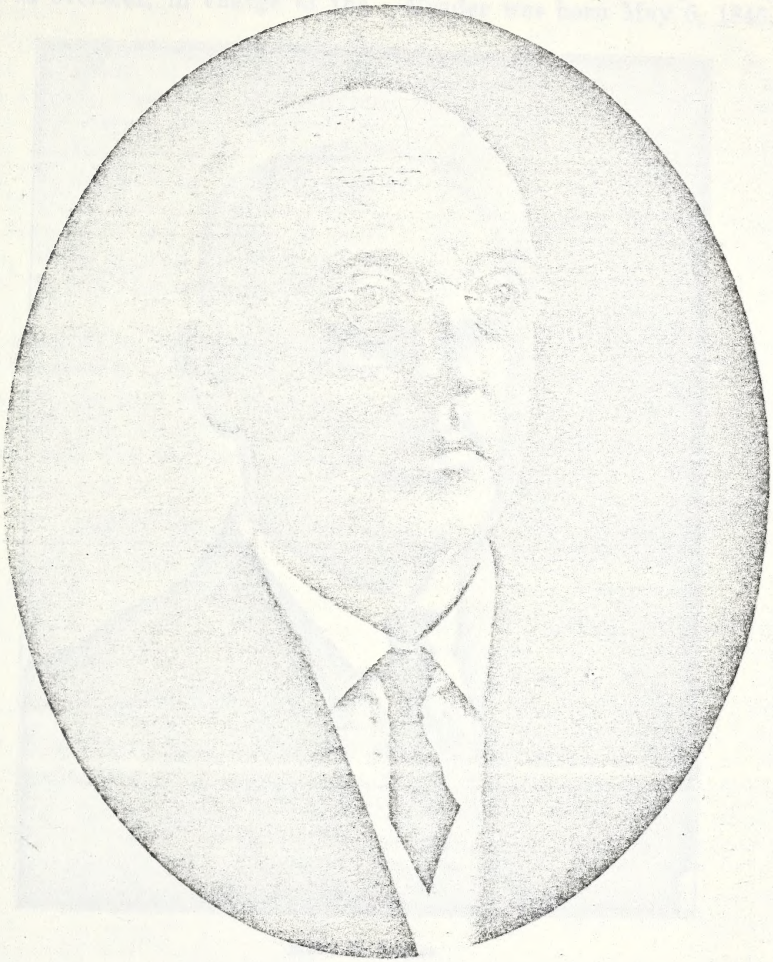
William Hawley, son of Aaron and Amy (Vincent) Garner, is a native of Middleboro, Vermont, where he was born August 15, 1858. Here he attended the public schools. At the age of nine years his parents moved to Lewiston and he continued his studies until he was fourteen, when he entered the employ of the Lewiston Bleachery as office boy, and, after a few months, was promoted to shipping clerk. After one year's service in this capacity, he attended the Auburn (Maine) private school one term and in 1874 entered the employ of the Bates Manufacturing Co., to learn the business of making cloth. Here he won several promotions by his industry and ability, and in 1885 was placed in charge of the spinning, spooling, warping and slashing departments of the cotton mills at Reading, Pa., which position he occupied six years, when he was called to Massachusetts and became superintendent of the B. B. and R. Knights mills at Dodgeville. He was successful in bringing these mills up to a high standard of excellence. He was also thoroughly interested in, and an energetic worker for, town improvements and sought to secure ideal conditions for his employees. He continued in this position for thirteen years, when he became agent of the Newmarket Manufacturing Co. in 1904. Under his administration, brief although it has been, marked improvements have been made. The plant has been placed upon a sound paying basis. The silk department has doubled its output and the mills are run to their full capacity and produce 3,300,000 yards of pongees, satins, mulls and taffetas, and over 12,000,000 yards of sheetings, drills and sateens, with a pay roll of $28,000 monthly.

He enjoys the good will of his efficient staff and of his employees generally.

Naturally public-spirited, he is

thoroughly interested in all that helps to make the town a better, healthier and happier place to live in, and it is hoped he will long continue in his present capacity.

February 26, 1879, he married Aria Belle, daughter of Stephen H. and Mehitable Roberts of Manchester, N. H. They have three children, Stephen A., now in Attleboro, Mass; Amy L., wife of Frederick E. Sturdy of New York, and William H., aged six years.



William H. Garner

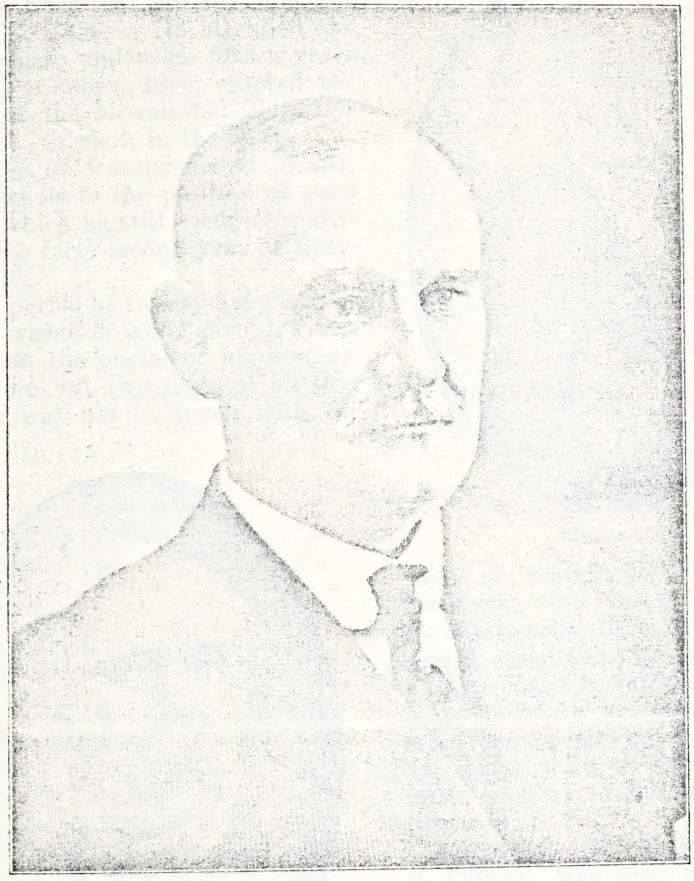
JAMES H. STAPLES

James Herbert Staples was born in Biddeford, Maine, March 12, 1858, the son of George Washington and Phebe (Stewart) Staples. He attended the public schools there and at Saco, until his seventeenth year, when he entered the employ of "The Saco Water Power Machine Company," where he remained five years. He then decided to learn the cotton manufacturing business, and, entering the Pepperell Mill at Biddeford, in a subordinate position, began the struggle upward. After serving here five years, he was called to the Thorndike, Mass., Mills as overseer of the dressing. Here he remained six years and in 1890 he accepted a sim-

ilar position in the Lyman mills at Holyoke. There he remained thirteen years, serving the city one term (1899) as alderman. A Republican in politics, he was elected upon a citizens' ticket.

In January, 1903, he came to Newmarket as overseer, in charge of the dressing. In 1880 he married Annie M., daughter of Nathaniel C. and Emily J. (Davis) Doliff.

He is a member of the Pascataquack Club. Genial in manner, loyal to his friends, attentive to business, a devoted husband, he is respected and loved by all.



James H. Staples

TIMOTHY AND GEORGE JOY

In point of continuous service few of the employees of the Newmarket Manufacturing Co., if any, can equal the record made by Timothy and George Joy, sons of Ebenezer and Mehitable M. (Doe) Joy. Timothy Meader was born May 5, 1846. He attended the public schools and at an early age entered the employ of the Newmarket Manufacturing Co. He served as pay master for nearly forty years, from October, 1863, to January, 1903. In 1862 he accompanied Colonel Frost to New Orleans in the capacity of clerk. He never aspired to political honors, but was elected town treasurer for several terms, as

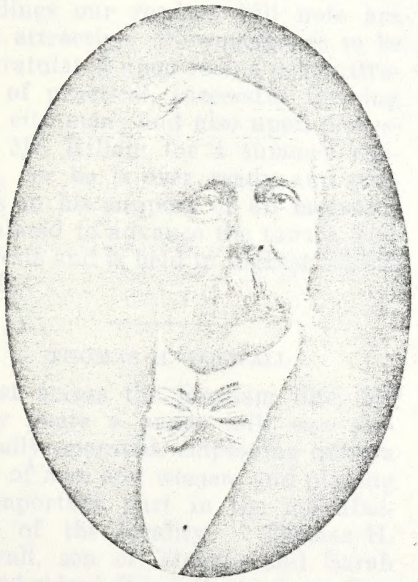
also treasurer of the school board. He was a member and constant attendant of the Congregational Church.

In 1867 he married Helen F. Wiggin of Durham. They have an only son, who now resides with his parents in Minneapolis, Minn., where they removed in 1903.

George Eben first saw the light December 15, 1850. He attended the public schools and when fifteen years old, in November, 1866, entered the employ of the Newmarket Manufacturing Co., as clerk in the office.

In 1880 he was promoted by Mr. A. J. Nichols to the position of yard master, which he still occupies and is now in his forty-second year of faithful service.

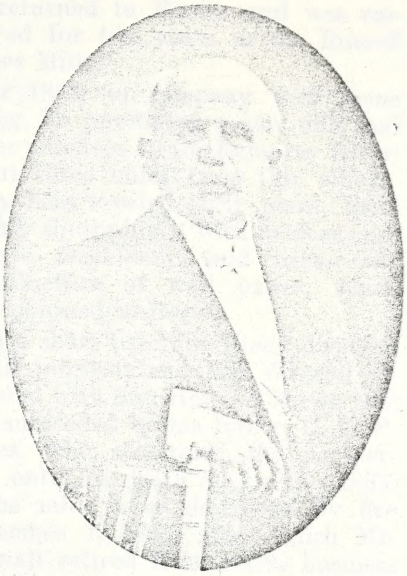
For a period of twenty-five years he had no vacation and, save for two days upon the burial of his brother, there were but two days in all that time he was not in touch with the mills.



Timothy M. Joy

He is a moving spirit and most active and efficient worker in the New England Order of Protection, having filled all the offices of the local lodge, Piscataqua, No. 72; was its first warden and is still its secretary, and in 1903 was grand warden for the state.

He has long been an active, energetic member of the Congregational Church and at this writing is the treasurer of the society. Having a



George E. Joy

voice of remarkable clearness and sweetness, very rarely possessed by the adult male, he is often sought to sing at social functions and especially in the house of mourning, and he always cheerfully complies. With his ever ready sympathy combined with his genial smile, he has often been a great comfort to the sorrowing and bereaved.

March 15, 1879, he married Abbie S. Gilman, who died September 14, 1907.

LEWIS KILLAM

When No. 4 mill was erected, Mr. Lewis Killam, now residing at Haverhill, Mass., was the contracting builder. He saw much in the town that attracted him and he decided to here establish a summer home. Having spent his boyhood days upon a



farm near Boxford, Mass., he resolved to purchase one and try an experiment to see if a non-resident owner could operate a New Hampshire farm and make it pay. He has demonstrated that this can be done, and more; for, in spite of extended improvements, the farm has not only paid its way, but returns good interest upon the investment. He first bought the Channell farm, the buildings of which he has completely remodeled, has added to them and had them nicely painted. His barn is a model for convenience and neatness.

The buildings crown the crest of a knoll adjacent to and overlooking Great Bay. A constantly changing and picturesquely beautiful panorama is daily unfolded to his view. He has since bought two more farms, and planted a fine orchard of five hundred trees. He keeps forty head of neat cattle and sells seventy-five tons of hay annually. The farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings our readers will note are most attractive. Newmarket is to be congratulated upon such a demonstration of practical, successful farming by a city man; and also upon possessing Mr. Killam for a summer resident, for he is ever ready and generous in his support of all measures calculated to advance the town's best interests and is held in highest esteem by all.

THOMAS H. WISWALL

Just across the Durham line, for thirty years a paper mill was successfully operated, employing quite a force of men and women, and playing an important part in the manufactures of the locality. Thomas H. Wiswall, son of Thomas and Sarah (Trowbridge) Wiswall, was born January 28, 1817, in Exeter, where he attended school, taking two terms at the Wakefield Academy. At the age of sixteen, he entered his father's paper mill, where he thoroughly learned every detail of the manufacturing of paper in the mills owned by him at Exeter. He continued with his father until 1846, when he was called to take charge of a paper mill at Dover, which he operated with success for more than three years, after which he returned to Exeter and was employed for two years in the Russell Paper Mills.

In 1853, in company with Isaac Flagg, he purchased a saw mill and water privilege on the Lamprey River, about three miles from this village. They here erected their plant, thoroughly equipping it with modern, up-to-date machinery, and began the manufacture of wall paper, which they shipped to Boston.

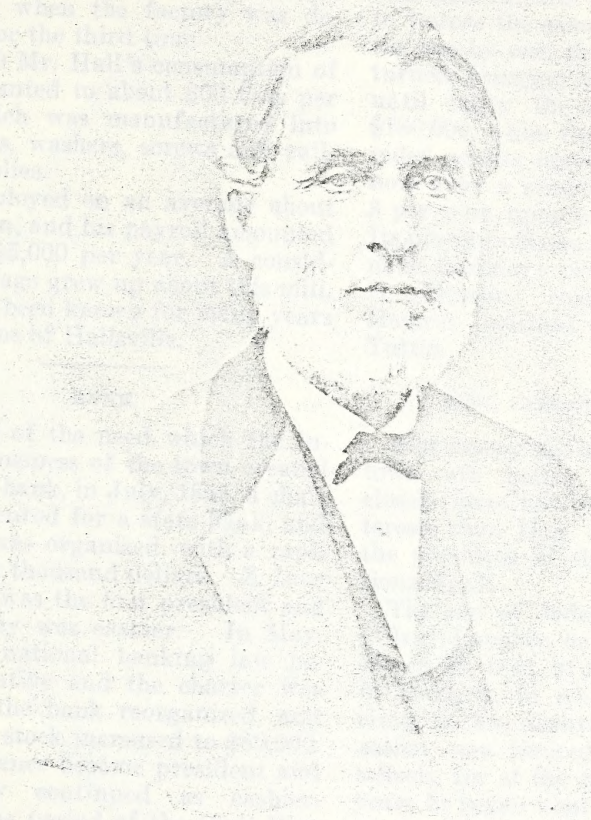
In a short time Mr. Flagg disposed of his interests and Mr. Wiswall associated with him Howard Moses, who was succeeded by his father, C. C. P. Moses, who continued the partnership until his death in August, 1883.

The mills were destroyed by fire November 1, 1883, after which Mr. Wiswall retired from active business life.

For over half a century he was a deacon and a prominent pillar of the Congregational Church of this town, and one of its most liberal supporters. Of a deeply religious nature, coupled with a genial disposition and generous to a fault, he was universally respected and beloved, and his name is cherished in many homes that greatly miss his kindly sympathetic aid.

NUT AND BOLT FACTORY

Second in importance in the industrial history of the town was the nut and bolt factory, built by Lafayette Hall in 1862, which stood at the first falls of the Piscassic River, about a mile above the business section of the town, and was three times destroyed by fire, from the last of which it was never rebuilt. This mill was operated chiefly by water-power, for which the falls are most admirably suited,



Thomas H. Wiswall

being also equipped with steam for use when occasion required.

Mr. Hall's first mill was destroyed in 1876. The works were immediately rebuilt, only to be burned to the ground again in 1877. With his characteristic energy, Mr. Hall again rebuilt, on the same site, and carried on a successful business until Sept. 19, 1885, when the factory was destroyed for the third time.

In 1880 Mr. Hall's consumption of iron amounted to about 800 tons per year, which was manufactured into bolts, nuts, washers, screws and railroad supplies.

He employed on an average about fifteen men, and his payroll amounted to about $5,000 per year. A considerable village grew up about this mill, which has been known for many years by the name of Hallsville.

BANK

In view of the need which the increasing business of the town created for a local bank, in July, 1855, a charter was secured for a state bank, and the same was organized, with a capital of sixty thousand dollars. Z. Dow Creighton was the first president and S. A. Haley was cashier. In May, 1865, the national banking law became operative and the charter was extended, the bank reorganized, and the capital stock increased to $80,000. J. S. Lawrence became president and Mr. Haley continued as cashier. Through the period of the Civil War the bank prospered, and until the death of the cashier in 1892. This was a serious blow to the bank, and the "Panic of '93," which startled the world of finance "like a bolt from a cloudless sky," following close upon his death, the bank became seriously involved and for a time its existence was precarious. Certain individuals conspired to wreck the bank and through their influence the deposits were drawn down to $14,000 and the surplus shrunk to a paltry five hundred dollars. A. C. Haines, who was appointed a clerk in the bank in June, 1883, upon the death of Haley was elected his successor. From the first the situation called for the best energies of the new cashier.

A systematic effort having been made to impair the confidence of depositors, it required an heroic will and most faithful and efficient service to restore the same; but, little by little, one by one, the old depositors returned, bringing new ones with them, until today the average deposit is $180,000, while the surplus and undivided profits amount to $13,000. It now pays a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. upon a capital of $50,000. Its present officers are president, Jeremiah Langley; vice-president, Frank H. Durgin; cashier, Alanson C. Haines; assistant cashier, Miss Ella Tuttle.

HON. JEREMIAH LANGLEY

Few among the business men of this town are better known, or more closely identified with its business interests than Hon. Jeremiah Langley, the president of the Newmarket National bank.

The son of Jedediah and Hannah (Clay) Langley, he first saw the light March 25, 1841, at the old farm house in Durham, in whose immediate vicinity he has always lived. His education was limited to the common schools, for at the early age of twelve years he began what has proven to be a most active business career. Our older readers will recall that in those days all our shoes were manufactured at the home shops, the material therefor being sent from Lynn and Haverhill, to which cities the completed shoes were shipped. This work, which the boy thus early began to learn, was his constant employment for a period of nearly twenty years; for in this, as in all else he has attempted, he sought to excel, and for this reason he was able to continue in the business long after the great majority of individual shops had been abandoned

being also equipped with steam for use when occasion required.

Mr. Hall's first mill was destroyed in 1876. The works were immediately rebuilt, only to be burned to the ground again in 1877. With his characteristic energy, Mr. Hall again rebuilt, on the same site, and carried on a successful business until Sept. 19, 1885, when the factory was destroyed for the third time.

In 1850 Mr. Hall's consumption of iron amounted to about 500 tons per year, which was manufactured into bolts, nuts, washers, screws and railroad supplies.

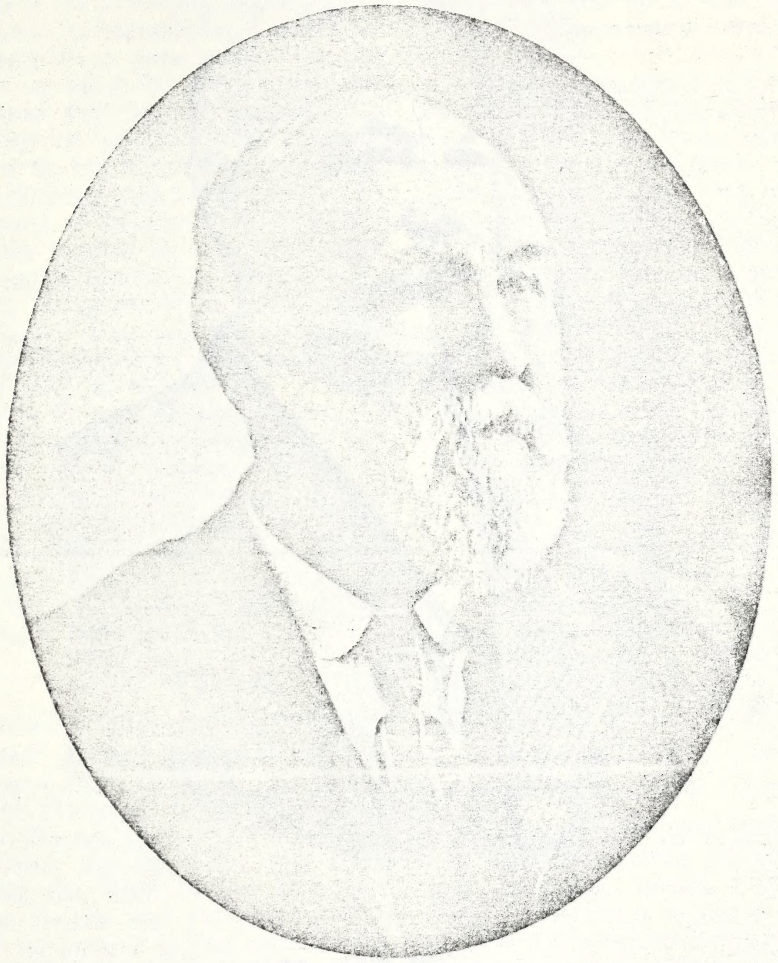
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for lack of work. His close confinement had told upon his health and strength, which he now sought to regain in out door life, and he applied himself to farming, but soon added the purchasing of hay in bulk, which he pressed and shipped to market. This business he still continues, and, under his careful management, it has become quite an industry. He owns and operates the presses and employs in this department of his business from twelve to fifteen men.

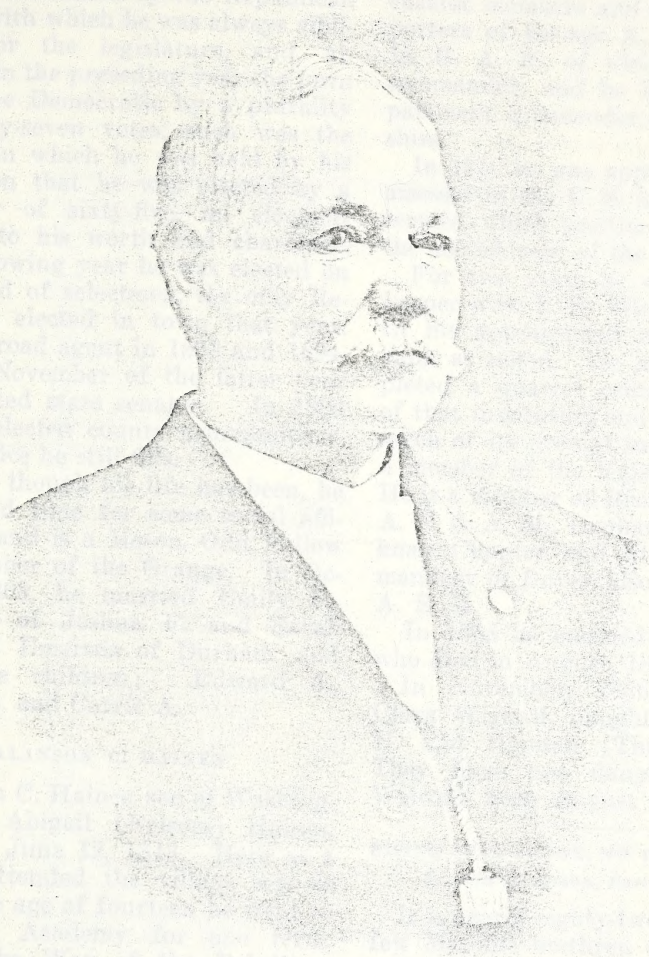
In 1892 he began the work of freighting on the river, purchasing a barge for the purpose, and as the business increased he added thereto, by buying and building, until he had a fleet of four barges and one tug. For twelve years he handled the coal for the Cocheco mills of Dover and that used by the Newmarket Manufacturing Co. Two years ago he sold his interest in the business to his son, who had been associated with him in the work. In 1903 he established the retail coal business here, which has steadily grown since its inception.



Hon. Jeremiah Langley

A man of quick perception, sound judgment and unimpeachable honesty, it was but natural that his town should demand his services and, in





Alanson C. Haines



many positions, he has through long years faithfully served it.

When but a young man he served two years as selectman and in 1890 he was nominated by the Republican party, with which he was always affiliated, for the legislature, and, although in the preceding year the town had gone Democratic by a plurality of thirty-seven votes, such was the esteem in which he was held by his townsmen that he was elected by a majority of sixty-five, an eloquent tribute to his worth and character. The following year he was elected on the board of selectmen, the only Republican elected in town that year. He was road agent in 1893 and 1894, and in November of the latter year was elected state senator. In 1904 he was elected county commissioner, which office he still fills.

Active though his life has been, he has found time for some social affiliations, and is a Mason, Odd Fellow and member of the Grange. In October, 1863, he married Emily F., daughter of Joshua F. and Sarah (Durgin) Emerson of Durham, and has three children: Edward J., Charles S. and Carrie A.

ALANSON C. HAINES

Alanson C. Haines, son of Washington and Abigail (Folsom) Haines, was born June 12, 1843. Here as a boy he attended the village schools and at the age of fourteen he went to Pembroke Academy for one term. During the War of the Rebellion, young Haines was the first man to enlist in answer to the call for the "Nine Months' Men." He was assigned to Co. D, Fifteenth N. H. Volunteer Infantry, August 30, 1862. He served almost a year, having been mustered out on Aug. 13, 1863.

When, in 1864, Massachusetts made her call for the "Hundred Day Men," he hastened to the city of Lawrence, where he was again the first to sign the rolls and was mustered in, July 14, 1864, as a private and was assigned to Co. K, 6th Inf. Mass. Vol. Militia, appointed corporal, and, his term having expired, he was mustered out Oct. 27, 1864. He was one of the charter members and most loyal supporters of George A. Gay Post, No. 18, G. A. R., of which he is a past commander, and he is also past department commander of New Hampshire.

In 1870 he was appointed assistant assessor in the U. S. internal revenue service, which position he filled until the abolishment of the office.

For two years he served as bookkeeper with T. H. Wiswall & Co., until his appointment as clerk in the bank as noted. He has almost completed a quarter century as cashier of that institution and to him it owes much of its present success. He was a member of the legislature in 1901. He is a member of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Orphan Council, Belknap Chapter and St. Paul's Commandery of Dover, also 32d degree A. A. S. R.

In 1868 he married Olevia Haley, who died in August, 1885.

In November, 1886, he married Clara Wiswall, daughter of Thomas H. and Hannah (Thing) Wiswall. They have one daughter, Hannah Wiswall, born August 12, 1889.

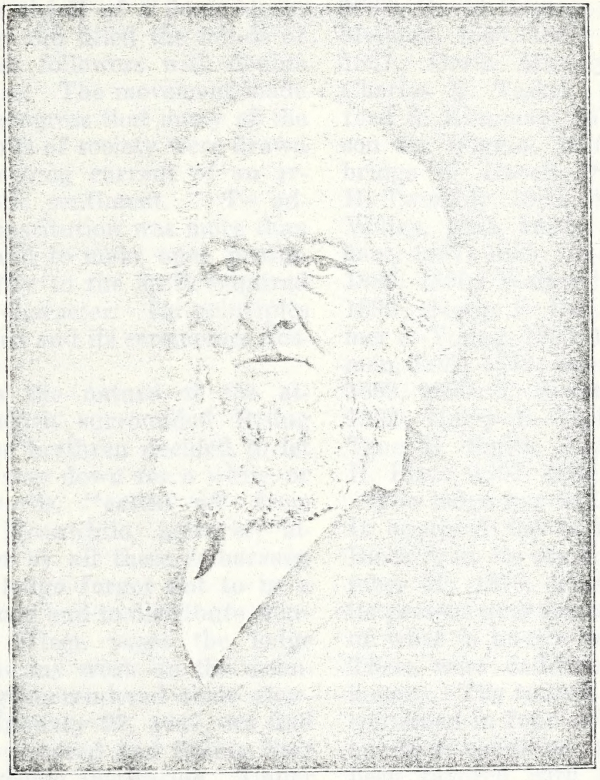
RISING STAR LODGE, NO. 47, A. F. AND A. M.

By Bela Kingman, Past D. D. G. M.

It is nearly eighty-two years since a few Masonic brethren of Newmarket and adjoining towns, "permeated with a devotion to masonry which in the light of later events seemed almost an inspiration," were holding conferences with a view to forming a lodge. A search of the records of Rising Star shows that the first meeting was held at the residence of Benjamin Brooks, Main Street, on March 28, 1826, the meeting voting to petition the grand lodge for a charter for a new lodge, to be called "Rising Star," at the same time recommending Samuel Potts to be W. M., Ben-

jamin Brooks to be S. W., and Jos. Y. James to be J. W. On June 14 of the same year a dispensation was granted by the grand lodge appointing Benjamin Wheatland W. M., Benjamin Brooks S. W., and Jos. Y. James J. W.

On June 23, the lodge held its first official meeting at the residence of said Brooks, "now known as Brooks Block," and voted to rent the hall in the same building. On August 24, a public installation was held, with the members of the grand lodge in attendance, at Abner P. Stinson's hall (now residence of Howard Hanson at Rockingham). After the installation services a procession was formed and proceeded to the meeting house (which was located southeast of the Stinson hall at Rockingham), where an able address was delivered by R. W. Rev. Bro. Edward Turner of Portsmouth. At noon a banquet was served, under a pavilion at Stinson's. There were present about 120 visitors. The lodge flourished from its start, and among the earliest members we find the following: Geo. C. Chase, John Haines, Geo. W. Kittridge, Samuel Sinclair, Daniel Wiggin, Luther Davis, James Rundlett, Oliver Lamprey, Jas. Rollins, John F. Wiggin, Abner P. Stinson and William Smith. Not only was its influence felt in this immediate vicinity, but we find it recognized in the state, as the records of the grand lodge show that Geo. C. Chase was grand pursuivant of the grand lodge in 1830, and David Murray (more commonly known as Uncle David) as junior grand deacon in 1831 and 1832; Henry C. Wetherby as grand pursuivant in 1831–32



Benjamin Brooks

and 1833; Benjamin Wheatland, as district deputy grand master in 1831 and David Murray in the same role in 1832. From 1830 to 1832 we find a lack of interest and no records of a meeting after November 9, 1832, for quite a period. Many lodges were under a dark cloud and among them Rising Star. It was at this time that a popular clamor of anti-masonry rose up in the country, which made Free Masonry the object of a fierce storm of detraction and filled the minds of its staunchest followers with doubts for the future. The movement made such rapid progress that many of the better elements of society were drawn into the sweeping current of an arbitrary public sentiment. To adhere to the institution was more than unpopular and to make open profession of fidelity to the craft required strength of character. Its principles were maligned and its ceremonies misrepresented.

Such was the nature of the atmosphere which surrounded Rising Star and the brethren decided to let the curtain stay down for a while, or in other words, "called off from labors." Meanwhile, however, although beset by all these embarrassments, the lodge forgot not to be a power for good and to distribute charity. For fifteen years the lodge ceased to do any work, in the meantime having surrendered their charter. On January 22, 1847, we find the charter restored and Rising Star became a visible institution. Under the leadership of Samuel Sinclair, with the valuable assistance of David Murray, it was in flourishing condition, and from this time on it has been a permanent force for good.

By the records of a meeting, held June 4, 1847, it appears the lodge voted to purchase two trestle boards. One has recently been found, and is certainly a work of art and among the prize possessions of the lodge, as is also an elegant frame containing the portraits of all of its past masters from its organization to the present time. Beneath each portrait is given the years of service and following is the list:

Benjamin Wheatland, 1826, 1827; Samuel Sinclair, 1828; George C. Chase, 1829, 1830; Henry C. Wetherby, 1831, 1832; Samuel Sinclair, 1847; George W. Kittridge, 1848–58; David Murray, 1859, 1860; Benjamin Brooks, 1861; Samuel A. Haley, 1862, 1863; David Murray, 1864; Aaron L. Mellows, 1865, 1866; David Murray, 1867; Orrin Murray, 1868, 1870; Charles E. Tasker, 1871–75; Bradford S. Kingman, 1876, 1877; Addison D. Wiggin, 1878, 1879; Woodbridge W. Durell, 1880, 1882; John H. Twombly, 1883, 1884; Thomas W. Willey, 1885, 1886; Frank H. Pinkham, 1887, 1888; Henry E. Hudson, 1889, 1890; Walter B. Greene, 1891, 1892; George E. Doe, 1893, 1894; Elmer J. Young, 1895, 1896; Bela Kingman, 1897, 1898; George O. Hodgdon, 1899, 1900; T. Jewett Chesley, 1901, 1902; Harry B. Tasker, 1903, 1904; True E. Smith, 1905, 1906; Alvah H. Place, 1907, 1908.

The lodge has had but two homes. It occupied the hall in the Brooks Block from its organization until October 29, 1873, when it moved into its present quarters in the third story of what is known as Masonic block. These were dedicated with masonic honors. The records of the lodge are contained in four volumes and are in excellent condition, the lodge having been favored with good secretaries, who have taken exceptional pride in their work. The important historic events cease here. The lodge has kept steadily on its way making its share of good and true Masons and enjoying a season of Masonic harmony and good fellowship.

Among its later members to whom Rising Star is indebted for much of its progress and position, and whose entrance to the lodge were milestones in its history, are Charles E. Tasker, its present chaplain, and Bradford S.

Kingman, deceased. One of the chief tenets of Masonry is charity and this virtue has been Rising Star's in a marked degree. And wherever the call of the Lodge was answered, so there was the hand of these aforenamed brethren; and so long as it lives inseparably entwined with it will be the names of these beloved brethren.

ODD FELLOWS

On October 16, 1844, Messrs. Benjamin Brooks, Henry C. Wetherby, Thomas G. Peckham, Charles A. Parker and Samuel A. Haley went to Dover and there became Odd Fellows for the purpose of organizing a lodge at Newmarket. Returning here they secured from the grand lodge the necessary dispensation, and, having obtained from Z. Dow Creighton his hall at the corner of Main and Water streets, they equipped it in becoming manner and there, on Saturday, October 30 (44) D. D. G. M. Frances of Dover instituted Squamscott Lodge, No. 8, I. O. O. F., Benjamin Brooks, noble grand; Thomas G. Peckham, vice grand; Samuel A. Haley, secretary; Henry E. Wetherby, treasurer. The first session closed with a membership of eighteen, one of whom deserves more than a passing notice.

Brother Eben Wiggin for over half a century was noted for his devotion to the principles of the order and his regular attendance every meeting, unless prevented by sickness. For forty years he was an efficient member of the board of trustees and at various times filled every office of the lodge. In the first year the lodge acquired a membership of seventy-six, and the first ten years increased it to about 150, and it has steadily grown to date, its membership now being about 176.

This lodge has disbursed in those noble charities inculcated by its principles the large sum of more than fifteen thousand dollars, but there is no way in which to estimate the burdens it has borne or the good which it has done.

BENJAMIN BROOKS

Benjamin Brooks, early in the last century, was a man of great activity and one who rendered most important service to the town. He was born April 22, 1789, being the son of Ephraim and Susanna (Esterbrook) Brooks. In 1823 he came here to serve as master mechanic in No. 1 mill, and, liking the town and its people, settled here and ever afterward made it his home. A man possessed of fine ability, sterling worth and unimpeachable character and public-spirited to a high degree, his townsmen elected him to almost every official position in their power to grant, and the records of the town, for a period of almost forty years, show that his services were faithfully and cheerfully given, and to his efforts it is indebted for more than one of the blessings it today enjoys. It was very largely through his instrumentality and influence that Rising Star Lodge of Masons was created, and its first session, as we have seen, was held in his house, and for many years the lodge met in Brooks' Hall, situate in Brooks Block, one of the many monuments erected by him, a lasting tribute to his long and most useful career. During the severe trial through which Rising Star lodge passed, from 1832 to 1847, he was one of the very few members with courage to stand for the principles of the craft and to a few such men we owe the fact that the sacred fire was not allowed to die out. He was one of the early masters of the lodge. He was also one of the few tried and trusted men who established Swamscott Lodge No. 8, I. O. O. F., and was one of its first presiding officers; and these bodies still proudly cherish the record of long and faithful service which he left.

Two daughters still survive him.

FIRE COMPANIES

The first fire engine ever owned and operated in Newmarket was purchased by the Newmarket Manufacturing Company. It was a very crude apparatus, operated by cranks; the water had to be poured into its "tub" and a tiny stream was thrown, affording but little protection from the devouring flames. This was in 1832 and from this purchase dates the organization of the "Fire Department."

Seven years later a brake machine was substituted for the first, which had been called "The Coffee-Mill." This was not much of an improvement, however, for the water still had to be brought in buckets and poured into the box. They, however, were the sole protection until March 9, 1852, when the town voted to buy an engine and a committee consisting of John Webster, who at that time was agent of the mills, Dr. George W. Kittredge, and Joseph Taylor were authorized to raise $1,000 for the purchase.

On April 26, 1852, a fire company was organized, known as "Tiger, No. 1," of which Thomas W. Willey, Sr., was captain.

A company had been organized for the operation of the company's machine, styled the "Ever Ready" and it still continued its existence, but Tiger No. 1 was the first equipped by the town.

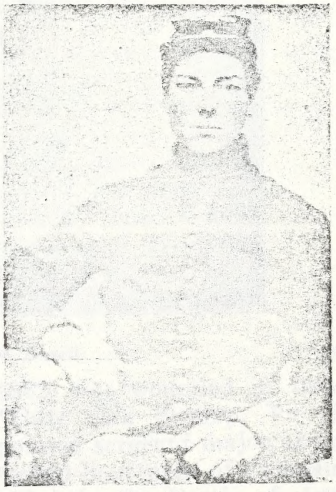
In 1853 a lot was purchased and a house erected, in which Granite Engine was installed. The department at this time consisted of Tiger No. 1, with 37 members, "Always Ready," No. 2, 29 members, and Hose Co. No. 1, with six members, and it thus continued until 1858, when the manufacturing company, realizing the need of more efficient equipment, bought another hand-brake machine, known as "Granite" and as the old "Ever Ready" was now useless, they took its number, viz., 2.

In 1894 and 1895 the town established its present efficient water system. Near the present site of the old nut and bolt factory, it has established a pumping station, utilizing for the purpose the water privilege there. The sources of its supply are inexhaustible mountain springs and the reservoir is located on Great Hill, sufficiently high to afford pressure to safely cover the village, and the old engines, having served their day, have been retired.

Newmarket has been particularly favored in the matter of fires. While several small losses have from time to time been sustained, only one serious conflagration has visited the town. This was on February 6, 1866, when many buildings were destroyed and a loss of upwards of $30,000 sustained.

CIVIL WAR

When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, Newmarket had lost none of her

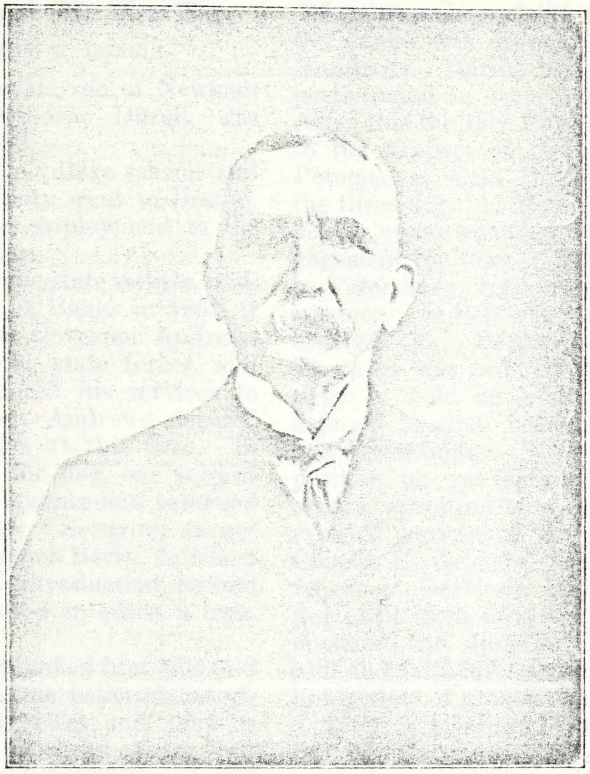


Alanson C. Haines
As a soldier

old-time valor, but was as ready and eager to do her duty as in the days of the Revolution. Her men were well scattered throughout the various regiments during the war, and she

furnished more than her quota of troops. About 150 men, all told, were sent by the town, many of whom saw hard fighting and left their blood upon Southern battlefields. Many of them were in the immortal Second New Hampshire Regiment which took part in the first battle of the war at Bull Run, fought at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill, and took an important part and suffered its greatest loss at Gettysburg. In Company I alone, of this regiment, Newmarket had ten men, of whom four were wounded in battle. Some of the Newmarket men were in the New Hampshire Sixth, than which no regiment in the war won a prouder name or made a more honorable record, participating as it did in twenty-three battles, including Antietam, Fredricksburg, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

Among the officers furnished by Newmarket were George W. Frost and B. N. Towle, who were lieutenant-colonel and assistant surgeon, respectively, of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment. The people of Newmarket will ever revere the name of George A. Gay, who enlisted in Company K of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, was appointed sergeant in 1862, was wounded in that year at White Oak Swamp, Va., later appointed sergeant major and still later second lieutenant of Company D, and killed in the Battle of Antietam in 1862.



Capt. James M. Durell

No complete company was furnished by the town at any one time. The largest number that went in one body was that under Capt. James M. Durell, who first enlisted as private in Company E, Thirteenth Regiment, received a lieutenant's commission in

1862, was wounded that year at the battle of Fredericksburg, again entered the field and fought at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, and was appointed captain of Company C of this regiment on July 15th of that year. Captain Durell now resides in Hyde Park, Mass., and is the father of Lieutenant Commander Edward Hovey Durell, on board the battleship *New Jersey*, who was a lieutenant on the *Dixie* during the Spanish War.

CAPT. JAMES M. DURELL

Captain James M., son of Newman and Sally B. Osborne Durell, was born June 2, 1832.

He attended the village schools and at the age of twenty went to Boston, where he secured employment in the dry goods business.

He enlisted in the state militia, and, after the defeat of Banks in 1862, it was rumored that Governor Andrews would call out the state forces, and Mr. Durell tendered his services to the governor, but Andrews decided not to take action at this time. In earnest to serve the flag, our subject secured leave of absence and returned to his native state. Securing an audience with Governor Berry, to whom he bore letters of introduction, he told him that he wanted to enlist a company of men.

The governor thanked him, but told him frankly that he believed his efforts would be useless and that he would lose both time and money, but said, "If you go to recruiting I will give you all the assistance in my power and if you will bring me nine men to muster into the service I will give you a commission."

Undaunted by this discouraging reception he went at once to his boyhood home, and opened a recruiting office with good measure of success.

Shortly after the selectmen petitioned the governor to allow him to remain until the full quota for the town was enlisted, which was granted, with the result that the largest number of men which served in any one regiment from this town was secured. On the organization of the company he was commissioned first lieutenant, Company E, the color company of the 13th Regiment, September 17, 1862.

His first engagement was at Fredericksburg, where he was wounded December 13, 1862. Then followed the battle of Suffolk, under General Peck, March, 1863.

In the spring of '64 the Army of the James was ordered to Bermuda Hundreds. During this campaign he participated in several engagements. After this the 18th Corps was ordered to the support of the Army of the Potomac at Cold Harbor. During the three days' battle of Cold Harbor he was again wounded. After this engagement the Corps was ordered back to Petersburg, remaining during the summer. In September he was again ordered to Bermuda Hundreds. There he was ordered with his company to hold an earth work in an exposed position between the Union and Rebel lines. While holding this position he was detailed, by special orders, as acting aide de camp, with rank of captain on the staff of Gen. Charles K. Graham, commanding defences at Bermuda Hundreds, serving until close of the war. He was mustered out June 21, 1865, having well and faithfully served his country in her time of greatest need.

After a brief but greatly needed rest he accepted a position as traveling salesman. After a year of service, on January 1, 1867, entered the employ of Haughton Perkins & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants, with whom he remained until the great Boston fire. Soon after the fire he became associated with another dry goods house, and has continued in the wholesale business up to the present time.

February 10, 1864, he married Bathsheba Thaxter Hovey of Boston, by whom he has five children, three boys and two girls. The eldest, Ed-

ward Hovey, born February 19, 1866, was appointed to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, August, 1883; graduated therefrom in 1887, and was commissioned ensign 1889. He married Annie H. Kendal of Hyde Park, by whom he has one daughter. He was serving as lieutenant on the *Oregon* during her trial trip. At the outbreak of the Spanish American war he was stationed in Alaskan waters, being at that time navigating officer on the *Wheeling*.

His urgent request to the navy department at Washington to be transferred to the Atlantic fleet was refused, his ship being short of officers. The *Wheeling* shortly after was ordered to Manila. During his service he has visited most of the civilized countries of the world. At the present time he is navigating officer on the *New Jersey*, with rank of lieutenant commander, this battleship being one of the fleet now on the way to the Pacific coast.

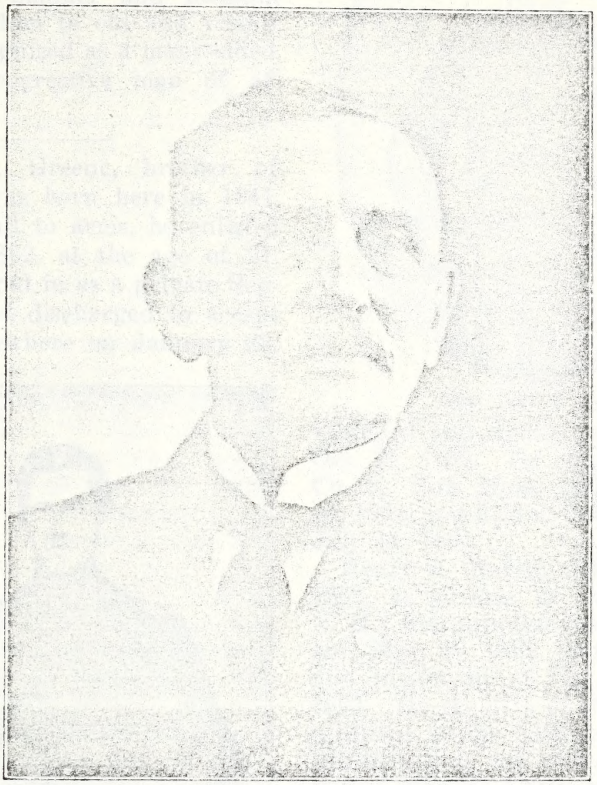
WOODBRIDGE W. DURELL

No one citizen of this town holds a prouder record, or was called upon to do and suffer more for his country's flag than Woodbridge W. Durell. As the first call for troops rang through the land, this youth of twenty-two hastened to enroll himself a member of Company L, New Hampshire Battalion, First Regiment New England Volunteer Cavalry. He served with distinction, was twice promoted, as corporal and sergeant, and took part in twelve engagements, viz., Fort Royal, Cedar Mountain, Brandy Station, Groveton, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Montville, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Culpepper Court House, Rapidan and Sulphur Springs. On the morning of October 12, 1863, a detachment of some two hundred men of this regiment were on detached duty acting as escort to the 6th Army Corps. Meanwhile fighting had commenced under Mead at Sulphur Springs, and they reported for duty and were ordered to defend a ford. By the time they were relieved, at 9 p. m., darkness enveloped them. The Union forces had been compelled to fall back, closely pressed by the enemy, so that this troop was obliged to pass in their rear. Sergeant Durell was in command of the rear guard. While crossing a stream shots were fired from the rear and the command was given to "trot." About a mile had been traversed in the darkness when the head of the column diverged to the right. Those in the rear failed to make the turn and continued straight ahead, riding through an entire corps of the enemy, encamped on both sides of the highway. Failing to recognize their uniforms and anxious to find a camping place, they pressed on until they found themselves surrounded by troops, to their surprise and discomfort. The recognition came too late and they were no more astonished than were their captors, who at once placed some forty-five men under arrest, escorting them back to Sulphur Springs. Three days later they were taken to Richmond and confined at Libby, where the men were searched and their money taken from them. Durell managed to secrete some twelve dollars, which proved a Godsend to himself and comrades and helped to save them from some of the horrors of starvation to which others succumbed. Space will not permit, nor is my pen competent to portray, the cruel hardships, the pangs of hunger, the sufferings from cold and lack of blankets these heroic men endured. Think of sleeping upon the frozen ground with the cold stars for a covering, to feed day after day upon less than a pint of the coarsest of meal (the corn and cobs ground together and issued unsifted). The heart sickens and the pen falters at thought of their woes—at Libby, Belle Island, Andersonville, Savannah, Miland, Black-Shear and Florence, he suffered the cruelties of imprisonment. He was released De-

cember 14, 1864, and mustered out in March, 1865. Of the forty-five men captured on that ill-fated October day, but five survived the hardships of their imprisonment and four of the number are still living. The war ended, and his country no longer requiring his services, he returned to his childhood's home, not to rest upon

efforts and his sterling characteristics of honesty, enterprise and fair play.

A Republican in politics, he has been called repeatedly to serve his town in various capacities, such as treasurer and selectman, while in 1891, he represented his town in the legislature.



Woodbridge W. Durell

his hard-earned laurels, but rather to acquire new victories. He now entered the employment of B. F. Haley, as clerk in his dry goods department. Here he mastered every detail of the business and continued with him fifteen years, when he purchased the dry goods department and established his own store. His business has steadily increased until it is today the largest of its kind in town, having been built up by his individual

He was born in Newmarket in September, 1839, and as a child he attended the village schools, but at the early age of fifteen began life's battles by entering the employ of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company as bobbin boy. The life did not appeal to him, and, after a few months, he began his mercantile training, as a clerk in a general store, which he continued to fill until the call to arms.

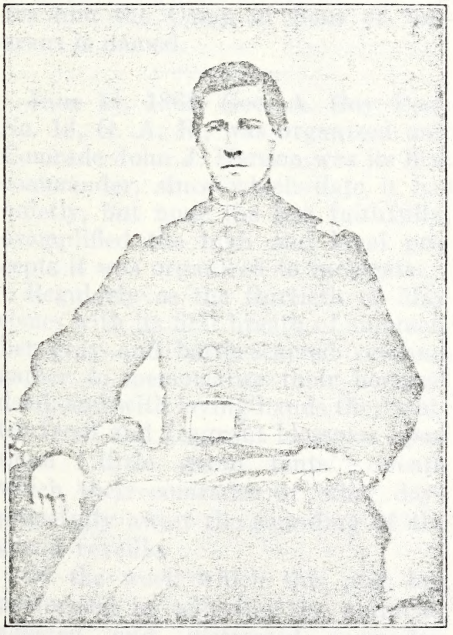
In 1869 Miss Sarah E. Smith,



daughter of Samuel and Sarah E. Smith of Wakefield, N. H., became his wife—a true helpmeet in all the fulness of that sacred term. A member of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., he has twice been called to its highest office "in the East." He also holds membership in other organizations.

His genial manner and pleasant smile endear him to old and young, and he is recognized as a many-sided, up-to-date, progressive man of affairs.

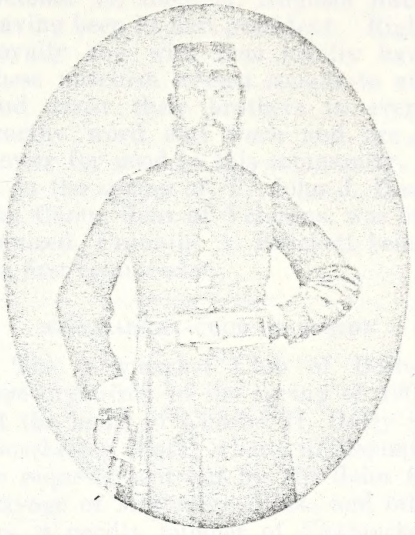
Charles W. Greene, brother of Samuel H., was born here in 1841, and, at the call to arms, he enlisted August 13, 1862, at the age of 21. He was mustered in as a private September 18, and discharged to accept promotion elsewhere on January 22,



Capt. Charles W. Greene

1864. He then enlisted in the 25th Infantry, was appointed captain and was dicharged August 28, 1865, and breveted major for gallant services.

James P. Brooks first enlisted in the 6th Regiment, November 27, 1861, was appointed 2nd lieutenant Nov. 30, first lieutenant April 29, 1862;



Lieut. James P. Brooks

wounded and discharged as disabled Oct. 31, 1862. He again enlisted in Co. K, 57th Mass. Infantry, March 10, 1864, and died at Alexandria, Va., July 14, 1864.

Henry H. Murray enlisted July 31, 1862, as private in the Thirteenth N. H.; was appointed second lieutenant, Sept. 27, 1862, and promoted to first lieutenant of Co. K, June 10, 1863. On the 27th of October he was captured at the battle of Fair Oaks and for a time was held as an hostage. Potent influences were exerted on his behalf and on Feb. 15th, 1865, he was paroled and in June next following he was mustered out.

Woodbridge W. Tuttle enlisted December 10, 1861, and two weeks later he was mustered in as a private in the First Regiment, New England Volunteer Cavalry. The following spring he was captured and paroled October 31, 1862, at Mountville, Va. Rejoining his regiment he was again captured June 18, 1863, near Middlebury, Va., and was again paroled. Late in that year he was promoted to

corporal, sergeant, second and first lieutenant. He re-enlisted and served until the war ended, having been mustered out July 10, 1865.

George A. Smith, while born in Massachusetts, is claimed by Newmarket, for when but a child his widowed mother came here and made her home. He enlisted in the navy and was appointed acting master's mate, October 22, 1861; acting master April 28, 1862; acting volunteer lieutenant, June 27, 1865. He served upon the U. S. S. *Shepherd Knapp, Huntsville, Dictator* and the monitor *Monadnock,* and was discharged July 2, 1868.

John J. Hanson was born at Lee, but as a lad came to Newmarket. He enlisted August 30, 1862, aged twenty-five years. He was mustered in as sergeant October 16, 1862, and mustered out August 13, 1863. He was one of the active organizers of the G. A. R. Post, its first commander and for him the Camp of Sons of Veterans is named.

June 11, 1869, Geo. A. Gay Post, No. 18, G. A. R., was organized and Comrade John J. Hanson was its first commander, since which date it has quietly, but none the less faithfully, exemplified the high and loyal precepts it was organized to inculcate.

Regularly as the thirtieth of May comes with its first breath of summer, her gray and battle-scarred veterans gather to memorialize their honored dead, and with loving hands they scatter fresh and fragrant blossoms upon those "little green tents" 'neath which their comrades of other days peacefully await the sounding of the grand reveille.

Of the work which this post has performed in relieving the wants of afflicted and distressed comrades, ministering with more than a woman's tender care to the dying and in burying the dead, this record may not speak and of it the world knows little, but "He who notes the sparrow's fall" has not forgotten and He will not forget.

The Woman's Relief Corps, an auxiliary of the Post, was organized October 10, 1889, M. Augusta Rand having been its first president. Right royally and with true loyalty have these unselfish women sought to aid and assist their brothers in every worthy word and work and are a power for good in this community.

In the spring of '07 John J. Hanson Camp, Sons of Veterans, was organized, Franklin A. Brackett being its first commander.

NEWMARKET CLUB OF BOSTON

The Newmarket Club of Boston was organized in the spring of 1904 at the home of Charles H. Haley in Dorchester, Mass., where, in response to requests sent out by Mr. John E. Savage of Mattapan, Mass., and others, a goodly number of Newmarket people residing in and about Boston met together and resolved to form a club.

What Ex-Governor Rollins of New Hampshire stands for in connection with the Old Home Week institution now so widely observed throughout the country, Mrs. Fred H. Pillsbury of South Framingham, Mass., stands for in relation to the Newmarket Club of Boston. To Mrs. Pillsbury is due the first thought that the many people residing in Boston and vicinity who were once residents of Newmarket might be associated together for the renewal of old acquaintanceships and the formation of new and closer relations, having for a common end the interests of the town, and while aided by many in the consummation of this thought, none were more zealous and active in the carrying out of the work than the late Mrs. Benjamin F. Haley and Mr. John E. Savage, the first corresponding secretary of the club.

Shortly after the first informal gathering held in Dorchester in 1904 a second meeting was called at the

home of Mr. Haley to further perfect the organization, at which time commitees were appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws and to recommend a list of officers to be voted upon at a later meeting, which should take the form of an outing and be held June 17, 1904. The organization was completed and about seventy-five people came together on the latter date, which was the first formal meeting of the club.

The first winter meeting of the now fully organized Newmarket Club of Boston was held at Roxbury, on the evening of March 2, 1905, and was attended by nearly one hundred members. This meeting was in every way a memorable one and consisted of a banquet, followed by stirring addresses, which were delivered by Hon. Channing Folsom and Hon. Charles A. Morse of Newmarket, and Hon. Newman Durell of Pittsfield.

Thus the club grew, both in numbers and in interest. The midsummer outing of 1905 was held in Newmarket, when the entire organization was most hospitably entertained by the Pascatoquack Club and the fraternal societies of the town.

Up to this time the club had filled chiefly the functions of a social organization. At the winter meeting, held in Somerville, Mass., in March 1906, it was felt that the club was sufficiently established to take up the more serious work which comes within the province of such an organization, and two important committees were appointed, one on town improvements and the other on town history. It was suggested that no complete history of Newmarket had ever been written, and that with the influence and prestige afforded by the club this work could be advantageously carried on, and with promise of good success. The historical committee was accordingly appointed, and immediately set to work gathering data from all possible sources and collating and compiling the same. Arrangements were presently made for publishing the committee's collections in weekly instalments in the *Newmarket Advertiser*. The first instalment appeared in the *Advertiser* in September, 1906, and the publication of the collections has continued almost constantly ever since. With the coöperation thus secured the committee has made unlooked for progress, and expects at no late day to produce an exhaustive history of the town from its earliest settlement to the present time.

In August, 1906, the club held its second summer outing at Newmarket, this time returning the courtesies of the townspeople and tendering to the citizens a banquet and entertainment. More than one hundred members of the club were present on this occasion, at which addresses were delivered by the president, Charles H. Wiggin, and the corresponding secretary, Henry H. Folsom.

The regular winter meeting was held in Somerville, Mass., in March, 1907, and was more largely attended and more successful than any previous gathering. A banquet was served and one hundred and twenty-five members were present.

The present officers of the club are: Charles H. Wiggin of Malden, Mass., president; William T. Palmer of Mattapan, Mass., vice-president; Mrs. Fred H. Pillsbury of South Framingham, Mass., recording secretary; Henry H. Folsom of Somerville, Mass., corresponding secretary; Elmer J. Young of Malden, Mass., treasurer. These five, with John E. Savage of Mattapan, Mass., and Joseph L. Caverly of Boston, constitute the executive committee, and the historical committee consists of Nestor W. Davis of Winchester, Mass., chairman; John E. Savage, Annie E. Stott of Winchester, Mass., Mrs. Mary Bennett Morse of Haverhill, Mass., and Hon. Channing Folsom of Newmarket.

CHARLES H. WIGGIN.

The Newmarket Club of Boston has been exceedingly fortunate in having at its head an able representative of Newmarket grit and progressiveness in the person of Charles H. Wiggin, of Malden, Mass., whose devotion of both time and money to the building up of the club has made possible the degree of success to which it has attained, more especially so in view of the fact that Mr. Wiggin's duties as superintendent of motive power of the Boston & Maine Railroad easily demand all the energies that should rightfully be expended by one individual.



Charles H. Wiggin

Mr. Wiggin was born in Durham, N. H., September 23, 1859, and received his education in the public schools of Newmarket and at Phillips' Exeter Academy. He removed to Newmarket at an early age and resided in the town until 1882, on July 1 of which year he entered the railway service of the Boston & Maine Railroad as machinist at the Boston shop. On September 1, 1885, he was promoted to foreman of the machine department, and on October 1, 1891, he was made master mechanic of the Concord Division, with headquarters at Concord, N. H., where he had charge of the motive power and car departments.

At the time of the lease of the Concord & Montreal Railroad to the Boston & Maine, July 1, 1895, he was appointed master mechanic of the motive power department of the Concord & White Mountain Divisions, in which capacity he served until October 1, 1901, when he was transferred to Boston and appointed assistant super-

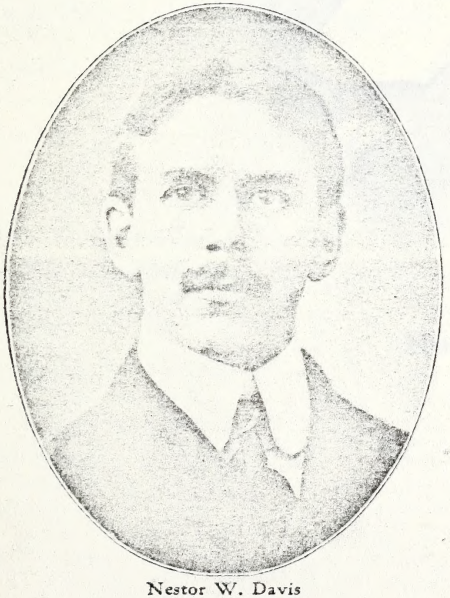
intendent of motive power of the Boston & Maine system, being promoted on January 1, 1907, to superintendent of motive power, which position he now holds.

Mr. Wiggin has never aspired to political honors. He is a past master of Blazing Star Lodge No. 11, A. F. and A. M. of Concord, also a member of Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council and Mount Horeb Commandery, all of Concord, junior grand warden of the grand lodge of Masons in New Hampshire. Aside from being president of the Newmarket Club of Boston, he is president of the New England Railroad Club.

He was married November 24, 1886, to Jennie M. Knowlton of Durham, and now resides in Malden, Mass.

NESTOR WILBUR DAVIS

Well has it been said that "Poets are born, not made," and with added emphasis does this apply to historians. Few there are among us who,



Nestor W. Davis

standing in the presence of some vivid portrayal of nature's varied moods, have not at some time felt the thrill of the poetic muse, but the writing of history calls for almost infinite patience, for from the mountains of chaff the grains of wheat, one here, another there, must be carefully sifted, and since Carlyle has said there is "no genius save the genius of taking infinite pains," the arrangement and presentation of these grains of truth, discovered at such cost, calls for nothing less than genius, and that, too, of a peculiarly high type.

While the subject of this sketch possesses a rare combination of qualifications for the position which he now occupies as secretary to one of Massachusetts' "captains of industry," as an historian to future generations his name bids fair to become a familiar one. Active and varied as are the duties of his daily life, he finds rest and recreation in poring over "many a volume of forgotten lore" and here and there gleaning a grain of gold, which, with care and discernment, he arranges for the benefit of the generations that are to come.

Born in Newmarket, February 15, 1869, the youngest son of Charles Franklin Davis, of whom we have already written, he attended the common schools of this town, and, later, the grammar and high schools of Dover. In 1890 he went to Boston, which has since been the center of his occupations. In the midst of his other duties he has contributed quite extensively to various biographical and genealogical publications, and done reportorial work for the religious press. Mr. Davis is a trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Winchester, Mass., where he resides, a member of the New Hampshire Genealogical Society, also of the Sons of the American Revolution, and chairman of the historical committee of the Newmarket Club of Boston. He married, at Hyde Park, Mass., February 12, 1903, Alice Louise, daughter of Thomas and Helen (Hovey) Chamberlain of that town.



Mrs. A. C. Haines

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF NEWMARKET

By Mrs. A. C. Haines.

The Woman's Club of Newmarket owes its origin to the zeal and energy



Mrs. Carrie Davis
Founder of the Woman's Club of Newmarket

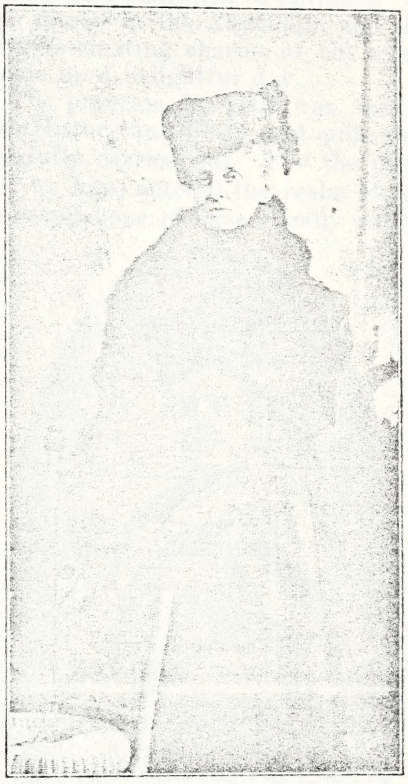


Mrs. I. T. George

of one public-spirited woman, Mrs. Carrie Davis. The first meeting was held October 24, 1904, and fifty names were enrolled during the first few months of its existence.

We had been Grangers, Rebekahs and W. R. C. women, but as club members it took time to become familiar with club work and acquainted with each other's capabilities and qualifications.

In the former we were assisted by



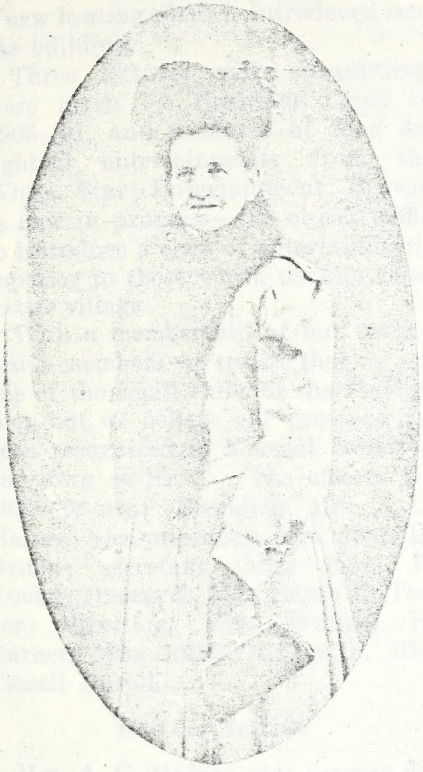
Mrs. W. W. Durell

Miss Fannie Mathes, president of the Dover Club, and Rev. Mrs. N. W. P. Smith of Newfields.

Our first social venture was a Colonial Tea. The old house of the agent of the manufacturing corporation, renovated and remodeled, under the direction of Mrs. Garner, threw open its doors to the club, and members and guests attended in large numbers, many in attractive colonial costumes.

A program was rendered, refresh-

ments served and the affair pronounced a success. In order to keep in touch with the other clubs of the state, it was voted, April 15, 1905, to



Mrs. J. H. Staples

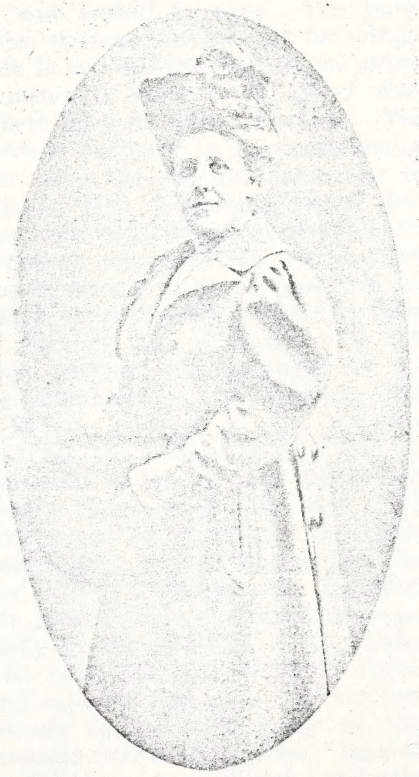
join the State Federation and Mrs. Charles Pepler, who had come to us from Providence, was elected president. In February, 1906, the Durham Club accepted an invitation to be our guests and Judge Shute of Exeter entertained us with selections from his writings, and on a recent occasion Mrs. Olive Rand Clark read her valuable paper on Eliza Nelson Blair. At the January meeting of the present year, we were entertained by Dr. Joseph Harvey, who gave a charming description of his first trip to Jamaica.

At the January, 1906, meeting Mrs. Follansby of Exeter gave us a talk on her favorite theme of charities, and her further interest in our club was shown by an invitation to her beautiful summer home at Hampton Beach.

The outings in June have been pleasant features. The first, under the direction of Mrs. Griffin, was to Frost's Hill in Eliot, Me., thence to Portsmouth Navy Yard, returning via Great Bay in a launch.

The second outing was to York Beach, stopping at the old jail to enjoy its rare collection of antiques. A fish dinner at the Algonquin and the ever-fascinating charms of old ocean made up a delightful day.

The program for 1906 was American History and Poets, and quite successfully carried out. For the present we have entered the realm of fiction and hope to have equally enjoy-



Miss Cassell Durell

able meetings. Lunch is served each time to enliven the social side.

A reading room was opened in "John Webster Hall" in February,

1907, supplied with magazines and papers, and members volunteered to serve as patronesses, and we hope to make this a permanent feature when a new heating plant is introduced into the building.

Three lectures with stereopticon were given by Professor Cross in 1906–'07, and a course of four delightful entertainments from the White Star Entertainment Bureau is now in progress—the object being to introduce a class of entertainments superior to those which usually come to our village.

With a membership of but twenty active members we realize that we are one of the small clubs of the Federation, but we believe our presence has been recognized as a social factor in our town at least. The officers for 1907–'08 are: President, Mrs. A. C. Haines; vice-president, Mrs. John H. Griffin; secretary, Miss Rena E. Young; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah E. Tasker; directors, Mrs. William H. Garner, Miss Lilian R. Smith, Miss Cassell Durell.

MRS A. C. HAINES

Mrs. A. C. Haines, now serving for the second term as the president of the Woman's Club, is a loyal daughter of the town, whose activities in connection with the Woman's Relief Corps and the Grange are well known. Patriotic and public-spirited to a degree, she has endeared herself to her associates in these orders. A fine parliamentarian, she presides over the affairs of the club with a quiet dignity, and gives to it her willing service and hearty support. It is, however, in her own home that she appears to best advantage, for here her charming hospitality and easy grace contribute to the comfort, happiness and hearty enjoyment of her most fortunate guest.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

Again we deplore the lack of space which forbids the enumeration of the many inducements which Newmarket extends to the young man seeking to win position for himself or to create a home for his family, but since "All history is biography," and "The history of a nation is but a record of the lives of its men," the reader will find in the following brief sketches of her representative sons an account of what the town now is. One feature, however, we must briefly refer to, viz.: the public schools, which are of the best, in charge of earnest and most competent instructors.

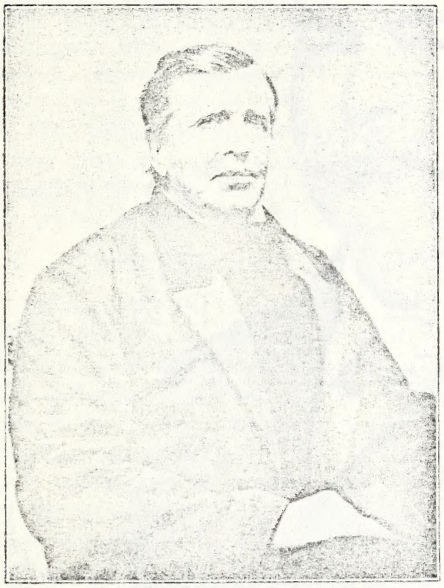
The High School has recently been reorganized under the act of '91 and is now second to none. The ambitious student can here fit for admission to our colleges without the inconvenience or expense of going elsewhere for a preparatory course. The town is fortunate in possessing among her sons the district supervisor of schools, Hon. Channing Folsom, former state superintendent of public instruction, whose life has been devoted to educational work. A sketch of his character and career, written by John B. Stevens, Jr., of Dover, with full page portrait, was published in the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1899.

Before passing to the personal sketches, the writer embraces this opportunity to tender most earnest and cordial thanks to all who have aided, encouraged or assisted in his labors, particularly to Dr. Greene, Mr. Tasker, Editor Pinkham, Mr. Hodgdon, Mr. Nestor Davis of Boston, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Haines, who have not only rendered timely and valuable assistance, but who generously opened their house to "the stranger within their gates," thus affording him a most cheerful and quiet work room and permitting him to enjoy with them the comforts of their charming home, and most especially am I indebted to Miss Helen C. Ben-

nett, who patiently and faithfully has served as my co-laborer, amanuensis and copyist.

JOHN S. BENNETT

One of the most familiar landmarks in the commercial history of the town, and one associated with the lives and activities of some of Newmarket's best citizenship, is the store at the corner of Main and Exeter streets, now occupied by Mr. John H. Griffin, who conducts therein a business of prac-



John S. Bennett

tically the same nature as has been carried on within its doors for a period of sixty years.

The tin and hardware business was first founded in Newmarket in 1843 by Mr. John S. Bennett, a man of remarkable ability and keen business foresight, who placed ideas of progression above those of personal gain, and whose influence and achievement along that line enlivened the town and were of great benefit to the community. Through Mr. Bennett's energies a trade was built up in the tin and hardware business, which, including an outside line of coal, wood and lumber, amounted at one period to $100,000 yearly. His first store was an unpretentious building which stood nearly opposite the present Masonic Block on Main Street, from which he removed, about 1847, to the more commodious quarters at the corner of Exeter Street.

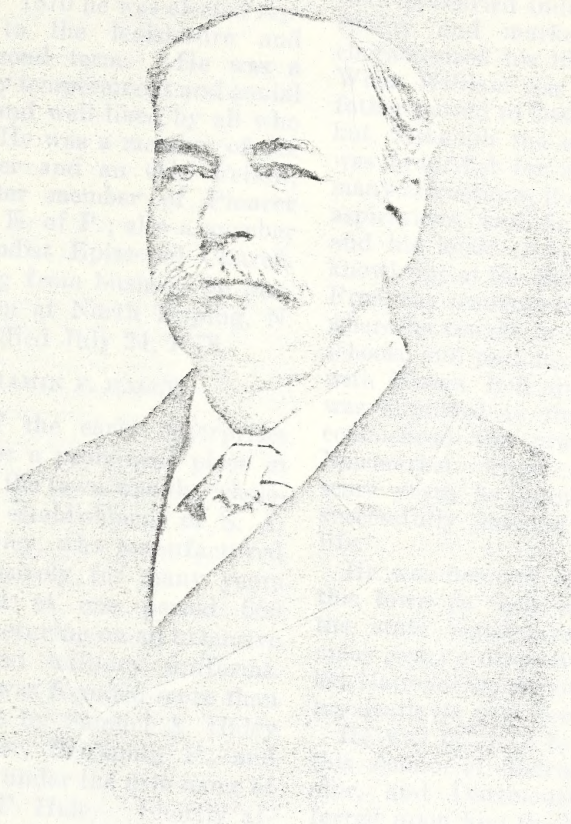
In 1850 Mr. Bennett's brother, Edwin, was taken into the firm, and the business was then conducted under the name of J. S. and E. Bennett. Under this co-partnership the firm employed at one time between forty and fifty men.

In 1874 Mr. Bennett and his brother disposed of their interests in Newmarket and engaged in the iron foundry business at Lawrence, Mass., purchasing a two-thirds interest in the Merrimac foundry of that city. Mr. Bennett's career, however, was unfortunately cut short after his removal from Newmarket, for he died at Lawrence in 1876.

CHARLES FRANKLIN DAVIS

The purchasers of this business at the time of its relinquishment by the Bennett brothers were Napoleon B. Treadwell, later president of the Newmarket Savings Bank, and Charles F. Davis, who negotiated for the business in 1873 and consummated its purchase in 1874, thence conducting the same under the firm name of Treadwell & Davis. This partnership continued until the spring of 1878, when Mr. Davis was obliged to retire on account of ill health. His share in the concern was purchased by William T. Folsom, and the business was thence carried on under the firm name of Treadwell & Folsom, until its purchase in 1891 by its present owner, Mr. John H. Griffin.

Charles F. Davis was born in Barrington, N. H., December 21, 1831, and came to Newmarket in 1850, immediately engaging with Mr. Bennett, with whom he was constantly connected, with the exception of two years spent in California, until his



Charles Davis

purchase of the business with Mr. Treadwell in 1874. Aside from his business associations, Mr. Davis was an active and enthusiastic citizen and took a prominent part in the Democratic politics of the town. He held sundry minor offices, such as member of the school committee, captain of the fire company, chief engineer, policeman, etc. 1870 he was elected representative to the legislature and served a second term. He was a man of kindly temperament and genial disposition, and well liked by all who knew him. He was a member of the Masonic order and an Odd Fellow, and a charter member of Pioneer lodge, No. 1, K. of P.; also a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After retiring from business he purchased a farm at North Epping, N. H., where he died July 24, 1878.

BENJAMIN F. HALEY

Another of the early enterprises which deserves a prominent place in the history of the town was the wholesale tailoring establishment of S. A. and B. F. Haley, who manufactured clothing extensively for many years and employed at one period 500 hands, manufacturing on an extensive scale band and military uniforms. This business was founded more than fifty years ago by Samuel A. Haley and his brother, Benjamin F., and was carried on under the firm name of S. A. and B. F. Haley. Shortly after the incorporation of the Newmarket Bank, the senior partner, Samuel A. Haley, became cashier of the bank and retired from the partnership, the business thereafter being conducted exclusively by his brother, Benjamin F. Haley. Mr. Haley enlarged the establishment, installed a custom tailoring department in addition to the already large manufacturing business and established a branch at Dover, in which he was very successful.

HON. WM. B. SMALL

William Bradbury Small was born in Limington, Maine, May 17, 1817, where he spent his early life in a Christian home, his father being an officer in the church, and his mother a devotedly religious woman. His youth gave unquestionable promise of that unwearied industry, indomitable energy and marked success which characterized his life in after years. When William was a young man his father moved to Ossipee, in this state; but, although the ample farm there was beautiful for situation and had many attractions, it did not satisfy his aspirations, and he left the plough and his home to reap the fruits of knowledge at the Effingham Academy. From the academy he went to Exeter, where he taught in one of the public schools, and pursued the study of law with Messrs. Bell and Tuck, until he was admitted to the bar. He then commenced the practice of law at Newmarket, where for nearly two-score years he uninterruptedly and successfully pursued his professional life.

He was honored by the citizens of this town as their representative in the state legislature, and was for many years a director of the Newmarket National Bank, and at the time of his death its president.

He was honored by the citizens of this senatorial district as their senator, and Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts.

He was also honored with the position of county solicitor for a succession of years, which office he held at the time of his death. He was chosen by the citizens of the First Congressional District as their representative in the 43d Congress, in 1873, being the fourth resident of Newmarket to occupy the distinguished position, Rev. John Broadhead having served from 1829 to 1833, Dr. George W. Kittredge from 1853 to 1855, and Rev. James Pike from 1855 to 1859.

All these positions of trust and honor he filled with marked ability and distinction, having the entire confidence of his associates, adorning each office with his strict honesty, unyielding integrity, ceaseless industry, virtuous life, and faithful discharge of all the duties incumbent upon him.

SAMUEL HENRY GREENE, M. D.

The watchword of the hour is progress and with delight we note the ever-increasing speed of our development in every direction, and yet oftimes it causes a sigh of regret or even a falling tear as we part with some of the good old ways.

"The Family Doctor" of our father's day was something more than a man, say rather an institution. To him we went, not alone with the story of our aches and pains, but with a recital of our aspirations, ambitions and all too often with our disappointments and heartaches. But whether bright with hope or heavy with the shadow of woe, we knew just what our reception would be at his hand. Wise counsel, sound advice and uplifting encouragement never failed us. He shared the sacred confidence of the community and never yet betrayed a trust. His ever ready sympathy, self-sacrificing fidelity and unfailing devotion through long months or even years of suffering we came to accept as the customary thing.

Day after day, in driving rains or drifting snows, we watched the passage of his faithful horse as he visited the homes of poverty and ministered to the sufferings of the sons and daughters of want and penury without fee or hope of earthly reward. Modest and retiring, forgetful of self, he sought to do good as he found opportunity.

Such a man is the subject of this sketch—Samuel Henry Greene—born in Newmarket, February 12, 1837, son of Simon Pelham and Sarah Augusta (Smith) Greene. His parents removed to Boston in 1844, where his father became a member of the firm of Darrah, Morse & Co. He died August 1, 1849, aged forty-one years and was buried in the old cemetery. Then Mrs. Greene returned to Newmarket, where she resided until her death in 1862, aged fifty-two years.

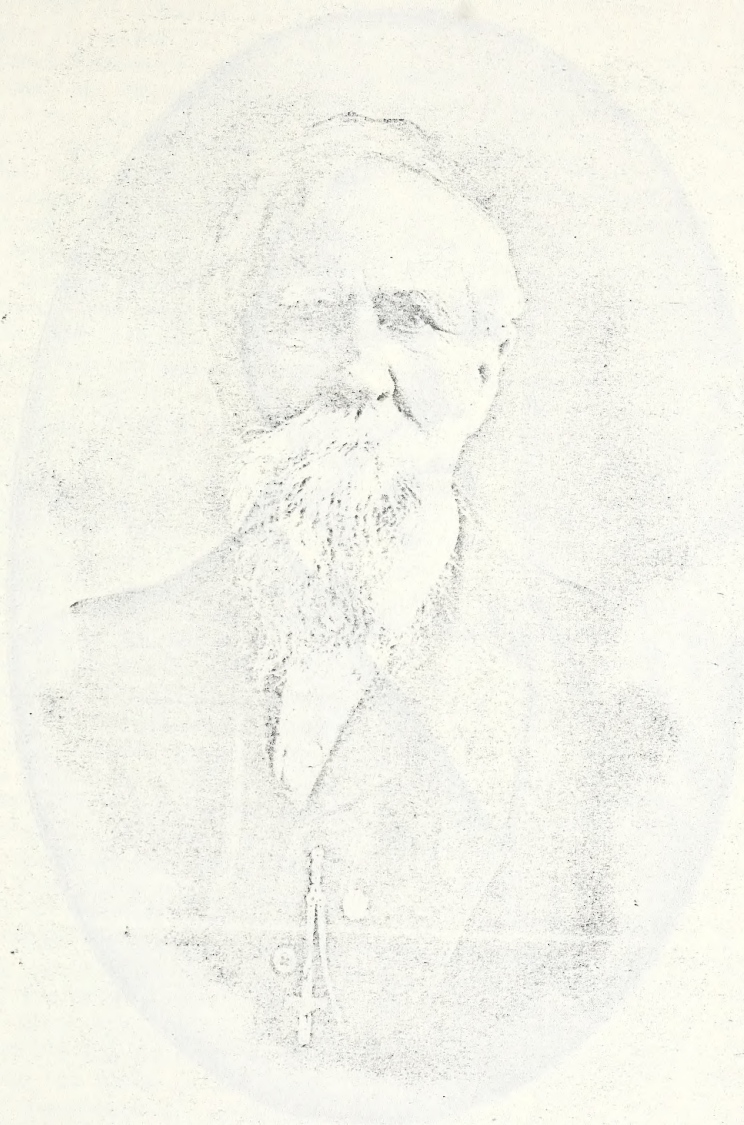
Doctor Greene attended school at Pittsfield, Gilmanton and Atkinson. After he left school, he spent about three years in travel in the Central States, then returning to Newmarket, he began the study of medicine, the practice of which has been his life work. He attended a course of lectures at Harvard in 1857, at Hanover in 1858, back to Harvard in 1859 and was there graduated in 1860, and immediately began practice in Durham, where he remained six years. He then purchased the practice of Dr. William Folsom of this town, where he has since remained.

A Republican in politics, he has served his town in various capacities, such as moderator, supervisor, member of the school board, board of health and coroner. For six consecutive years he was chairman of the board of selectmen, and during the administration of presidents Arthur and Harrison, he was the town's efficient postmaster, filling the office eight years.

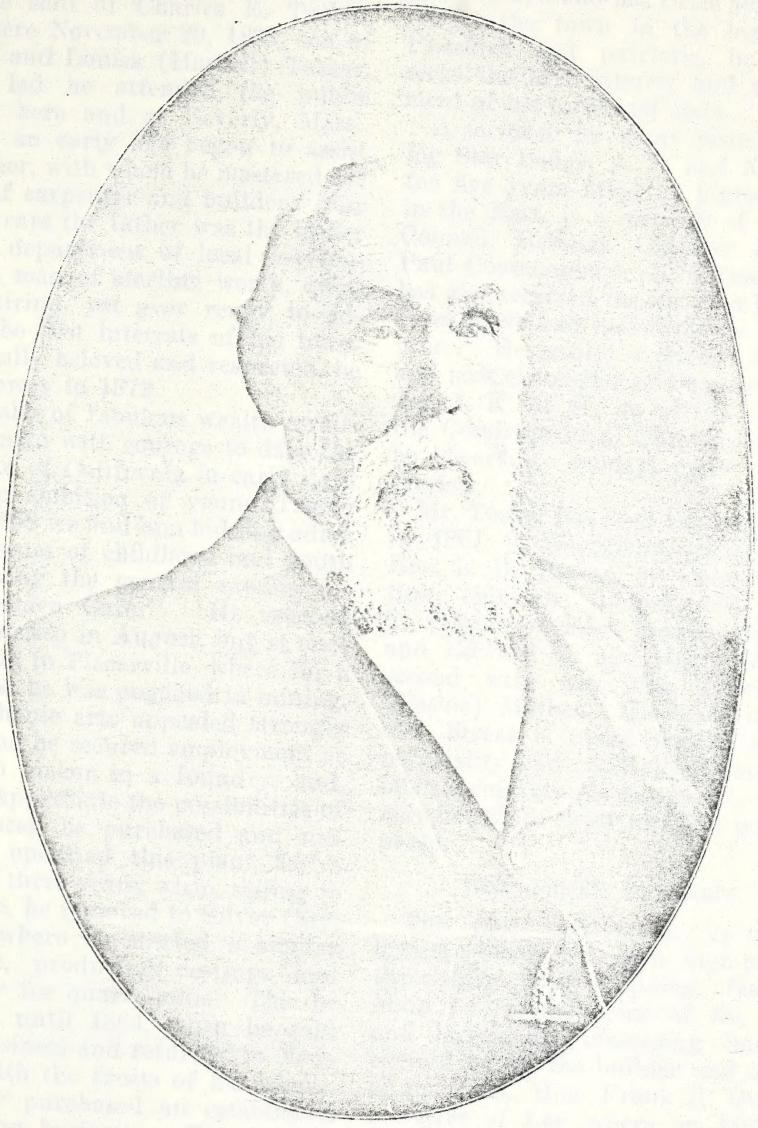
July 2, 1860, he married Mallie Ross Baker, daughter of Andrew and Mary Jane (Sawyer) Baker of this town. He has one son, Walter Bryant.

CHARLES E. TASKER

Few indeed are the communities in New Hampshire who cannot boast at least one citizen who bears the hall mark "Sterling." Are there burdens to be borne? Does duty call for some unselfish soul to serve without honor or reward? Is a subscription paper to be headed either for foreign or domestic missions? There is always *one man* on whom we depend, well knowing that he will not disappoint or



Dr. Samuel H. Greene



Charles E. Tasker

fail us, since he is always dependable. All this, and much more, may properly be said of Charles E. Tasker, born here November 29, 1833, son of Jewett and Louisa (Haskell) Tasker. As a lad he attended the public schools here and at Beverly, Mass., and at an early age began to assist his father, with whom he mastered the trade of carpenter and builder. For many years the father was the leader in this department of local development, a man of sterling worth, quiet and retiring, yet ever ready to advance the best interests of his town. Universally beloved and respected, he passed away in 1872.

The tales of fabulous wealth awaiting the man with courage to dare the hardships of California in early days fired the ambition of young Tasker and in 1858 we find him bidding adieu to the scenes of childhood and youth and joining the general exodus for "The Golden Gate." He reached San Francisco in August, but at once pressed on to Placerville, where for a short time he was engaged in mining. The mechanic arts appealed strongly to him and he secured employment as a pattern maker in a foundry, and, quick to appreciate the possibilities of the business, he purchased and successfully operated this plant for a period of three years, when, selling to advantage, he removed to Silver City, Nevada, where he started a similar enterprise, producing castings and machinery for quartz mills. This he continued until 1864, when he sold out his business and returned to Newmarket with the fruits of his labors.

He now purchased an established undertaking business. This he has constantly enlarged and improved, until today he is recognized as one of the leading undertakers and embalmers in the county of Rockingham.

A Democrat in politics, he has well and faithfully served his town in various official capacities, as treasurer, chairman of the board of selectmen, three years chairman of the school board and has twice ably represented the town in the legislature. Unselfish and patriotic, he always seeks the best interest and advancement of his town and state.

A member for many years of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., he for five years filled its highest office in the East, is a member of Orphan Council, Belknap Chapter and St. Paul Commandery, all of Dover, and has also received the Scottish Rite degrees up to and including the 32d degree. He is also a charter member and past chancellor of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., an active pillar of the Congregational Church, to which he cheerfully renders most valuable service.

Mr. Tasker has been twice married; in 1861 to Georgiana, daughter of Rev. L. B. Tasker, by whom he has three children: Louisa, wife of W. T. Folsom of Fort Payne, Alabama, and Edward M. and Harry B. His second wife was Mrs. Helene H. (Payne) Mathes. His home on Exeter Street is noted for its cordial hospitality and good cheer where the latch string always hangs out. Long may he live to enjoy its quiet rest and peace.

HON. FRANK H. DURGIN

The most attractive, up-to-date business block, a modern, high-posted, three-story brick building, fronting Main St., is the home of the large and constantly increasing business carried on by the builder and owner of the block, Hon. Frank H. Durgin, a native of Lee, where, in 1863, he was born to Greenleaf and Mary A. (Jenkins) Durgin. He attended the public schools of his native town, and at the age of eighteen came here and with his brother, John W. (since deceased), purchased a small grocery store on the site of his present business. He has always been ambitious to excel and carries the largest and best stock in his line in Newmarket.

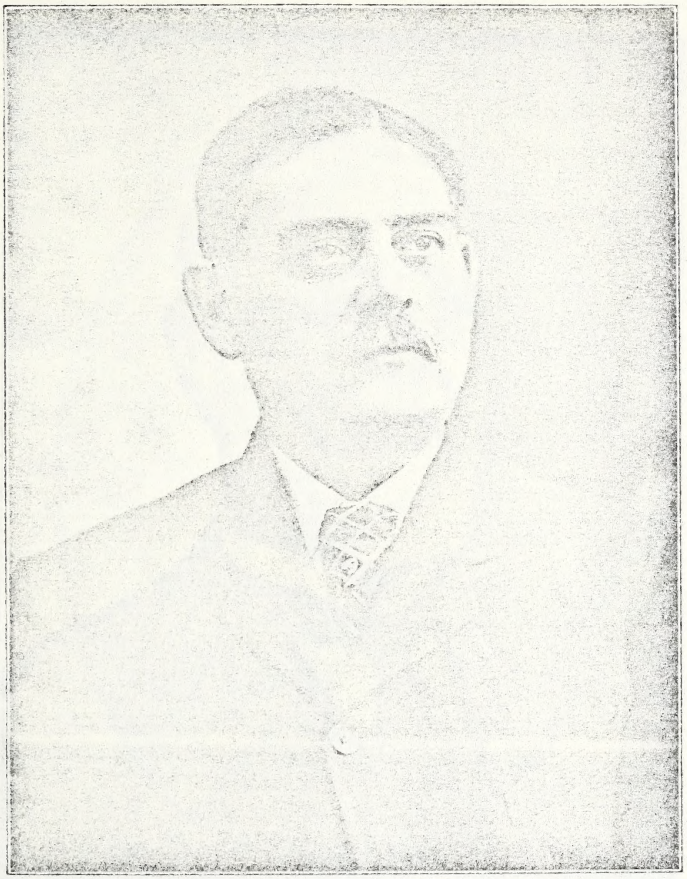
Catering to the best trade, he has, by close application to business, coupled with fair treatment of all and business integrity of the highest type, succeeded in building up by far the largest business of its kind in this section of the county.

Affiliating with Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., at an early age, he has filled all its chairs and has served as D. D. G. C.

An active member of the Uniformed Rank, he for five years was captain in command of the local division, then promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 1st N. H. Reg. U. R. K. P., he served eight years.

Active in Masonry, he is the present junior deacon of his lodge, Rising Star. He is also affiliated with Orphan's Council, Belknap Chapter, and St. Paul Commandery K. T., all of Dover, and has received the Scottish Rite degrees up to and including the 32d degree. He is also noble grand of Squamscott Lodge of Odd Fellows.

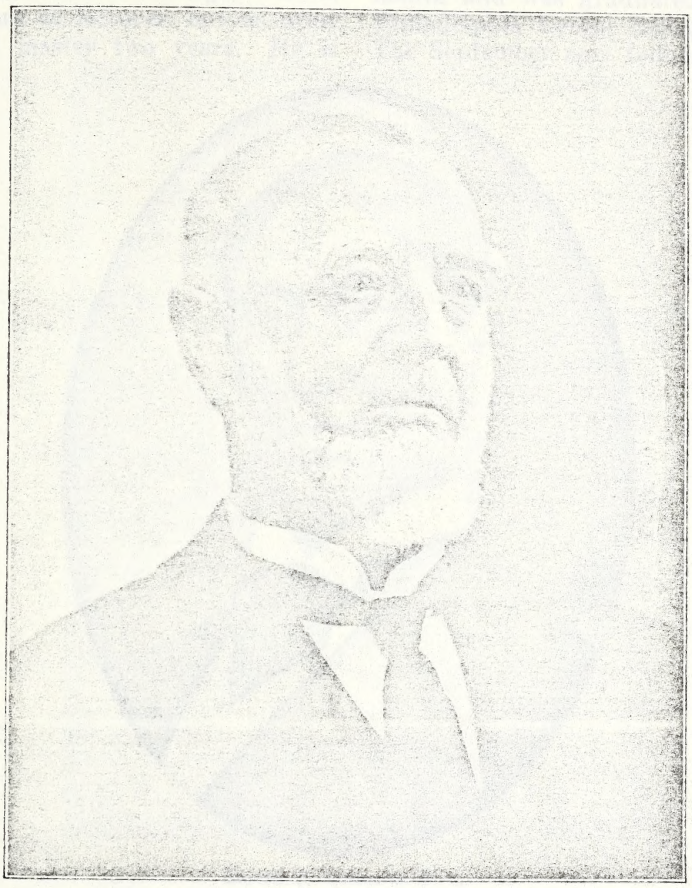
In politics a Republican, he has filled many offices of trust and responsibility with honor. Four years treasurer of the town, he is now serving his second term as chairman of the board of selectmen. In 1895 he was elected to the legislature, and in



Hon. Frank H. Durgin

1897, in a district strongly Democratic, he was honored with an election to the state senate. He is also vice-president of the Newmarket National Bank.

Miss Martha Slater of Attleboro, Mass., became his wife in 1888 and has borne him three sons, Robert G., J. Frank and Elmer S.



Harrison G. Burley

The old Burley homestead in Newmarket, four miles from the village, and about one mile from Littlefield's Crossing on the Concord & Portsmouth railroad, has been held in the family since its settlement in 1769 by Josiah Burley, a descendant of Giles Burley, who was a citizen of Ipswich, Mass., as early as 1648. The present owner, Harrison Gray, son of Jonathan and Sarah C. (Neal) Burley, was born here December 9, 1834, and has spent his life upon the farm. He was educated in the common school and at Blanchard Academy, Pembroke.

The farm, which includes something less than 200 acres, is in excellent condition, with good buildings, well arranged and all the necessary modern appliances.

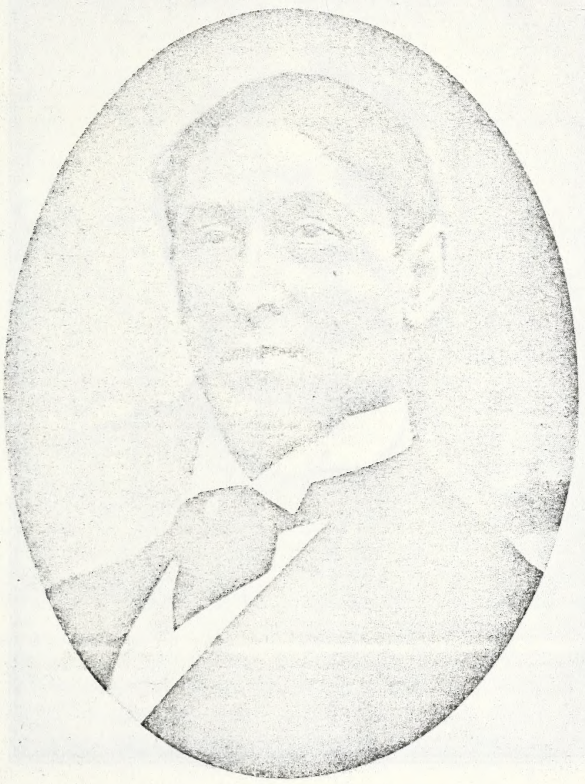
Mr. Burley was married January 17, 1877, to Fannie E., daughter of Jewett Conner of Exeter. They have three children, Walter D., Lillian M., wife of Fred J. Durell, and Winifred Conner.

Mr. Burley is an earnest Democrat and has always taken a strong interest in public affairs. He has served several years as a member of the board of selectmen, as supervisor and as representative in the legislature in 1872 and 1873. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902. He is a charter member of South Newmarket Grange, served three years as lecturer, one as overseer, and master two years. He is also a member of East Rockingham Pomona Grange, and has been overseer of the same. His religious affiliation is with the Congregationalists.

For many years Mr. Burley has been interested in the Rockingham Fire Insurance Company, serving it in various capacities, and is now president of the organization.

CHARLES H. CHASE, D. D. S.

Newmarket possesses an up-to-date, thoroughly first-class doctor of dental surgery in the person of Charles Henry Chase, the son of Hiram and Clara (Philbrick) Chase of Stratham, where he first saw the light August 20, 1886. He attended the town school and the high school of Portsmouth and was graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College in 1892. The September next following he set-



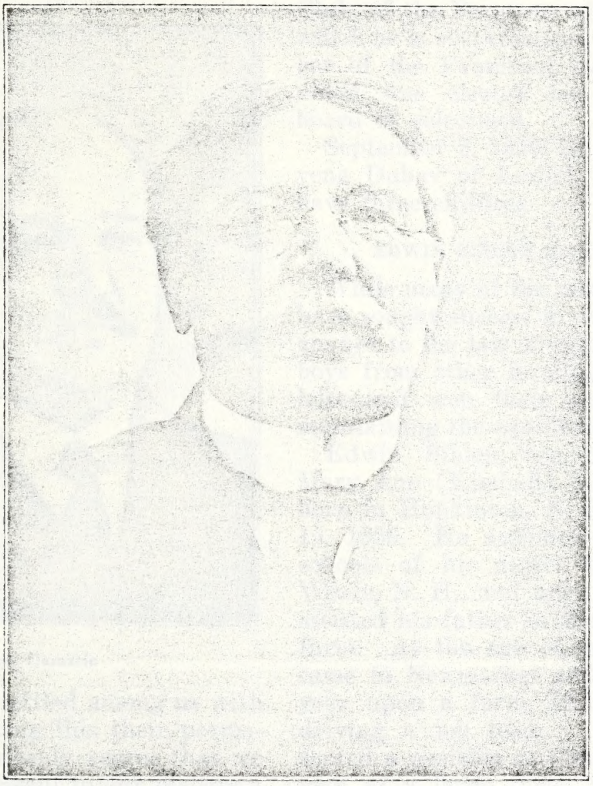
Charles H. Chase, D. D. S.

tled in Newmarket and has now the patronage and confidence of the best citizens, who were not slow to recognize his skill as a dentist and his worth as a man. He is a charter member of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 97, B. P. O. E., which makes him one of the oldest of New Hampshire's Elks. He is also a member of Gamma Chapter Xi, Psi Phi.



A. B. CRAWFORD

The mass of clay by the roadside fills no important place in life, but the potter takes it and puts it upon his wheel and with a skilful touch here and there shapes and fashions it into a vessel of honor, fit to decorate the palace of a king. This illustration is often used and fittingly to emphasize the wonderful influence which the conscientious, earnest instructor of our youth exercises in the shaping and developing of the minds placed in his care and under his direction.



A. B. Crawford

Newmarket is indeed to be congratulated in the possession of one so fitted by natural ability and careful training to fill the position of instructor as A. B. Crawford, the principal of the high school. Although born in Michigan his ancestors are "Eastern" in the fullest sense of the word, his parentage having come from New York and New Hampshire.

His education was most thorough, for books are to him a pastime and a delight. He was graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1876.

He possesses to a rare degree those qualities which characterize the successful teacher. With a heart in sympathy with his pupils, he preserves his youth and youthful enthusiasm.

His familiarity with the classics and his knowledge thereof is remarkable and he excels as a mathematician and we repeat that Newmarket is indeed fortunate in being able to retain him in the position which he honors.

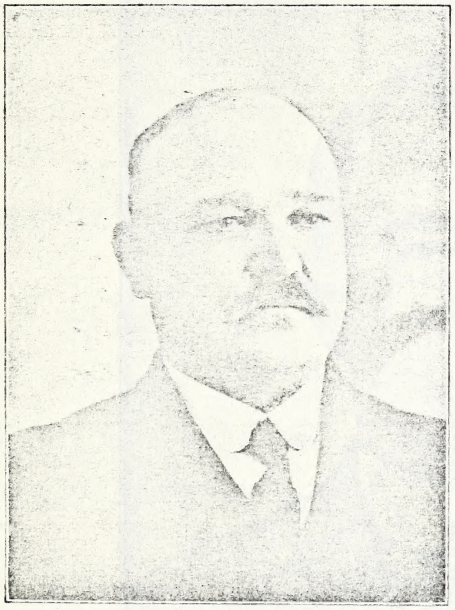
He is fortunate in his assistants, Miss Elsie P. Peabody of Danvers, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, and



Miss N. Spencer of the University of Kansas, now serving in that capacity; they show a great devotion and much interest in their work and their influence is uplifting.

LEON CAMARIE

During the last twenty years a great change has gradually taken place in the population of this, as in most other cotton manufacturing towns. Large numbers of French Ca-



Leon Camarie

nadians having settled among us with the idea of making this their permanent home, we deeply regret that we are unable to present to our readers a greater number of representatives of these industrious, public-spirited citizens. The junior member of the present board of selectmen, Leon, son of Pierre and Sara Nudo Camarie, was born at Lewiston, Maine, December 20, 1876. When but eight years old, the death of his father was the signal for the mother's return to Canada, but the boy's heart turned back to "the States" and, ambitious to make a beginning for himself, when but eleven years of age he came to Newmarket, where he found employment as a "bobbin boy" and later learned to weave. In 1887 he removed to Lowell, where for fifteen years he worked in the cotton mill. In 1902 he again settled in Newmarket, this time to make it his home. He has charge of the mechanism of the looms in the Newmarket Manufacturing Company's works. He is a member and director of Lafayette Club, of the Foresters of America, of which he is also treasurer, and a member of the Fraternal Relief, and as noted was elected last year to the board of selectmen.

September 8, 1890, he married Olevena Dubay of Lowell, Mass. They have three children.

EDWIN SIBLEY CARPENTER

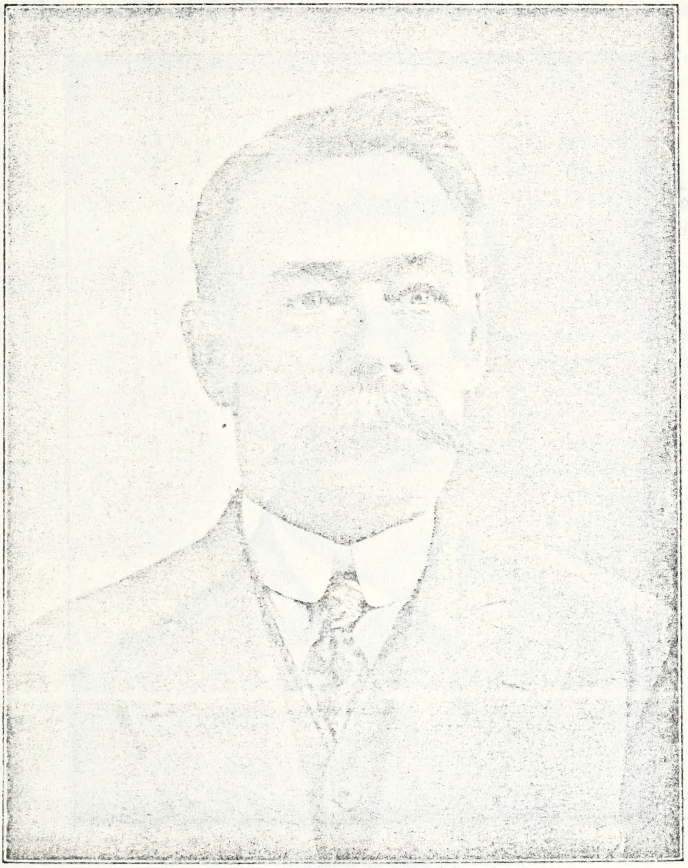
While many of the sons of the town have sought success in other fields, in answer to the law of constant change, boys from other localities have come here and won their successes, thus maintaining the equilibrium.

Edwin Sibley, son of Guy and Mary Ann (Kimball) Carpenter, was born in Hopkinton, N. H., December 15, 1856. He attended the common schools of his native town and at Weare, N. H., and until his majority assisted his father in the work of the farm. At the age of twenty-one he came to Newmarket and worked one year upon a farm, and three years driving a job team. He then accepted a position at Concord as foreman of a large farm, where he remained for seven years. His residence here had created a love for the town, to which he returned in 1888, and it has since been his home. With his brother he is now engaged in lumbering. In 1896 he formed a partnership with Geo. L. Chase of Newfields. The growth of the business has been steady and constant and last year was in excess of one hundred thousand dollars.

December 20, 1876, he married Har-

riett Frances Mudge, who bore him five sons and three daughters, all of whom are blessed with excellent health. Mrs. Carpenter died February 11, 1892.

Mr. Carpenter's second wife is Laura Belle, daughter of James Robert and Emma Frances Hendrick, of Deer Isle, Maine. Five children are the fruit of this union, three of whom survive.



Edwin S. Carpenter

The character of Mr. Carpenter's life work makes such exacting demands upon his time and strength that he has been unable to serve his town to any great extent, although for eight years he made a most efficient road commissioner.

Early in life he joined the Free Baptist Church of his native town, which membership he still retains.

FRANK E. LANG.

Another trusted citizen who came to Newmarket and settled about the same time as Mr. Carpenter and who, though quiet and unobtrusive, has by his public spirit and upright character won the respect and regard of the best citizens, is Frank Edward, son of Gilman Collins and Sarah Ann Lang. He was born at Candia Depot April 14, 1864. After attending the local schools, when but sixteen, he went to Amesbury, Mass., to learn the blacksmith's trade, and in 1884, when

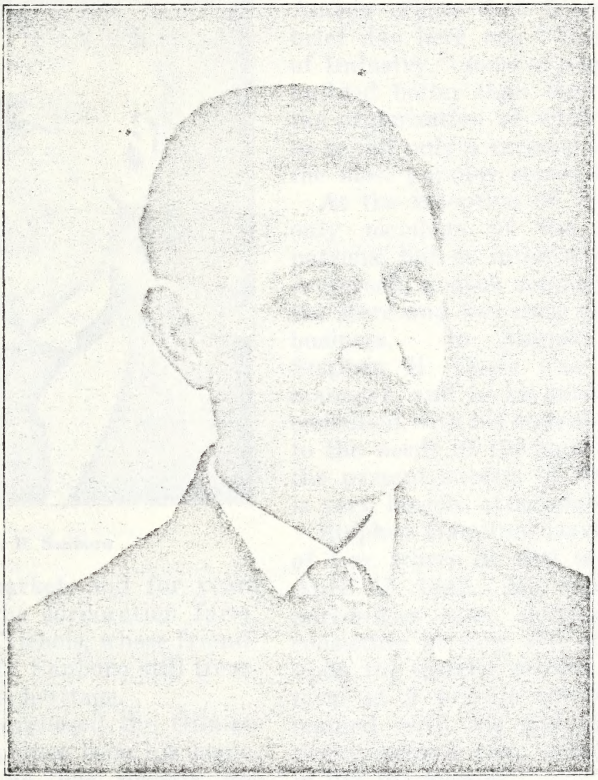


twenty years old, he came here and has since made Newmarket his home. He was first employed by Thomas Garland, and, after two years with him, purchased the shop and good will and, by his skill and industry, has built up the business, of which he is now the head.

He has been most active for the best interests of the community and town, but has not been anxious for his own official promotion. He has served upon the school and water boards, to be sure, but his best service has been in the background rather than in self seeking advancement.

He is a charter member of John Hanson Camp, Sons of Veterans, past sachem of Pocassett Tribe, No. 45, I. O. R. M., and past noble grand of Swamscott Lodge, No. 18, I. O. O. F.

He married November 16, 1888, Maud E., daughter of A. W. and Francena Gray of Brownsville, Maine, and they have four children.



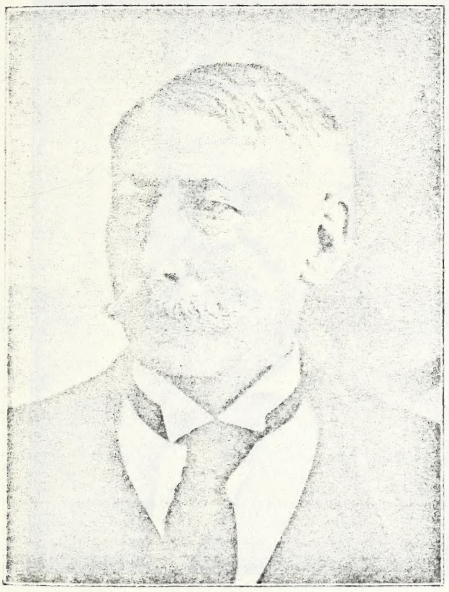
Frank E. Lang

OLIVER P. SANBORN

As we have already noted, a balance of affairs is maintained by the exchange of residence, and still another adopted son of the town is O. P. Sanborn; but although a son by adoption, he is none the less a son in the fullest sense of the word, in all it implies of willingness to serve, or readiness to do for his home. Oliver Peabody, the son of Piper and Hannah (Meserve) Sanborn, was born in Franklin, August 5, 1849. He attended the district school as a boy, but his father dying when he was only eleven years old, the care and labor of the farm fell upon his tender shoulders when but fifteen years of age

(his older brothers having gone to the defense of their country's flag), but in spite of youth he made a success of the venture. He soon acquired a herd of cows and began the production of milk, retailing the same at Franklin village.

In 1883, for family reasons, he



Oliver P. Sanborn

moved to Newmarket, and for years had charge of the corporation farm, under Mr. A. J. Nichols, whose friendship then won, Mr. Sanborn still treasures as a precious heritage.

In 1890 he purchased the Gilman farm, which has since been his home. This property he has greatly improved; two streets have been surveyed and built through the same, and several lots sold for residences. Enough has been retained to make a first class, up to date farm. He keeps a small, but select, herd of grade cows, and still continues the business he learned as a boy, the production of milk.

A Republican in politics, he has been twice road agent and has served the town as selectman. He is past chancellor of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. P., and is an active member of Lamprey River Grange.

On January 24, 1875, he married Ella F., daughter of John F. and Sarah A. (Miles) Demeritt of this town.

STEPHEN HAMILTON DAVIS

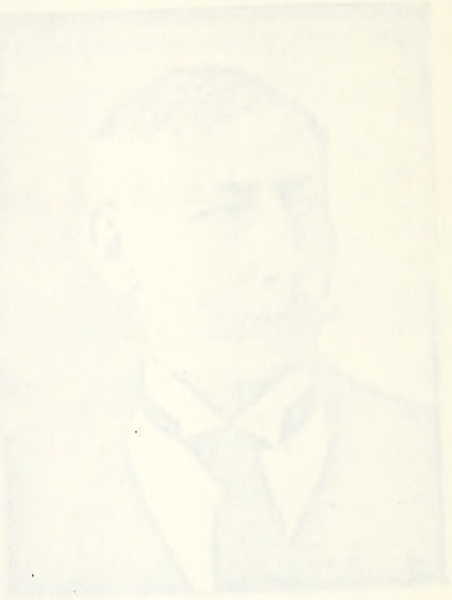
Our readers will recall a few years ago the multiplicity of secret societies which sprang into existence. Among others that flourished for a brief day here was "The Sovereigns of Industry," some of whose members builded better than they realized in the organization of what has proved to be not only a successful but one of the most popular stores in the town.

At the inception of the enterprise only members of the order were patrons, but as interest therein soon decreased, a stock company took over the store and has since continued the business. In August, 1878, Mr. Stephen H. Davis was installed as manager, and to his business ability, combined with his courteous attention to the needs of the humblest patron, the present success of the enterprise is very largely attributable.

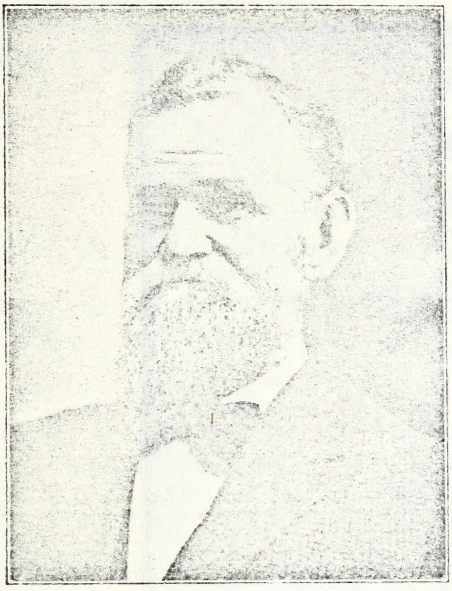
Stephen Hamilton Davis is a native of Lee, where he first saw the light, April 15, 1842. His educational opportunities were decidedly limited, consisting as they did of attendance upon the district schools and a brief term at a private school. He remained with his parents until his twenty-second year, when he started in life for himself.

For a few years he tried his hand at various employments, none of which appealed to him especially, until at length he was employed as a clerk in a grocery store. Here he found congenial employment, and he determined to master every detail of the business. Possessing as he does managerial ability of high order, he was admirably qualified for the position, which since 1888 he has so ably filled.

A Republican in politics, the de-



mands of business upon his time and energies forbid his devoting either to political life, nevertheless his townsmen have made some demands he could not ignore and he has served them as selectman and three years upon the school board. He has been three times married, first to Fanny A.



Stephen H. Davis

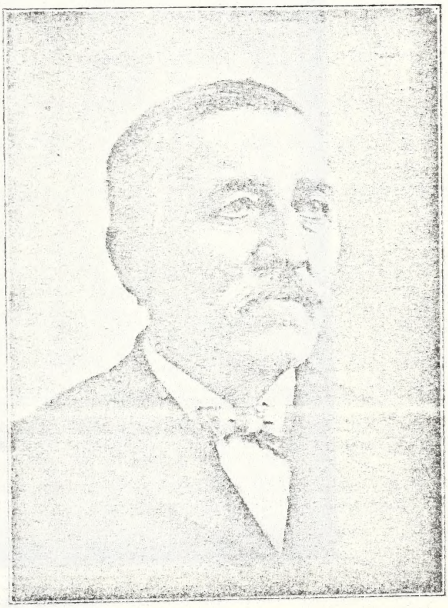
Young, who died in September, 1873.

In November, 1875, he married Annie M. Sanborn of Exeter, who died July 6, 1893. She bore him two children, Sadie M. and Fannie A., both surviving. July 31, 1895, he married Carrie O. Chesley of Durham.

In this connection the writer desires to pay a tribute to the father of Mr. Davis. When a lad I well remember him as an honored visitor at my father's home. A farmer by occupation he early gave his heart to God and became deeply interested in those great questions involving our future state and condition. He became a close student of the Bible and but few men were his equal in quoting the precepts of that "Book of Books." At his own expense he went about doing good and many owed their religious awakening to his faithful, earnest labors. Wier Davis died July 22, 1893. Of him well may it be said: "Though being dead he yet speaketh" and "His works do follow him."

IRVING T. GEORGE

The legal profession at one time, earlier in the town's history, had no less than seven representatives, and it is an eloquent commentary upon the peacefulness of the present generation that but two are now known to the town. Irving True, son of Henry Clinton and Elinor Lamb (Hinkson) George, was born in Canaan, N. H., June 27, 1854. There he attended the local school and the Union Academy,



Irving T. George

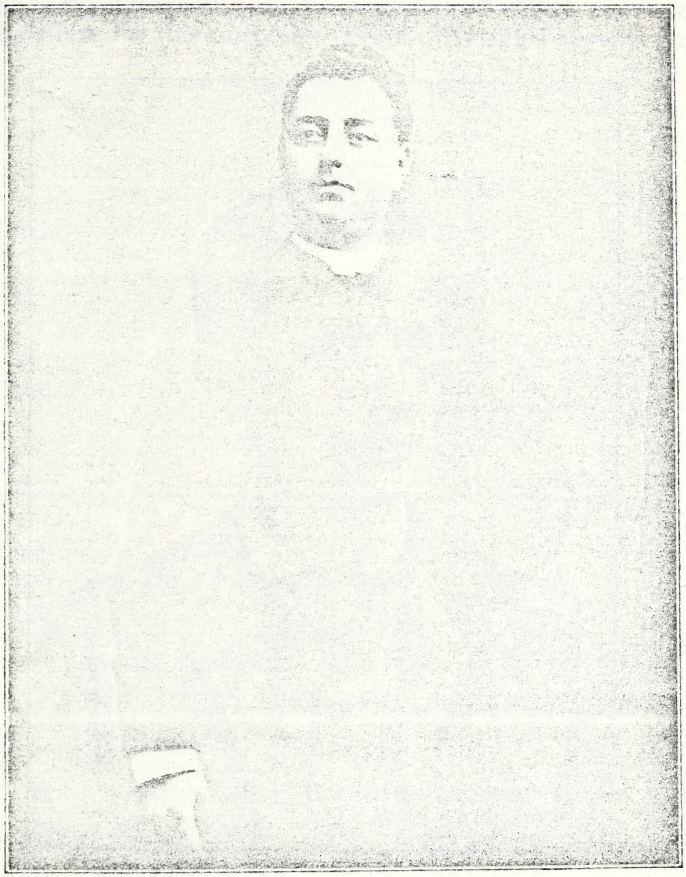
also Tilton Seminary and Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, where he fitted for Dartmouth.

He then entered the office of the late John Y. Mugridge of Concord, and studied law with him, and with George W. Murray at Canaan, and was admitted to the bar at Plymouth,

at the November term, 1877. The May following he moved to Newmarket, which has since been his home. His life has largely been devoted to the practice of his profession, but he takes a most active interest in school affairs and has been a member of the school board, here and in his native town, over nine years.

REV. GEORGE A. DEMERS

The affairs of the Catholic parish in Newmarket are at present under the care of Rev. Father George Arthur Demers, who was born at Levis, P. Q., February 10, 1876. His father was Edward and his mother Alma (Couture). The father was an



Rev. George A. Demers

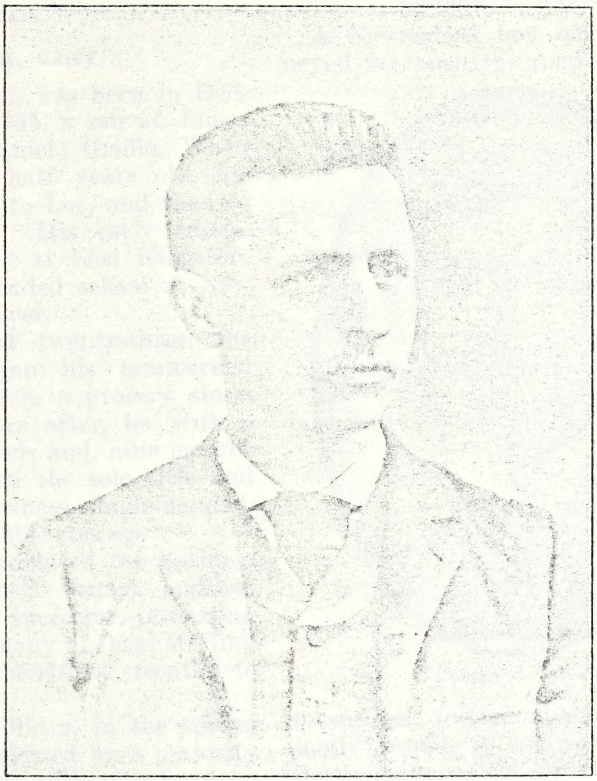
In 1900 His Excellency Governor Jordan appointed him judge of the Police Court of Newmarket, which position he still holds.

He married Nellie, daughter of John and Bertha A. (Bruce) Palmer. They have five children living and one deceased.

attorney-at-law, and his brother, Cleophas, is a priest, the beloved pastor of the church at Somersworth. Fond of his nephew (the subject of this sketch), he assumed the responsibility of his education and the youth was ordained from his church. He was educated at Levis College and the University of St. Joseph, N. B., and re-

ceived his theological training at the Grand Seminary of the Sulbicien Fathers at Montreal. He was ordained, December 20, 1901, by the late Bishop Bradley.

In May, 1907, he was assigned to this charge, and during his brief stay has succeeded in paying off every dollar of indebtedness, having raised something more than three thousand five hundred dollars for this purpose.



Walter Bryant Greene

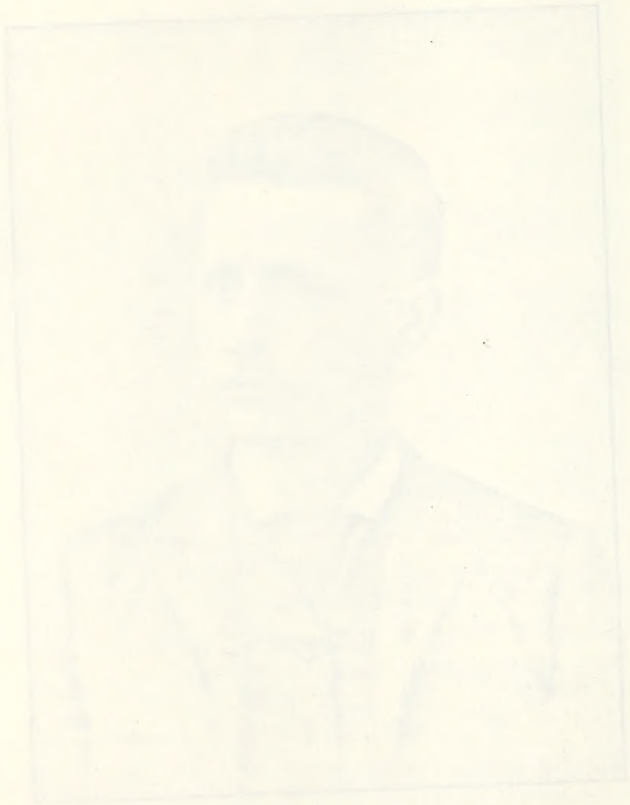
Plans have been made and are now in the hands of the bishop and in the early spring work will begin upon a large convent which he will erect.

Something over six feet in height, Father Demers is blessed with a splendid physique and his frank, open countenance and ever genial courtesy win for him firm friends wherever his lot may be cast.

WALTER B. GREENE

Walter Bryant, only son of Samuel H. and Mallie R. (Baker) Greene, was born here November 9, 1861. He attended the local schools, including the high, and on the appointment of his father in 1883 to the postmastership of the town he became deputy postmaster and filled that post eight years. He filled several clerical positions in the town and learned the tailoring business with Benjamin F. Haley & Co., and in 1898 removed to Ashville, N. C., where he established the first ladies' tailoring business in that section. From its inception it has had a steady growth and he now has some thirty people in his employ.

He joined Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., soon after attaining his



majority, and after serving in most of the subordinate positions he was elected worshipful master. He is a member of Belknap Chapter and Orphan Council at Dover, and joined Cyrene Commandery, K. T., of Asheville, N. C., and at its first election thereafter he was unanimously elected as captain general and the succeeding year eminent commander.

June 8, 1884, he married Bertha B., daughter of John and Bertha Bruce of Newmarket.

JOHN H. GRIFFIN

John H. Griffin, was born in Dedham, Mass., in 1855, a son of James and Irene (McDaniel) Griffin. When but two and a half years old, his parents removed to Lee, and then to Madbury, N. H. His early education was acquired at East Kingston, but he later attended school at New Hampton and Dover.

At the age of twenty-three, the young man began his commercial training as clerk in a grocery store, which, three years after, he, with a partner, purchased; and, nine months later, he acquired the sole title and continued the business, single-handed, and with remarkable success.

Mr. Griffin purchased the business founded by John S. Bennett and has proved a worthy successor, possessing as he does very many of those sterling traits and characteristics essential to success.

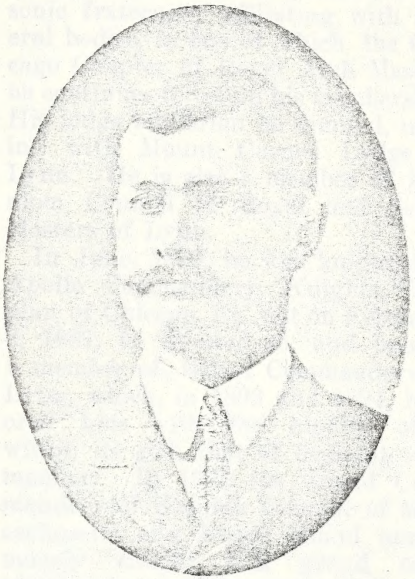
A loyal Republican, in the spring of 1892 he was elected by a majority of over 100 to the office of selectman, notwithstanding the town for thirteen years had gone Democratic. So successful was his administration of this office that five years later his party nominated him to the legislature and he was elected by a large majority. In 1890 he was elected county commissioner. He served two terms and was chairman of the board.

He is a member of the Grange and Mount Pleasant Lodge and Prescott Encampment, I. O. O. F., and of the Rebekahs and past chancellor; also a member of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., and is also affiliated with the U. R. of that order, in which he ranks as first lieutenant.

October, 1888, Abbie G., daughter of James W. and Caroline (Goodwin) Bartlett of Eliot, Me., became his wife. They have three children: Caroline, J. Bartlett and Ione—a happy family indeed.

CHARLES C. HAINES

A Newmarket boy who has journeyed far upon the road which leads



Charles C. Haines

to success, and of whom the town is justly proud, is Charles C. Haines, the principal of the Lewis School (one of the largest in Boston), having under him forty-eight instructors and almost two thousand pupils. He is the son of Charles P. and Cornelia E. (Eastman) Haines, and was born here, April 15, 1861. He was educated in the public schools and at Bridgewater Normal School, and fitted for Dartmouth College. He commenced teaching in the district schools of Newmarket and Durham, and was principal of the grammar school of

Spencer, Mass., one term, going from there to Dover, as principal of the Sawyer Grammar School, which position he filled one year and next became principal of the Adams School of Quincy, Mass. Here he remained two years and was then elected submaster of the Henry L. Pierce School of Boston, where he remained three years, until his election April 10, 1901, to the important post he now so ably fills.

Nor does this represent the sum of his activities in his chosen profession, for since his removal to Boston he has been principal of an evening elementary school, taught eleven years in the Central Evening High School, and for three summers was principal of the East Boston vacation school, and for two years was supervisor of lectures given under the auspices of the school board.

Socially his affiliations are many and varied. He is a member of the Royal Arcanum, Dorchester Lodge, I. O. O. F., Boston City Club, Dudley Club, the New Hampshire Club and the Newmarket Club of Boston. Soon after reaching his majority his father led him to the inner door of Rising Star Lodge, No. 47, A. F. and A. M., where he was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason.

After removing to Boston he dimitted therefrom and joined Union Lodge, Dorchester Chapter, Joseph Warren Commandery and Aleppo Temple, N. M. S. January 30, 1886, he married Abbie S. Ranson. They have one daughter, Marion E., now in Wellesley College.

GEORGE EDWARD HILTON

George Edward Hilton, son of John and Sally Hilton, was born in Lynn, Mass., June 13, 1841, and resides in the same house in which he was born. He received his education in the public schools of Lynn, graduating from its high school.

Mr. Hilton is a veteran of the Civil War, having served in 1862–'63 in Co. I, Eighth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Later, after returning from the field, he was elected and served as second lieutenant in Company I, Eighth Regiment.

Subsequent to 1866 he resided in Chicago for seventeen years, where he was engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe business. He lost everything in the great Chicago fire in 1871, but started in business again, which he continued with success until circumstances required his return to Lynn in 1884.

While in Chicago he joined the Masonic fraternity, affiliating with several bodies, in one of which, the Chicago Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, he continues to retain his membership. His lodge affiliation he dimited, uniting with Mount Carmel Lodge of Lynn. He is also a member of Zebulom Council of Royal and Select Masters of Lynn.

In June, 1880, he was knighted in Apollo Commandery, Knights Templar, of Chicago, Ill., but on February 2, 1887, he dimited to, and became a member of, Olivet Commandery of Lynn, which, in 1893 and 1894, honored him with the highest office within its gift, that of eminent commander. In 1901 the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island unanimously elected him grand commander, by which he received the title of Right Eminent Sir. His administration was most successful and he is held in high esteem by the Sir Knights of the grand jurisdiction. He is a life member of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite and appendant orders of the Valley of Massachusetts.

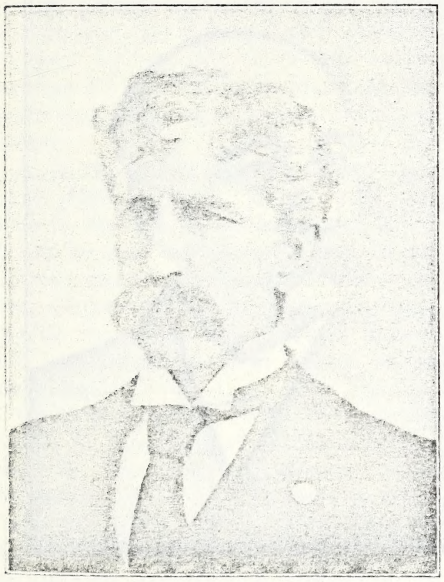
While prominent in Masonic affairs his interest is equally deep in military organizations, and he is a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

Possessed of a remarkably fine physique, his mind cultivated and refined, generous to a fault, loyal and

unselfishly devoted to his friends, he occupies a warm place in the hearts of all who are blessed with his acquaintance.

GEORGE O. HODGDON

Few, indeed, are better known in this vicinity than George Oliver, son of John William and Elizabeth Ann (Caswell) Hodgdon. From the day of his birth, July 21, 1852, he has been a resident of the town. His educational advantages were limited.



George O. Hodgdon

He attended the village schools and at the age of twelve years entered the mill, where for three years he was employed. He then began to learn the trade of a painter and paper hanger, which has been his life work.

A Democrat in politics, he has served his town in varied positions. In 1882 he was elected selectman, and served five years. In 1888 he was a representative in the legislature; in 1889 town treasurer and in 1890 tax collector, where he served five years. He served three years upon the school board; has been auditor, and at this writing is again tax collector.

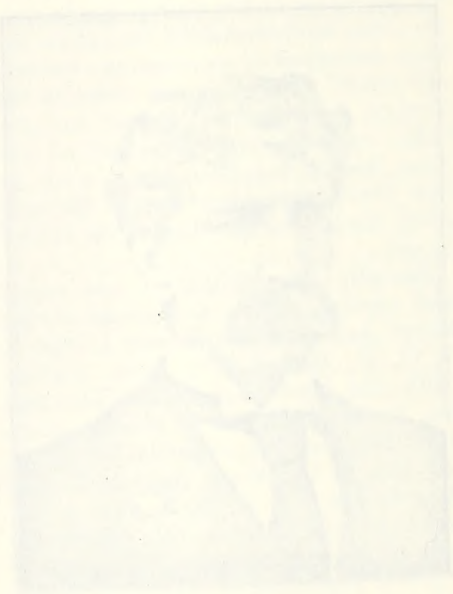
Thirty-one years ago he became a member of Swamscott Lodge of Odd Fellows, and for six years held the office of noble grand. For ten years he was one of the trustees of the lodge and three years district deputy and is a member of the Rebekahs. He is also a member and past chancellor of Pioneer Lodge, K. of P., and is a past master of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Practically all his life (for when but twelve years old he was chosen torch boy) he has been an active and most enthusiastic member of the fire department, and for thirty-eight years he has served as its most efficient clerk. He is an earnest member of the Baptist church, one of its trustees and for fifteen years has been its treasurer.

January 1, 1873, he married Eudora Ramsbottom of Rochester. They have had three children, Josephine, wife of Charles Sinclair of N. Y.; Elizabeth G., wife of Arthur Vennard of Portsmouth and George W., who died at the age of twenty-six.

MATTHEW T. KENNEDY

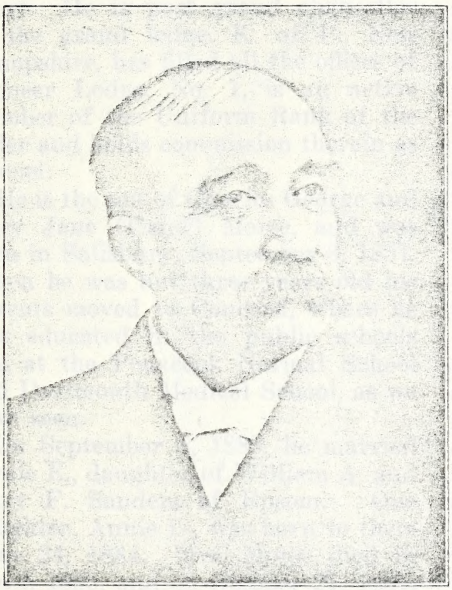
One of the youngest representatives of the commercial life of the town is Matthew T., son of Thomas and Katherine Kennedy, born January 31, 1871. He attended the schools of the village and was graduated from the high school in the class of 1890. His natural inclination was to mercantile life, and before his graduation he had assisted in the store of Mr. Priest for about a year. After leaving school he was employed by W. W. Durrell, with whom he remained for nine years. In April, 1904, in company with Mr. W. P. Haley, he purchased the grocery store established by the late J. R. Saunders. After about two years he purchased his partner's interest and has since that time conducted the business alone. Its growth has been steady and last year the volume of business was in excess of $20,000.



For two years he was chief engineer of the fire department, and was town clerk three years. He is a member of the Foresters of America.

GEORGE K. LEAVITT

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part—there all the honor lies," says Pope and the truth of this has never been questioned. While many of the sons of the town have been more prominently



George K. Leavitt

before the public, yet none are held in higher esteem nor have more or truer friends than George Kittredge, son of Nathan Holt and Betsey (Batchelder) Leavitt, who first saw the light December 20, 1850.

His father was for many years prominent in town and county affairs, having served as selectman, postmaster, sheriff and filled other positions of trust and responsibility. He kept a grocery store, and when George was but fourteen years of age he entered the same and began to learn the details of the business, which has been his life work. His educational advantages were limited. He attended the local schools until, as noted, at an early age he began to earn his own way in the world.

In 1872, in company with Edward Richardson, he purchased the business established by his father, in which he has continued. In 1878 that partnership was dissolved, and one year later A. J. Watterson associated with him and they today conduct the same.

Seeking no position for himself, he is always ready to do whatever he can for the advancement of the town's best interest and to contribute to every "good word and work." Quiet and unostentatious in manner, seeking not his own, but the best good of others, he commands the respect of the entire community and thus fills the measure of "An honest man, the noblest work of God."

He is a member and past chancellor of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., and of the Knights of Honor and of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

February 25, 1875, he married Josephine, daughter of Brackett and Susan Hayes. They have two daughters, Bessie and Alice.

DR. CHARLES A. MORSE

Still another of the adopted sons of the town who has been and still is both active and efficient in the affairs of his party (Democratic) as well as in public service is Charles Alfred Morse, who was graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School in November, 1881 (class of '82), and the second day of February, next following, came to this town, which has since been and doubtless will be his home until "life's poor play is o'er."

Possessed of an active temperament, a well stored mind, tireless energy, deep-seated convictions, with the happy faculty of convincing argument and ready expression, which oft times mounts on wings of eloquence, he naturally became a leader in local politics and is recognized by his opponents, as well as by his friends, as

a man of unusual capacity for leadership and "hard to beat," doubtless one reason for which being his resemblance to the Irishman, who "didn't know when he was licked."

During both terms of Cleveland's administration, he was the local postmaster. He was also superintendent of schools, representative in 1887, elected to the state senate for 1899, 1900; selectman for 1904–'05–'06, and for six years has been moderator. He has also been justice of the police court. He is past grand chancellor of the grand lodge, K. of P., New Hampshire, has filled all the offices of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, is an active member of the Uniform Rank of the order and holds commission therein as colonel.

He is the son of Charles George and Lucy Jane (Calef) Morse, and was born in Salisbury, September 8, 1857. When he was but three years old his parents moved to Concord, where he was educated in the public schools and at the Penacook Normal School and Dartmouth Medical School, as we have seen.

On September 5, 1883, he married Annie E., daughter of William A. and Mary F. Sanders of Epsom. One daughter, Annie L., was born to them June 24, 1884. Mrs. Morse died in April, 1885, and on October 27, 1887, he married Gertrude M., daughter of David O. and Martha A. (DeMeritt) Davis of Durham, by whom he has two daughters, Alice Gertrude, born April 23, 1889, and Dorothea DeMeritt, born October 22, 1896.

ALVAH H. PLACE

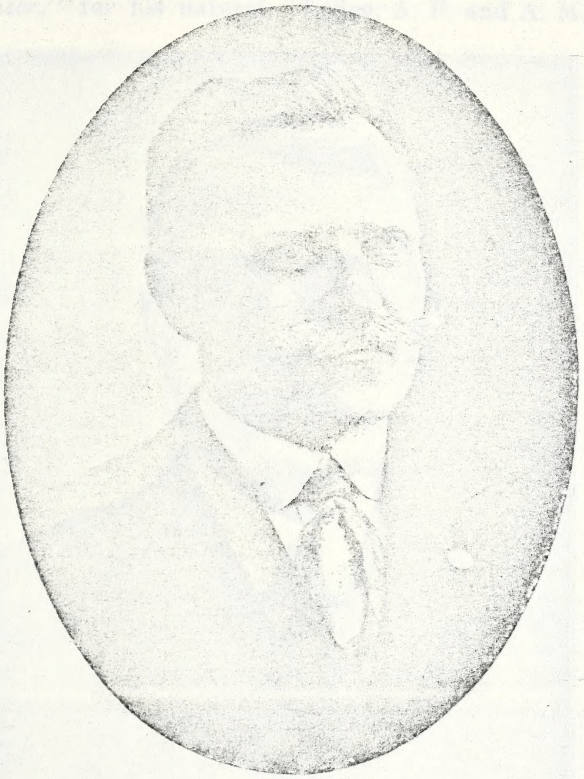
Prominent among the business men of the town, one who is ever anxious for its best interests and advancement is Alvah H. Place, the leading druggist. He is a native of Strafford, where he was born in 1861. He is the son of Jonathan and Sarah (Waterhouse) Tuttle. His father was descended from one of the first settlers at Dover Point, and his family is one of the oldest in the state. When but four years of age his mother was taken from him and his aunt, Mrs. Hannah Place of Milton, tenderly reared him as her own child, and he was universally known by the name of Place; and, on attaining his majority, he petitioned the court and legally adopted the name.

When but twelve years of age he returned to Strafford, where, for two years, he worked upon a farm, attending the district school in winter. Ambition for an education and in search of more favorable opportunities, two years later he went to Dover, and for three years was employed by Rev. Geo. B. Spaulding, and during a part of this time attended the Dover schools. The year after he left Mr. Spaulding was spent in the Cocheco Print Works; and in 1879 he entered the employ of Lothrops & Pinkham, with whom he learned the drug business.

In 1882 he came to this town, and, after serving three years in the drug store of Dr. J. H. Twombly, in company with Charles E. Carter, he purchased the business, of which he is now the sole owner, and has very materially enlarged the same. Mr. Place is a Republican, active and earnest, seeking the best good of the party rather than personal position. For many years he has been a member of the Republican state committee. The demands of his constantly increasing business forbid his acceptance of official positions to any extent, but he has served as moderator, chairman of the water board, and, in 1897, represented the town in the legislature.

One local measure which owes its existence very largely to the efforts of Mr. Place deserves mention here. Politically the town is about evenly divided, and, as is too often the case under such conditions, for many years money has been freely used and much bitter partisanship resulted. Last year, however, an agreement was for-

mulated by Mr. Place and signed by the representatives of both parties "to suppress the illegal use of money or any form of bribery at elections." By its terms and conditions the offices are annually divided between the two parties. The plan works admirably and deserves to be followed by other close towns.



Alvah H. Place

Mr. Place is a director of the Newmarket National Bank; a member of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., and an active, earnest member of Rising Star Lodge, No. 47, A. F. and A. M., and is at this writing its efficient worshipful master .

S. Lizzie Palmer, daughter of John and Bertha A. Palmer of this town, became his wife in 1884. They have one daughter, Marguerite, and one son, Palmer.

FRANK H. PINKHAM

In one feature that goes far toward promoting the best interests of any town, viz., the local paper, this village is fortunate, for in possessing the *Advertiser* it has not only an interesting and thoroughly reliable vehicle for the news of the hour, but also a champion which always stands for the cause of right and justice and which is first and foremost in advocating all measures calculated to advance or to improve the best interests of the town.

Frank Herbert Pinkham is not only the editor but the owner and originator of this wide-awake, progressive, up-to-date newspaper. He it was who published its first number, and, save for one brief interval, he has continuously published it ever since.

Of Newmarket parentage (although born in Maine, while his mother was visiting her parents), he is the son of Hollis Hamden and Abbie Meserve (Pinkham) Pinkham, his natal day being October 9, 1854. Here he attended the public schools and was for a time a pupil at Tilton Seminary. When but a youth of nineteen, he produced No. 1, Vol. 1, of "The Newmarket *Advertiser*," for his natural bent and inclination led him to the selection of journalism, which has proven to be his life work. The growth and development of his paper has been neither startling nor sensational, but from the first its watchword has been progress and this has been its constant march.



Frank H. Pinkham

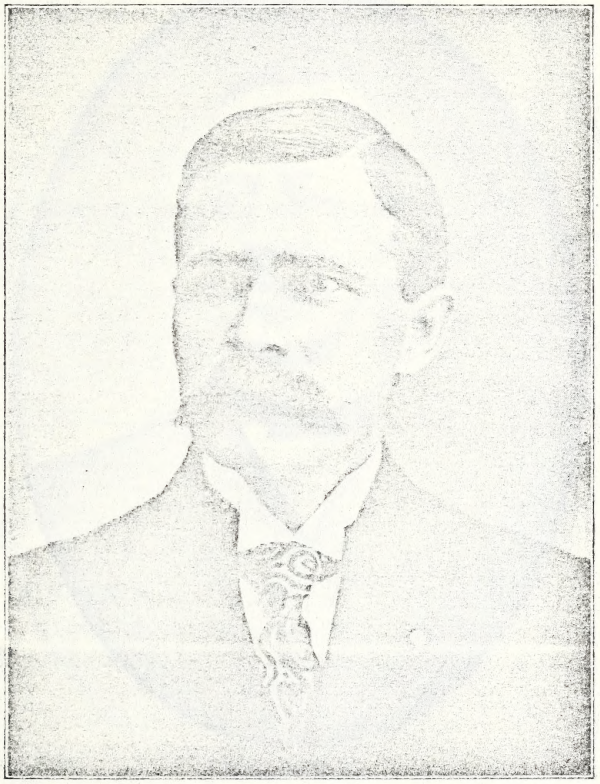
Of an agreeable, companionable disposition and temperament, it was but natural that he should be much sought after to unite his influence and talents with those organizations which have become such an important factor in our social development. He is a member of the Knights of Honor, Pioneer Lodge, K. of P., Grange, Red Men, past warden and past supreme representative, N. E. O. of P., and has filled the highest office in Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He has also served his town in varied positions of trust and responsibility, having been treasurer of the school district twelve years and town treasurer eight years.

In April, 1875, he married Miss Marion L. Ritchie of Everett, Mass. He has two daughters, Bessie, wife of Clarence H. Neal, and Ada, who married Amsde Magnon.

ALBERT E. STEVENS

While the whir of the wheels of industry always attracts the multitude and commercial life wins many devotees, yet the agriculturist is the only real producer of wealth, and our farms are the chief basis of our prosperity and development; and it is a hopeful indication for our future that young men, once so anxious to leave the farm are now beginning to turn back to the ancestral acres. The subject of this sketch is a progressive farmer, and one who commands the respect of all classes who recognize his upright and unimpeachable character. Albert Edgar, son of Charles Edwin and Abbie (Ham) Stevens, was born at Durham, November 5, 1872. When but two years old his parents moved to Newmarket, which has since been his home. His education was acquired at the village schools, including the high, and in his daily life he is not content to stand still but seeks constant advancement.

His farm is one of the largest and best managed in this vicinity. Here he keeps a herd of fine grade cows, averaging some thirty in number, the milk from which he sells directly to consumers here in the village. Exacting as are his duties and labors, he has time to render faithful and effective service to his town. Four times he has served upon the board of selectmen, has been supervisor of the checklist and is now a representative in the legislature—an earnest, consistent Republican.



Albert E. Stevens

He is a member of Rising Star Lodge, No. 47, A. F. and A. M., and

its junior warden; he is also an active and useful member of Lamprey River Grange and has been master thereof three terms.

November 23, 1897, he married Mildred H., the daughter of Elijah H. and Leantha J. Wilson of Boston. They have one child, Mildred.

Although born in Durham, Mr. Stevens is a son of the town. His great grandfather, Nathaniel, settled on the farm where Mr. Stevens now resides, some time prior to 1800. He was prominent in town affairs, filled many local offices and was in the legislature. He died in 1865 and his son, Hale, purchased a farm in Durham, where his son, Charles, the father of Albert, was born.



Harry B. Tasker

TASKER AND CHESLEY

On leaving the depot at Dover, as we take our way through Third Street, we note the sign of Tasker and Chesley, funeral directors, and here two sons of Newmarket have established themselves in a business which bids fair, not only to provide the owners with a competence, but to reflect credit upon the town of their birth.

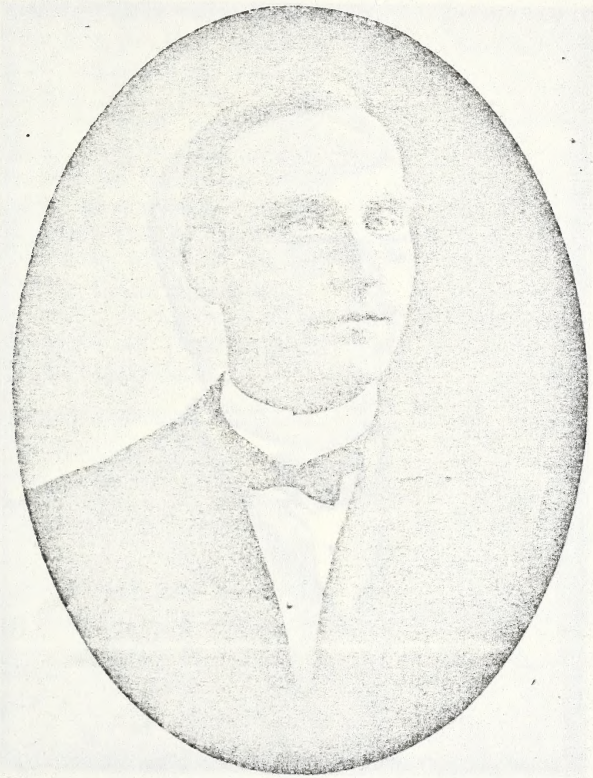
Harry Birnay, son of Charles E. and Georgianna J. Tasker, first saw the light June 17, 1870. Here his childhood and youth were spent and here he was graduated from the high school in the class of '89. On leaving school he entered the employ of Treadwell & Folsom, with whom he remained until the sale of their business two years later, and was one year with their successor, Mr. John H. Griffin.

In 1892 he entered the employ of his father, with whom he mastered the details of the undertaking busi-

ness, including scientific embalming, and in July, 1897, with Mr. Chesley he removed to Dover, where they purchased an established undertaking business, under the firm name and style of Tasker and Chesley.

At an early age Mr. Tasker affiliated with Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and filled most of its subordinate offices. In 1903 he was called to its highest position, that of worshipful master. He is also a member of Belknap Chapter, R. A. M., having served as high priest thereof, Orphans' Council, St. Paul's Commandery, K. T., and the New Hampshire Consistory A. A. S. R., together with Bektash Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. He is also a member of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., and Wecohamet Lodge, No. 3, I. O. O. F., and of Dover Lodge, No. 184, B. P. O. E. The New Hampshire Licensed Embalmers' Association has elected him to preside over its deliberations and he still serves as its president. On August 15, 1905, he married Nora E., daughter of Michel and Elizabeth Lee, of the township of Lee. Their residence is in Dover.

T. Jewett Chesley, of Tasker and Chesley, is a native of Minnesota, and was born at Hutchinson, June 11, 1869. His father was James E. and his mother, Frances A. Tasker, is a sister to Mr. Charles E. Tasker, and, at the death of her husband, when the boy was twelve years old, she returned to the town of her youth.



T. Jewett Chesley

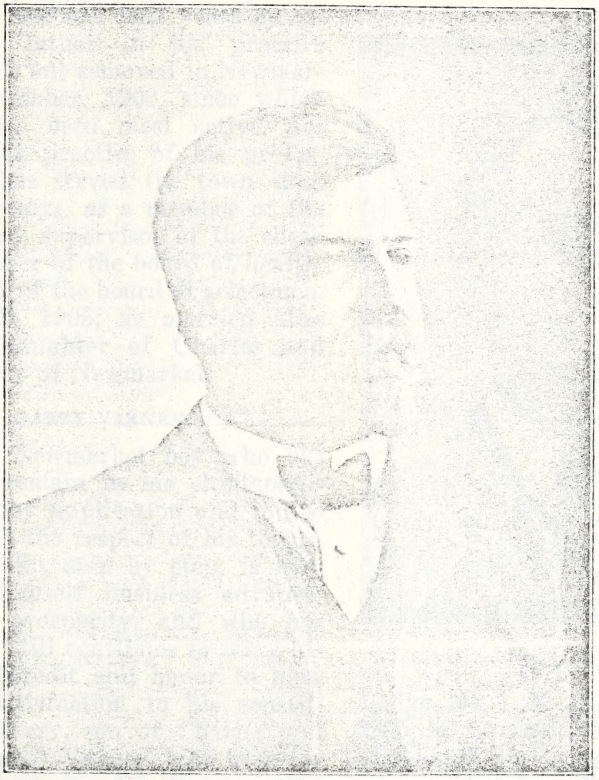
Jewett attended the high school and was graduated in the class of 1888, and afterwards attended the New Hampshire Institute one year. Returning to Newmarket, he entered the office of the *Advertiser*, and for the next five years devoted himself to

acquiring a thorough knowledge of the newspaper business. The work did not agree with him, however, and he gave it up and sought to regain his impaired strength and vitality and for the next two years attempted no business until he formed his present partnership, as heretofore noted.

The aim and ambition of these young men has been to excel and nature has done much to qualify each

Mr. Chesley was treasurer of the town of Newmarket two years and at the present time is grand treasurer of the Grand Commandery, Knights of Malta, the united grand jurisdiction of Maine and New Hampshire.

He is a charter member and the first commander of Valetta Commandery, K. of M., of Dover; is also a member of Dover Lodge, 184, B. P. O. E., and of Pioneer Lodge No. 1,



George H. Towle, M. D.

of them for the peculiarly trying features of their avocation. Possessing as they do an ever ready sympathy combined with rare executive ability and with a quiet dignified manner, it was but natural to expect the steady growth which from the first their business has experienced and which bids fair to become second to none in the city.

K. of P., of Newmarket. He preceded Mr. Tasker one year as worshipful master of Rising Star Lodge, having filled that exalted office in 1901–02.

DR. GEORGE H. TOWLE

George Henry Towle, Jr., son of the well known and successful physician of Deerfield, George Henry and Panthea Priscilla (Tucker) Towle, was



born at the old homestead August 7, 1872. He attended the village school and, later, Coe's Academy at Northwood, and then Tilton Seminary, and entered Dartmouth in the class of '97. After completing his studies there he attended one course of lectures at the medical school of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, then entered the medical school of the University of Vermont, where he was graduated in 1900.

For two and one half years he assisted his father in his practice at Deerfield, but removed to Newmarket in November, 1903, since which time he has been most active, not alone in the practice of his profession, but has served the town in a variety of ways, as a member of the school board, supervisor of the check list, a member of the board of health, and is clerk of the board of selectmen. January 10, 1905, he married Miss Kate V., daughter of Charles and Kate Varney of Newmarket.

HARRY VARNEY

Another Newmarket boy who has elected to remain in his childhood's home, who by application and industry has won the respect of his townsmen, and who, step by step, is winning for himself business advancement and prosperity, and who has served and still continues to serve his town with credit and honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituents, is Harry, son of Charles and Luella (Clark) Varney, who here for the first time saw the light on the third day of November, 1873.

He attended the local schools and at an early age began to assist his father, who at that time had the largest retail meat business of the town, and here the youth Harry familiarized himself with all the details of the meat and provision business. In 1896 he established himself therein, and, from the very beginning, has prospered, as his constantly increasing business eloquently testifies.

In 1904 and 1905 the town called him to the office of selectman, and last year he was the choice of his party (the Democratic) as representative, a position which he still fills. He is very fond of all aquatic sports and his sixteen horse-power naphtha launch is the finest on the bay, at once the envy and admiration of all. He is an active member of the Portsmouth Yacht Club, the New England Order of Protection and of Pioneer



Harry Varney

Lodge, No. 1, K. of P. February 28, 1895, he married Annie, the daughter of Thomas and Anna Buckley of this town. They have three daughters.

JOHN WALKER

Since that morning, so far back in the dim and distant past, when Jacob bade farewell to the tents of Abraham which had sheltered and protected his youth, and with high hopes and fresh courage sought wife and fortune in Padan-aram, it has been the habit and custom of energetic youth to leave home and seek to win laurels among strangers. When

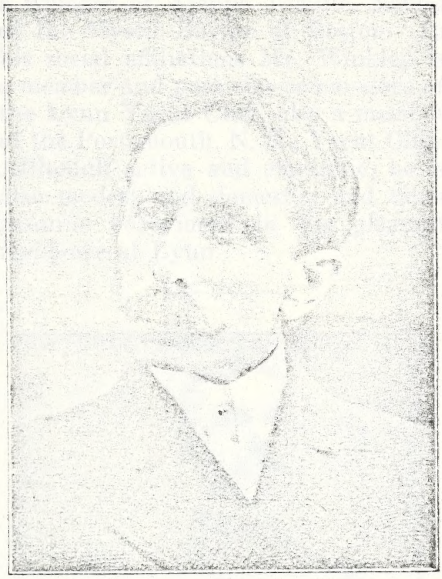
therefore, we find a man with the courage to woo the "fickle goddess" in his own home and among his own people, it is an occasion for congratulatory comment, the more especially if he "compels the fates to grant him his reward."

John, the son of George Frank and Alice (Brackett) Walker, was born, September 14, 1868. He attended the local schools and Phillips Exeter Academy in 1885 and 1886, and entered Dartmouth in the class of '91. From his junior year he entered the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, from which he was graduated in '93, and for the three years next following he engaged in engineering and contracting; from 1896 to 1900 he devoted his energies to contracting and lumbering. Since the birth of the present century his work has been wholly lumbering. He has in his employ some fifty men and the volume of business transacted by him last year was approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Walker has been blessed by nature with a splendid physique, and, possesses a striking personality—something over six feet in height, with an eye which looks you squarely in the face—his manner is at once pleasing and deeply earnest, his energy seems practically inexhaustible and he conveys something of his indomitable spirit to his associates. His executive ability is second to none; he is recognized as a man of great worth, charming manner and tireless energy, and his townsmen hold him in highest appreciation and regard. He is a director of the Newmarket National Bank, and a member of Rising Star Lodge, No. 47, A. F. and A. M., Belknap Chapter, Orphans' Council and St. Paul's Commandery Knights Templar, and Bektash Temple, N. M. S. In December, 1895, he was married to Laura J., daughter of Plummer and Sarah J. (Dodge) Ladd, and they are blessed with six children.

FRANKLIN P. WHEELER

Those of our readers who have followed these pages have not failed to be impresed with the remarkably faithful and artistic portraiture which illustrates the same. Few towns of the size of Newmarket can boast the possession of an artist who can compete in excellence of work produced with Newmarket's photographer, Wheeler.



Frank P. Wheeler

Franklin Pierce, son of Lorenzo Dow and Sarah S. Wheeler, is a native of Hooksett, where he attended the village school. When he was twelve years of age his parents moved to Methuen, Mass., and the Fourth of July following, their buildings, with all that they contained, were destroyed by fire. As there was a large family, the boy, Frank, went to Atkinson to reside with his grandparents and here he attended the Atkinson Academy and assisted with the labors of the farm, until his twenty-second birthday.

There was within him, however, an ambition for something else. The

heavy labor of the farm did not satisfy his artistic aspiration, and so he left what for more than ten years had been to him a home, and, at Haverhill, Mass., began what has been his life's study—for he is not content to rest upon work accomplished, but daily seeks to win new victories. To him the study of the human face, the effect of light and shade and artistic posing possesses a peculiar fascination, and it is only natural that, with such ambitions, his work should excel.

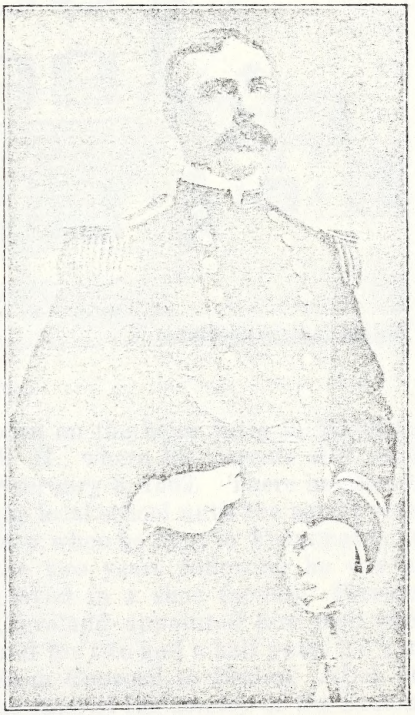
ERASTUS EDWIN WINKLEY

Erastus Edwin Winkley, son of Charles Edwin and Elizabeth (Allen) Winkley, was born in Newmarket, March 29, 1866. As a lad he attended the Pine Hill district school, and later received instruction in the public schools of Newmarket. At the age of seventeen he entered the employ of the Swamscott Machine Company, at South Newmarket, to learn the pattern-maker's trade, remaining there one year, when he entered the employ of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company as boss of the woodshop, in which capacity he served one year.

With the money thus earned he took a special course in mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he graduated in May, 1888. He then entered the employ of the Thompson-Houston Electric Company of Lynn, Mass., as mechanical draftsman, soon afterward forming a partnership and establishing a shop in Lynn and carrying on the profession of mechanical engineer.

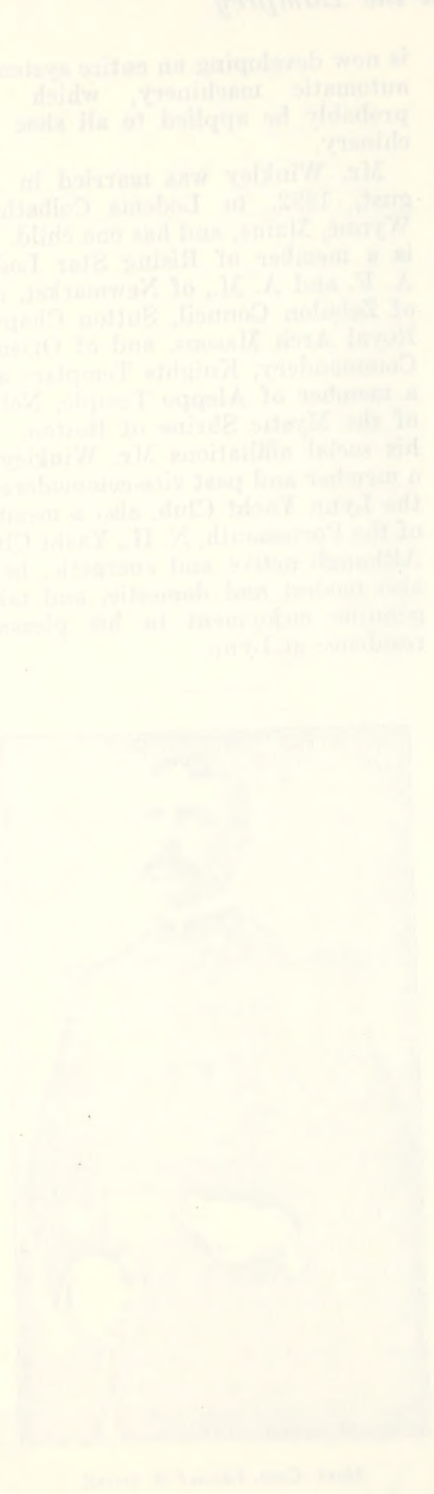
At this time Mr. Winkley began his career as an inventor. His first patented invention was a draft regulator for locomotives, which proved a financial failure. His next was an automatic leveling machine, which became a commercial success, was readily recognized as the best leveling device for Goodyear shoes and whose use is now world-wide. Mr. Winkley is now developing an entire system of automatic machinery, which will probably be applied to all shoe machinery.

Mr. Winkley was married in August, 1892, to Lodema Colbath of Wynne, Maine, and has one child. He is a member of Rising Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Newmarket, also of Zebulon Council, Sutton Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and of Oriental Commandery, Knights Templar; also a member of Aleppo Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of Boston. In his social affiliations Mr. Winkley is a member and past vice-commodore of the Lynn Yacht Club, also a member of the Portsmouth, N. H., Yacht Club. Although active and energetic, he is also modest and domestic, and takes genuine enjoyment in his pleasant residence at Lynn.



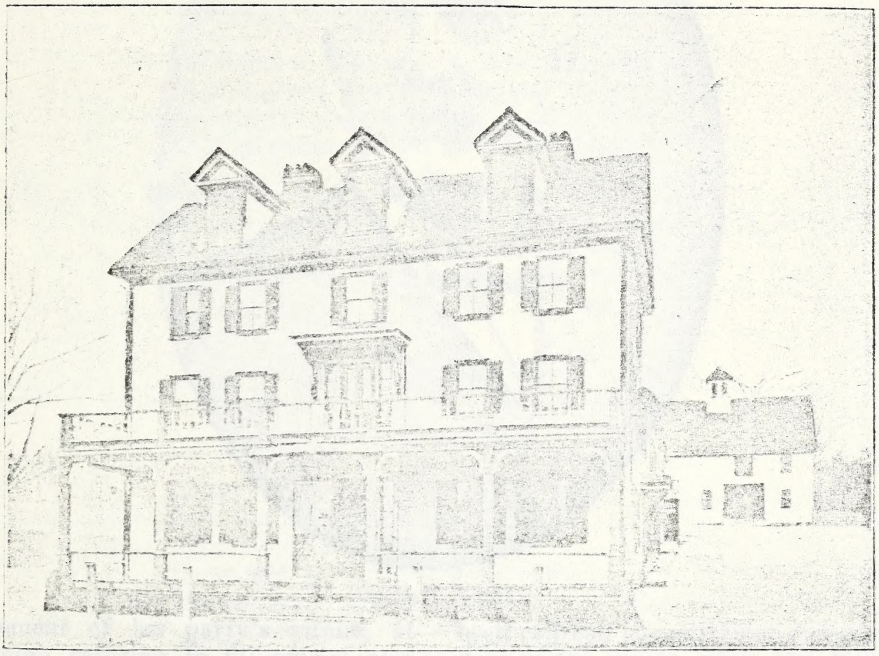
Lieut.-Com. Edward H. Durell

(See page 81)



GEORGE H. WILLEY

No one feature of a town's equipment exerts a greater influence for good or bad than the hotel, for, in the ranks of that vast army of traveling men who cover the country from coast to coast, and from gulf to lake, there exists a sort of Freemasonry and with wonderful speed they "pass the word along" and woe betide that town which fails to provide adequate care for the "Knights of the Road."



Hotel Willey

Twenty-six years of the writer's life have been spent largely in hotels, and without exaggeration he can safely say in all that time he recalls not a single house that provides so many comforts (for the price paid) as are supplied by the "Hotel Willey." While the rooms are small, they are comfortably furnished, and absolute cleanliness prevails throughout the house, but it is at the table that "Mine Host" excels. Blessed with a remarkably good cook, the food, of which there is always a good variety, is prepared and placed upon the table with the attention to detail and delicacy of flavor of which any housewife might well be proud.

Since acquiring this property, in May, 1902, Mr. Willey has entirely remodeled and refurnished, regardless of expense, until today the "Hotel Willey" is a credit to Newmarket, as it would be to any town.

George Hamlin, son of Jonas Durgin and Abbie (Horn) Willey, was born on the home farm in Middleton, N. H., where his parents still reside, February 3, 1863. There he attended the local school until the age of seventeen, when he went to Farmington, and the two years following he was employed in a shoe factory President Cleveland appointed him mail agent and for two and a half years he "ran" from Concord to Boston. After that he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine R. R., first as brakeman, later as conductor, which position he occupied seven years, and in Nov., 1894,

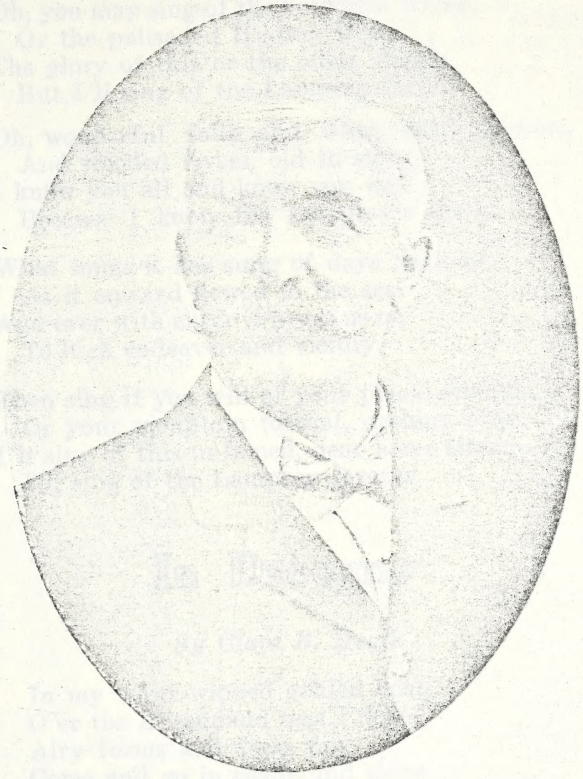
he settled in Newmarket. For eight years he operated a local express till, as noted, he bought the hotel in 1902.

A Democrat in politics, Mr. Willey takes an active part in the local management of his party's affairs, although refusing to fill official positions himself, chairman of the board of water commissioners being his only office.

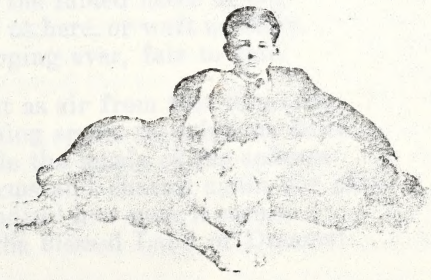
November 29, 1894, he married Eva E., daughter of Jeremy O. and Martha Phelps Nute of Farmington.

Mrs. Willey's father was a prominent man in public affairs, having been railroad commissioner and president of the senate, while Mr. Willey is of direct descent from Benjamin Willey of Revolutionary fame.

They have one son, George Nute.



George H. Willey



Lamprey River

By Lilian Ruth Smith

Oh, you may sing of the beautiful Rhine,
  Or the palisaded Hudson River,
The glory of this or the other stream,
  But I'll sing of the Lamprey forever.

Oh, wonderful falls and wide, deep streams,
  And wooded rivers, old in story,
I know you all and know you well
  Because I know the Lamprey's glory.

What songs it has sung of days gone by,
  As it onward flowed to the sea,
And ever with cheer it urges us on
  To high endeavor and victory.

Then sing if you will of your placid streams,
  Or your mountain torrent, dashing ever;
I'll sing of this unfamed, dear home stream—
  I'll sing of the Lamprey forever.

In Dreams

By Clara B. Heath

In my white-winged golden boat,
O'er the Dreamland seas I float;
Airy forms and faces fine
Come and go in shade and shine;
Human, half, and half divine;
Some like those we loved and lost,
Which our early pathway crossed.

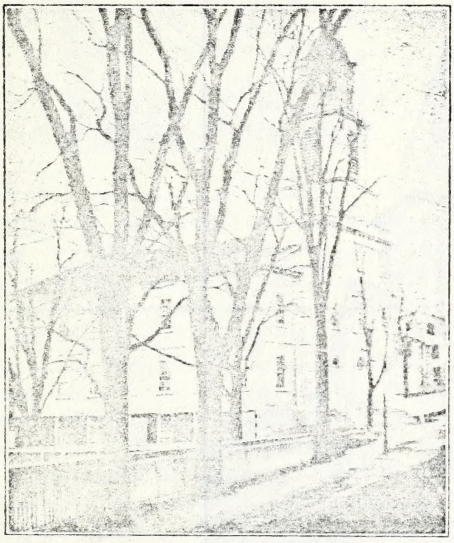
Skies of deeper, clearer hue,
Fragrance which the world ne'er knew;
Airy vapors, fold on fold,
Flecked with light and fringed with gold;
Like the fabled fleece of old,
Stay us here, or waft us there,
Changing ever, fair to fair.

Light as air from foot to crown,
Nothing seems to weigh us down,
While the music of the spheres
Charms and charms again our ears,
Paradise! how near it seems
To the blessed Land of Dreams!

An Interesting Event

By an Occasional Contributor

Although the ultimate salvation of all mankind was the accepted belief of the early Christians, the Universalist denomination, as such, is of comparatively modern growth, and dates its origin, in this country, from the days of John Murray, who came to America from England in 1773, preaching his first sermon at Good Luck, New Jersey. He was heard three years later in Portsmouth, in this state, preaching there November



The Old Universalist Church, Portsmouth
Dedicated 1808

10, 1773, and awakening a strong interest in his doctrine, so that occasional services were held there until 1777, when regular services were commenced, the same being held in the house of one George Massey, with Noah Parker, a resident of the town, as the preacher.

The cause flourished and the society increased, so that it was shortly found necessary to use the Dearborn schoolhouse for the meetings. Subsequently the Sandermanian meeting house was secured, and there services were held till 1784, during which year the society erected a building for its own use, on Vaughan St., which it proceeded to occupy. The society was incorporated by the General Court in 1793, Daniel Rindge, Thomas Martin, Jonathan M. Sewall and Martin Parry being named in the act of incorporation, and the society was duly organized on July 29, of that year as the "Universalist Society of Portsmouth."

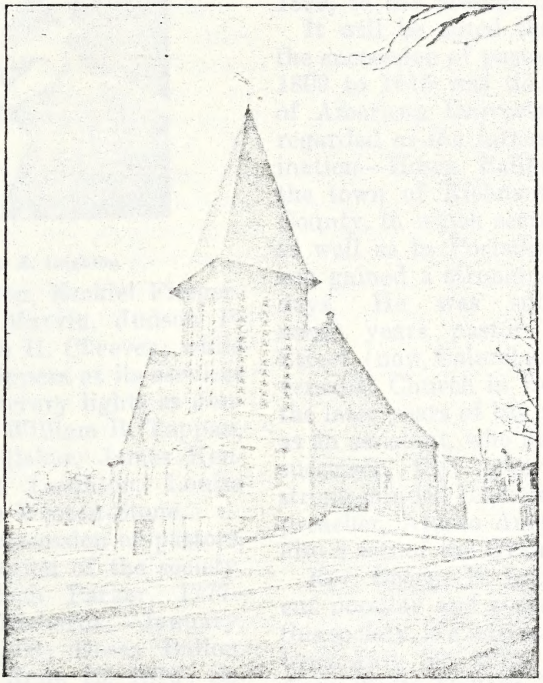
The first ordination to the Universalist ministry in the town, and probably in the state, occurred at the society's meetinghouse on July 11, 1799, George Richards, the society's second pastor, being the candidate. The occasion was an impressive one, judging from the comments of the press at the time.

In 1807 the need of a new house of worship was greatly felt, and an agitation toward such result was started, which bore fruit in prompt action, so that on January 28 of the following year a spacious new brick church edifice, standing on the same site occupied by the present church, was dedicated. This building was occupied by the society till it was destroyed by fire on Saturday, March 28, 1896. The work of rebuilding, however, was immediately commenced by the undaunted men and women of faith and courage, of whom the society has ever been composed, and the present handsome structure was completed in about a year, and formally dedicated April 21, 1897.

On the Sunday previous, January 26, and on Tuesday evening, January 28, 1908, the latter being the one hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the former church edifice, the society held appropriate exercises celebrating the centennial of the dedication in question and its final liberation from debt incurred in the work



of rebuilding. The Sunday morning service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. George E. Leighton, whose sermon was appropriate to the occasion. In the evening, at 7.30, for the first time in the history of the city, the other churches omitted their own regular services and joined with their Universalist brethren in a union service, at which addresses were given by several pastors on "The Contribution of One Hundred Years," Rev. Alfred Gooding, Unitarian, speaking



The Present Universalist Church, Portsmouth

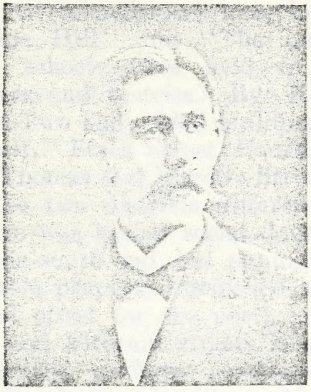
of its work in "Revealing the advantages of an old parish in an old town;" Rev. Frank H. Gardner, Christian, in "Revealing the religious need of mankind;" Rev. George W. Farmer, Methodist, in "Revealing God in human and national destiny;" Rev. George W. Gile, Baptist, in "Revealing a truer mission for the Christian church," and Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, Congregationalist, in "Revealing hope for the future."

At the Tuesday evening service, which opened at 7 o'clock with a musical recital and devotional exercises, an address of welcome was given by Edward J. Moulton, the senior deacon and oldest member of the society, which was responded to by Hon. Wallace Hackett, mayor of Portsmouth, following which greetings were received from the Portsmouth Ministerial Association, presented by Rev. Geo. W. Gile, president, from the Universalist State Convention, by Secretary George A. Miller of Manchester, and from former pastors, in person or by letter; also from Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., of Boston, editor of the *Universalist Leader*. Among those responding in person was the venerable A. J. Patterson, D. D., of Roxbury, Mass., who was pastor of the church in 1855–'56. Following the greetings came the impressive feature of the evening, the burning of the mortgage by the pastor in the presence of the audience.

From this society the ministry of



the denomination has received accessions in the persons of Noah Parker, John G. Adams (father of the Rev. J. Coleman Adams, D. D.), Benjamin F. Bowles, Massenna Goodrich, William C. Hanscom, A. A. Folsom, Woodbury M. Fernald, Tobias H.



Rev. George E. Leighton

Miller, B. F. Eaton, Ezekiel Fitzgerald, Thomas O. Marvin, Judson P. Marvin and Ralph H. Cheever; while among the worshippers at its services have been such literary lights as Jonathan M. Sewall, William B. Tappan, Benjamin P. Shillaber, James Kennard, Jr., Albert Laighton, Louisa Simes and Carrie Whiton-Stone.

The complete succession of pastors, since the organization of the society, is as follows: Noah Parker, 1777–1787; George Richards, January, 1798, to May, 1809; Hosea Ballou, Nov. 8, 1809, to June 12, 1815; Sebastian Streeter, June, 1816, to March, 1824; Edward Turner, April, 1824, to March 24, 1828; Thomas S. King, Sept. 7, 1828, to December, 1835; Moses Ballou, June 16, 1836, to May 1, 1843; George W. Montgomery, Sept. 1, 1843, to Sept. 1, 1845; Moses Ballou, Nov. 1, 1845, to March 11, 1848; Silas S. Fletcher, Aug. 6, 1848, to November, 1850; W. A. P. Dillingham, March 30, 1851, to March, 1852; Lemuel Willis, January 2, 1853, to June, 1855; Adoniram J. Patterson, August 1, 1855, to August 26, 1866; Russell P. Ambler, January 1, 1867, to March, 1869; George W. Bicknell, November 14, 1869, to October 29, 1871; Orson F. Van Sise, May 5, 1872, to January 1, 1873; S. S. Hibbard, May 1, 1874, to May, 1876; Eugene M. Grant, October, 1876, to October, 1881; William E. Gaskin, July, 1882, to May, 1884; Lee H. Fisher, September, 1886, to August 3, 1889; Henry R. Rose, July 1, 1891, to February 1, 1893; Curtis H. Dickins, January 9, 1894, to December 1, 1898; George E. Leighton, June 26, 1899, to the present time.

It will be noted that the third in the succession of pastors serving from 1809 to 1815 was that most eminent of American Universalists, generally regarded as the father of the denomination—Hosea Ballou—a native of the town of Richmond, in Cheshire County, in which section of the state, as well as in Portsmouth, Universalism gained a stronghold in the early days. He was subsequently for many years pastor of the School Street (now Columbus Avenue) Universalist Church in Boston, where, in the later years of his ministry, he had as an assistant, who finally became his successor, that other great-brained, strong-minded Universalist leader and preacher, Alonzo Ames Miner, D. D., also a son of the Granite State.

Rev. George E. Leighton, the present popular and successful pastor of this society, is a native of Dexter, Me., born July 30, 1871, who graduated from Tufts College Divinity School in 1894, and was settled over parishes at Westbrook and Skowhegan, Me., before coming to Portsmouth, where he was installed as pastor June 26, 1899, continuing in faithful service since that date, during which time a debt of $4,000 has been cleared off, and a season of marked prosperity enjoyed in all lines of parish work, his success being aided in no small measure by his devoted helpmeet, formerly Miss Maude Woodbury Sweetzer, whom he married Dec. 31, 1895.

High School Evolution in Dover

By Lydia A. Stevens

Seventy years ago Dover contained six thousand inhabitants. In the village proper were two school districts —Numbers One and Two. The division line was Hale Street. The permanent schoolhouses were located at "Pine Hill" and "The Landing," and schools were held in private houses and vestries. By 1848 District Two had added buildings at the "Gulf," Brick Street, Fourth Street, St. Thomas and Fayette Streets.

The two districts differed widely. There was higher social development at the south end, but population and taxable property furnished a recognized offset for the north end. Silver and Pleasant streets looked complacently, perhaps condescendingly, on the river and mill neighborhoods. Their ministers, lawyers, doctors and owners of inherited property took precedence on public occasions, and generally formed a majority of the town school committee. The river people, textile workers and store-keepers, looked askance at the leisure class on their southern border.

An explanation of the condition shown above may be made this way: Originally agricultural, there had grown up in one quarter of the town a large and flourishing water-way business, and later thriving factories sprang into existence near the center. These established interests were grouped within the confines of District Two, and, after a time, the voters felt they could afford a few luxuries in the schooling of their children. There had always existed a want of this sort in their minds, which they had been unable to fathom or fill. As a matter of course, District One saw a similar light.

So it very naturally came about that the first open word for a high school in Dover was spoken in the Old Landing School House. Doubtless, the thought expressed was of that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." For years the people had the name in mind without adequate conception of the reality.

March 22, 1837, the town superintending committee, Rev. B. Brierly and Rev. Edgar Buckingham, in company with Enoch S. Sherman, the newly appointed principal of "The Old Landing," discussed the "desirableness of a public high school."

When Mr. Sherman took charge of the Landing School, his room, the upper, contained eighty-seven boys and seventy-three girls. They were the pick of the 900 possible scholars in the district, many eighteen or nineteen years old. In the winter months strapping red-cheeked maidens and broad-shouldered hobbletehoys occupied the back seats. Further or higher the pupils could not go at public expense, and the primary rooms were crowded. It had been a hard school to manage. The boys grew up in the rough activity of the river front, but they fairly represented the sensibilities, tastes, faculties, and associations of their fathers. The earlier masters relied on their physical strength. They were wisest when they least thought to be wise, and weakest when they tried to be strong. At the close of the school year in 1838, marked improvement was noticed. Discipline became satisfactory; a measure of grading had been secured; a smaller number of classes existed, and there was an encouraging uniformity of text-books. Then Mr. Buckingham, the leading member of the town committee, began to appeal to parents. But the time was not ripe. The old school formularies seemingly held their own. However, interest enough was aroused to warrant the employment of another assistant. Sherman began to teach Latin and the higher mathematics,

and at the same time opened a free evening school. Attendance was voluntary, but a large number of both sexes availed themselves of the privilege. This departure made Mr. Sherman very popular.

Because this man, more than any other, made a high school possible in Dover, something may be added. There was a time when the faintest aroma of college lent a charm to the most unattractive candidate for a Dover school. But the Landing began to entertain other views. It was reasoned that a teacher by nature used to governing young men by the hundred, and who had acquired skill through many blunders, could give an average college man all the advantage of his special training, at the start, and yet beat him at his own trade. So Mr. Sherman was not chosen because of his scholarship, though it was the best that divers denominational academies could impart. He was a very honest man, vigorous in body and mind, resolute in will, definite in character, bearing deeply the impress of a varied and marked experience. He knew how to meet the fresh blood and spirits, the new impulses and passions of youth. He found the human mind in the little child as well as in the overgrown boy. He had the rare gifts that are in the few. It seems probable that he aimed to create a high grade grammar school on the Landing, knowing very well that its success would lead to a high school elsewhere, in which he never would sit as master. His remembered talk in the homes of his pupils warrants this conclusion. He knew all the girls and boys who worked in the mills and elsewhere, and urged their parents to give them a better chance. He said frequently: "When I have established a sound school at the Landing, your children will be prepared for a higher and better one. In no other part of the town can this plan be carried out."

In 1845 District One became decidedly interested in the movement. At a meeting of the voters, Josiah Banfield, moderator, the following resolution was passed: "Resolved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to take into consideration the subject of establishing a high school, and that they confer with District Two and make a report at some future meeting." Rev. Homer Barrows, Rev. William Horton, Dr. Nathaniel Low, Hon. John H. White and Benjamin Barnes were appointed said committee. This formidable body met Thomas E. Sawyer, Samuel Parker, William Burr, John Savil and Joseph H. Smith, a clay-cold business committee from District Two. It is altogether likely there was "something doing" at the session. Rumor had it that the committees could not agree about the nature of the school—one being stoutly opposed to fitting boys for college at public expense. Thomas E. Sawyer and his associates, not a college man among them, stood like a rock for a classical course. Nothing was accomplished. In 1847 the District One committee was instructed to make another effort. March 25 of same year the prudential committee of District Two called a meeting of the voters. The sense of the meeting seemed to be that no satisfactory arrangement could be made; that even a site for the building could not be agreed upon; and that when disposed to establish such a school, they would go alone. At this time District Two was expending about three times as much money as District One.

May 4, 1848, the town superintending committee, Edmund J. Lane, Asa Freeman, J. G. Foreman, John W. Kingman and Charles E. Soule, paid a long visit at the Landing, devoting particular attention to the upper classes. At a meeting held the day following—Freeman, Kingman and Soule present—it was voted that the chairman inform Mr. Sherman that he must give up his classes in Latin.

algebra and surveying. Many parents were dissatisfied, and there was much comment on the fact that Messrs. Freeman, Kingman and Soule lived on Silver Street. The high school cause lost nothing in District Two by this incident.

Then followed an organization of the north-side workers. The mill overseers, second hands, mechanics and traders became optimistic and cheerful. Care was observed that the district meeting warrants were satisfactory and particular pains were taken to elect Thomas E. Sawyer moderator. At length there were signs of clearing on the horizon. School men, society students and easily moved people had failed. Then the deeper sense of average intelligence was reached. The fight was between the well-employed and large property owners. Sentiment retired. The stronger motive, justifiable self-interest among many, remained. Dec. 19, 1848, the necessary legislation was secured. A vote to build came next. The opposition was strong but plainly in the majority. This would seem to have settled everything. Not so. The war of words and clash of views, carried at times to the verge of civil commotion, kept even pace with the mason's trowel and carpenter's hammer. Even when the edifice was completed opposition continued. At every district meeting the maintenance appropriations were fought until such time as it became overwhelmingly unpopular. Only the surviving members of the first class know their names. Finally, the way being clear, the following named gentlemen were made a building committee: Dr. Joseph H. Smith, chairman; Samuel H. Parker, secretary; William Burr, Dr. Levi G. Hill, Nathaniel Paul.

The first meeting of this committee was held July 20, 1850. A lot was bought from the Cocheco Manufacturing Co. for $600. J. G. F. Bryant of Boston furnished plans for all parts of the building. Samuel Ham took care of the foundation and brickwork. Samuel Drew was carpenter. Stephen Toppan built the furniture. The building was completed in September, 1851, at cost of $15,000, and the first class occupied it October 6, following.

The principal's room on the upper story was 42 feet, 10 inches, by 44 feet and 15 feet from floor to ceiling. On the side of the room opposite the entrance there was a platform 32 feet long, six feet wide, elevated some seven or eight inches above the floor. In the center was placed the teacher's desk, the assistants having their tables on each side of him. In the rear of the platform were situated two recitation rooms, 12 feet by 20 feet. A very wide space between the rooms was occupied by deep closets, provided with glass doors, designed for the safe keeping of apparatus. The story below was fitted for a grammar school.

The district superintending committee held out the right hand of fellowship towards parents; the teachers showed themselves friends of the scholars; the latter trusted both committee and instructors.

During the three score years and ten that followed the Landing movement in 1837, great changes have been made in the common school system of this and other New England communities. In 1869 the City of Dover took over all the school districts. New theories have been established; old theories have been improved. Better schoolhouses, more varied courses of study, larger staffs of teachers, wiser methods of instruction, closer adaptations to the wants of society, are among the improvements rendered actual by advancing scholarship and increasing funds.

The high school of 1851 developed pleasant surprises. Whether the modern enlargement and enrichment give proportionate values is not a part of the purpose of this story.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. CHARLES H. SAWYER

Charles Henry Sawyer, born in Watertown, N. Y., March 30, 1840, died at Dover, N. H., January 18, 1908.

He was the eldest son of Jonathan and Martha Perkins Sawyer, and removed with his parents to Dover when ten years of age. His father, Jonathan Sawyer, established the famous Sawyer woolen mills in Dover, and at an early age the young man entered the same and learned the business, to which his life was ever after, in the main, devoted. He showed marked proficiency and in 1866, at the age of twenty-six, he was made superintendent of the mills. In 1873, when the firm became incorporated under the name of the Sawyer Woolen Company, he became the agent of the company, and in 1881 succeeded to the presidency. Since the company sold out to the American Woolen Co., about ten years ago, Governor Sawyer had not been in active business.

He became actively identified with the Republican party early in life. He served in both branches of the city government and in the legislature. In 1881 he was appointed a colonel on the staff of Gov. C. H. Bell. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, and in 1886 he was elected governor of New Hampshire.

His veto of the celebrated "Hazen bill" was the most noteworthy act of the administration. Among positions of trust holden by Governor Sawyer was that of director of the Strafford National bank, trustee of the Strafford Savings bank, president of the Dover Horse Railroad Company, director of the Dover Gaslight Company, the Portsmouth & Dover, the Dover, Great Falls & Conway, and the Wolfboro branch railroads and president of the Eliot Bridge Company.

He joined Strafford lodge, A. F. and A. M., in 1867, and was twice master. He was for many years eminent commander of St. Paul Commandery, K. T., and was a member of the Masonic building Association. He was a leading member of the First Parish Congregational Church. Since his retirement from business, Governor Sawyer has lived quietly at Middlebrook farm, a beautiful place on Stark Avenue in Dover.

In 1865 he married Susan Ellen, daughter of Dr. James W. and Elizabeth Cowan, who died about five years ago. He is survived by four sons: William D. Sawyer of New York, Charles Francis Sawyer of Dalton, Mass., James C. Sawyer of Andover, Mass., and Edward Sawyer of Hartford, Conn.; also by a daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sawyer of Dover.

HON. JAMES A. EDGERLY

James Albert Edgerly, son of James and Nancy H. (Wedgwood) Edgerly, born in Wolfeboro, May 15, 1846, died at Somersworth, January 8, 1908.

Mr. Edgerly spent most of his boyhood on his father's farm, attending the district schools and also the Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro academies for a season. At the age of twenty years, he went to Somersworth, where he taught school for some time and finally entered upon the study of law in the office of the late William J. Copeland, with whom he subsequently associated in practice, the partnership continuing until Mr. Copeland's death in 1886. Soon after William S. Matthews became his partner, continuing about fifteen years. At the time of his death, Fred H. Brown, a former student in the office, was Mr. Edgerly's partner.

Mr. Edgerly gained high rank at the bar early in his career, and was president of the New Hampshire Bar Association for the year preceding his death. He was connected with the trial of many important causes, including not less than seventeen murder trials, beginning with that of Joseph Buzzell for the murder of Susan Hanson in Brookfield in 1874, when he was associated with Mr. Copeland in the defence. This was the celebrated case in which the constitution was over-ridden, through the ingenuity of the late Chief Justice Doe, and the respondent was tried, convicted and executed, after having once been tried and found "not guilty."

Politically Mr. Edgerly was a Republican. He represented Somersworth in the legislature in 1883, 1885 and 1900, withdrawing as a candidate for speaker in 1885, in favor of Hon. Edgar Aldrich. He also served as senator from his district in the legislature of 1895, and was an active member of the constitutional convention of 1902. He was for several years a trustee of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane, and had served for six years as a member of the Somersworth school board. He was at one time city solicitor, and had been many years counsel for the Boston & Maine Railroad. He was a great reader, deeply interested in historical matters and had one of the finest libraries in the state.

November 19, 1874, Mr. Edgerly married Miss Annie A. Wood, who died in June, 1898. January 3, 1900, he married Miss Alice M. Abbott, who survives him.

DR. ANDROS P. CHESLEY

Andros Palmer Chesley, M. D., born in Epsom, December 1, 1855, died at his home in Concord, February 9, 1908.

Doctor Chesley was one of eight chil-

dren of Jonathan Steele and Abigail (Hoyt) Chesley. He attended the Epsom schools and Coe's Academy, Northwood, and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1876. After graduation he was for a time principal of Wakefield Academy, but resigned to study medicine, and was graduated from the Long Island College in 1883, being the valedictorian of his class. In August, after his graduation, he located in practice in Concord, where he continued, with much professional success, until his death.

Doctor Chesley was an active member of the N. H. Medical Society and of the Center District Medical Society and had been president of the latter. He was greatly interested in the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital from the time of its opening, and was the senior member of its medical staff at the time of his death. Politically he was a Democrat, and had been his party's candidate for state senator in the Tenth district, running ahead of his ticket. He was appointed a medical examiner for pensions by President Cleveland. He was a member of the Wonolancet Club, and an attendant at the South Congregational Church.

July 16, 1885, he married Miss Kate Manning Paul of Wakefield, who survives him.

A. J. GEORGE, A. M., LITT. D.

A. J. George, a famous teacher of English literature, born in 1855, in the town of Goffstown, died December 27, 1907, at his home in Brookline, Mass.

He graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1876, after which he became principal of the high school at Ashland, Mass. After six years in Ashland he took charge of the work in English literature in the high school, Brookline, until 1888, when he became head of the English department in the Newton High School, where he established a reputation second to none in his line of work. He edited over twenty volumes of English and American classics, and lectured extensively on literary and educational subjects.

Mr. George received the degree of A. M. from Amherst in 1881, that of Litt. D. in 1903. Among the college appointments which he held while continuing his work at Newton was that of acting professor of English literature of Boston University, in 1887–88 and lecturer on English literature in Clark College, Worcester, in 1902–05. He was a member of the American Antiquarian Society and the Brae-Burn Country Club. He leaves a wife and one son, Robert Hudson, now a student at Amherst, in the class of 1911.

REV. GEORGE W. NORRIS

Rev. George W. Norris, long a prominent member of the New Hampshire M. E. conference and well known throughout the state, died at his home in Lawrence, Mass., February 19, 1908.

Mr. Norris was a native of the town of Dorchester, born July 7, 1837. He studied for the Methodist ministry and united with the N. H. Conference in 1864, his first appointment being at Wilmot. Subsequently he filled a number of first class appointments, including Bristol, Concord and Lawrence, and served as a presiding elder for fourteen years in all, being recognized as one of the most earnest and devoted preachers and workers in the denomination. He was an active temperance worker and one of the organizers of the Prohibition party in New Hampshire. He was noted for his benevolence and bestowed the larger portion of his income in aid of struggling churches. He retired by reason of broken health in 1900 and has since resided in Lawrence. He was twice married, his second wife surviving.

MISS ISABELLE S. HORNE

Isabelle S. Horne, born in Dover, December 14, 1836, died in Somerville, Mass., January 1, 1908.

Miss Horne was a teacher in Dover, in early life, and later was for several years assistant in the Prescott Grammar school at Somerville.

After taking courses in vocal culture with Professor Lewis B. Monroe in the school of oratory connected with Boston University, she began at Bridgewater, in 1875, what was really her life work, as teacher of vocal culture and reading, continuing for thirty years, until failing health compelled her retirement in 1905, during which time she most successfully pursued her calling and made for herself a warm place in the hearts of thousands of pupils, by whom she will long be affectionately remembered.

MISS JOSEPHINE HODGDON

Josephine Hodgdon, a well known woman educator and lecturer, born in Pittsfield sixty-four years ago, died at the Martha Washington Hotel in New York City, January 2.

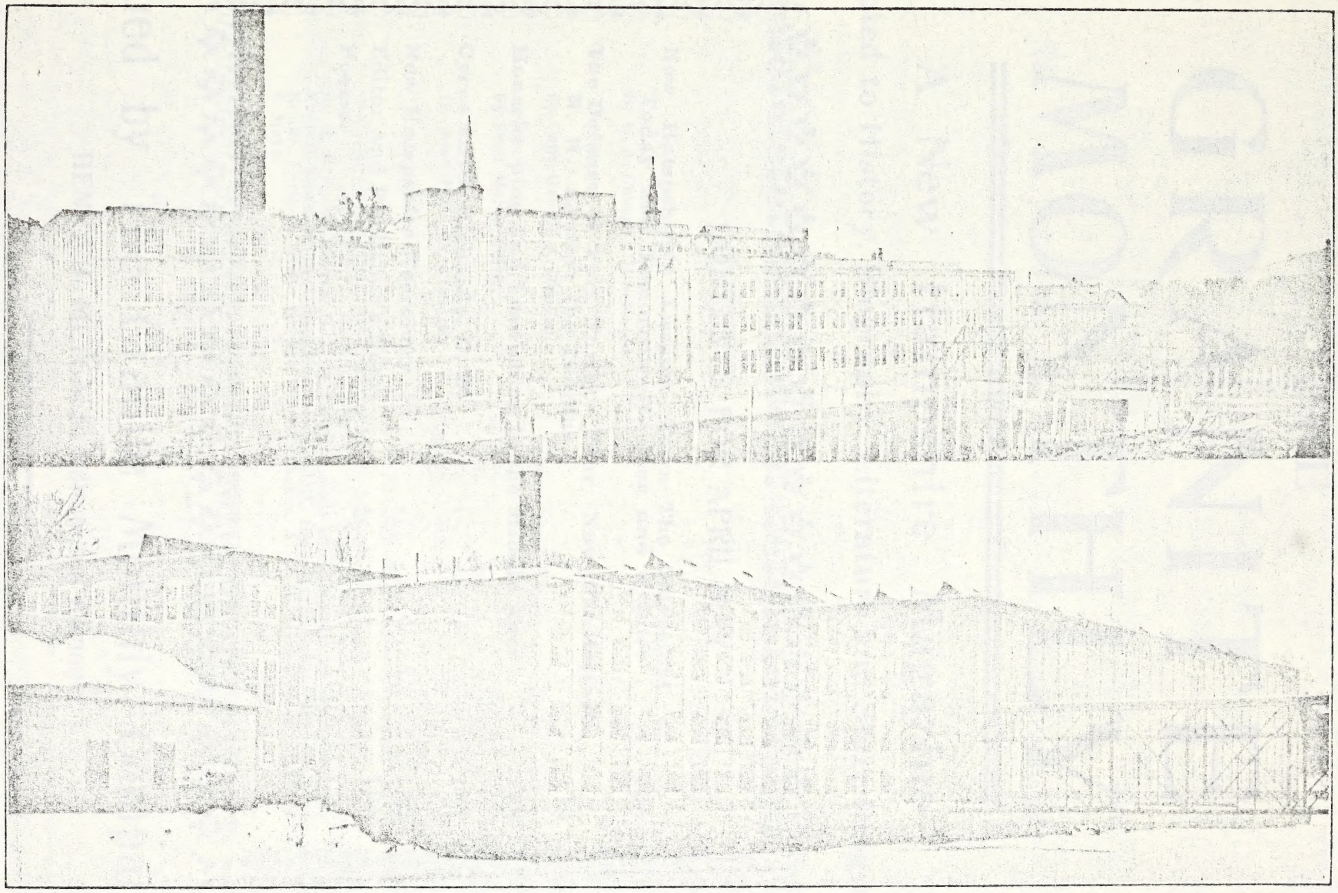
She was for twenty years a teacher in Brooklyn, and had previously taught in Concord, N. H., when her school was visited by Ralph Waldo Emerson. She was a writer and lecturer on educational subjects after relinquishing teaching. She edited selections from Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and other classics for use in the schools.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

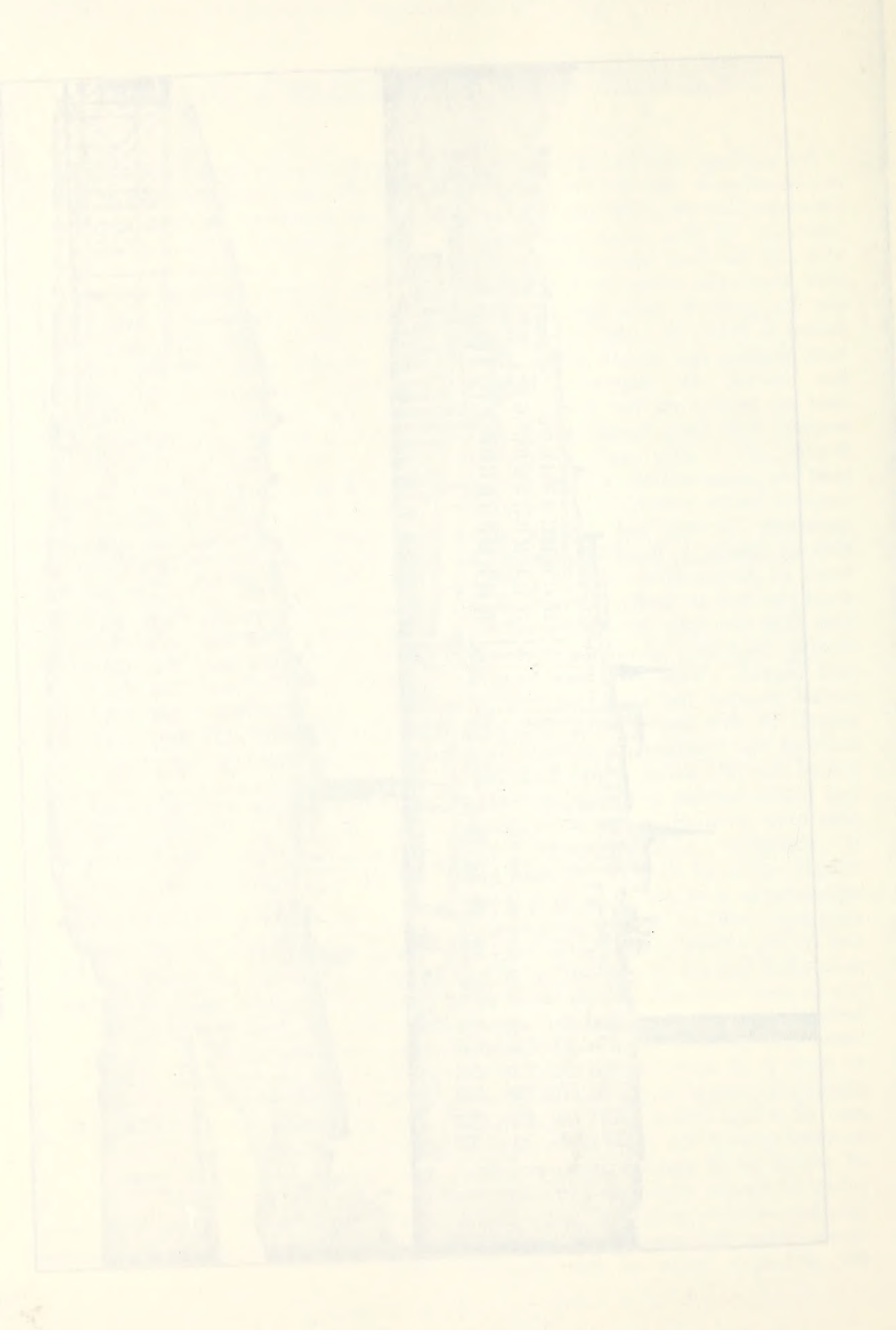
No apology will be offered, but an explanation is due the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY for the belated appearance of this issue, especially in view of the fact that at no time before, since the magazine has been under its present management, has it failed to make its appearance at some time during the month whose date it has borne. It happens, however, that an article on the town of Newmarket had been commenced, which finally grew into such proportions that its presentation within the customary limits was utterly out of the question. It was not deemed advisable to divide it, however, and so the work of preparation and of printing went on, till it finally became manifest that the only recourse must be a double number, covering February and March. This plan has been resorted to and the entire article presented in this issue, constituting the bulk of the number, or ninety pages out of the 100, which it contains, making it the largest issue of any magazine ever printed in the state; while it contains unquestionably more square inches of illustration than ever appeared in any one issue of a magazine ever printed in New England, if not in the entire country. It may be somewhat tedious to some of our readers to have so much of one thing put before them at once, but we apprehend that most of them would prefer to have it at once, rather than in instalments; while to Newmarket readers, of whom there are now a large number among our subscribers, it will of course be of special interest. The price of single copies of this double number, which contains more than three times the number of pages in the ordinary issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, has been fixed at 25 cents, and the same may be ordered directly of the publisher or from newsdealers throughout this state.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade was held this year at Derry, February 28, and was more largely attended than any previous meeting of the organization, showing an increasing interest in board of trade work throughout the state, which has also been demonstrated in the organization and reorganization of quite a number of local boards during the past year. Undoubtedly the interest in this meeting was enhanced by the announced appearance as the principal speaker at the annual banquet, following the business session, of President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston & Maine railroad, whose address, bearing upon two subjects—the causes of the present business depression in the country and the suggested merger of the Boston & Maine with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, commanded close attention and is worthy of careful consideration.

As the time for holding the national conventions of the two great political parties approaches, considerable excitement in political circles in our own state as well as the country at large is manifest. It should be borne in mind, however, that whichever party wins in the contest or whoever is chosen president, makes no particle of difference as to the policies necessary to be adopted and pursued for the promotion of the material, educational, social and moral welfare of the state of New Hampshire.



SULLIVAN MACHINERY COMPANY—South Plant Above. North Plant Below



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Dartmouth College Library 1908

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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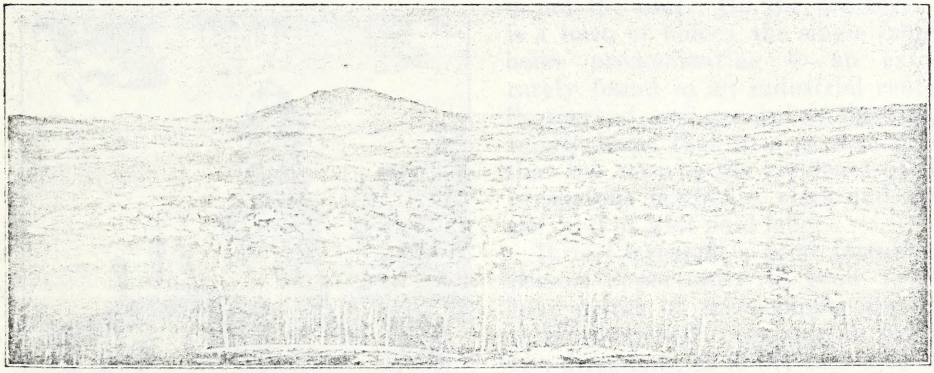
New Hampshire's Largest Town

The Claremont of Today and Tomorrow—Its Men and Affairs

By G A Cheney

Claremont is metropolitan in every detail, except the formal act of its citizens that shall change its present town government into that of a city. As to the advantages or disadvantages of these separate forms of control and direction, it is not our province to advise or consider; but it is proper to say that the sentiment in the town today is strongly in favor of a city form of government. Indeed, preliminary steps to this end have already been taken, and it is not a dangerous prediction to make that New Hampshire's largest town in 1908 will, in 1909, become her youngest, though not her smallest, city. As respects this manifest sentiment favoring a city charter, the stranger in Claremont is quick to note that it largely proceeds from an element that one would naturally suppose would oppose such change. It is not the young and aspiring politicians any more than it is the older men who ardently urge the adoption of a city form of government.

The simple statement that Claremont is talking of becoming a city is clearly indicative of the fact that in recent years it has experienced a decisive growth. More than that, its material expansion has been of a nature in harmony with the end to be, for Claremont cannot well cease to grow. Not only has the town become the largest in New Hampshire, but it is emphatically the natural industrial and commercial center of a considerable portion of the state and of a



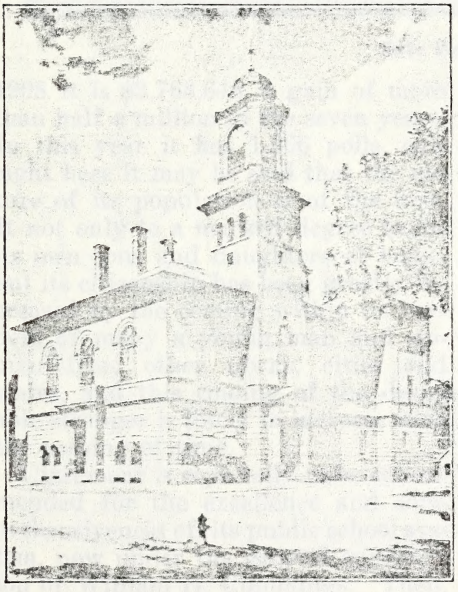
Bird's Eye View of Claremont—Ascutney in the Distance





View on the Park

long stretch of eastern Vermont. It is to its advantage, and this advantage will never be less than today, that all its neighbors in the two states desire its further growth, that thereby they may have a center of trade and industry with all those advantages that distinguish the city.



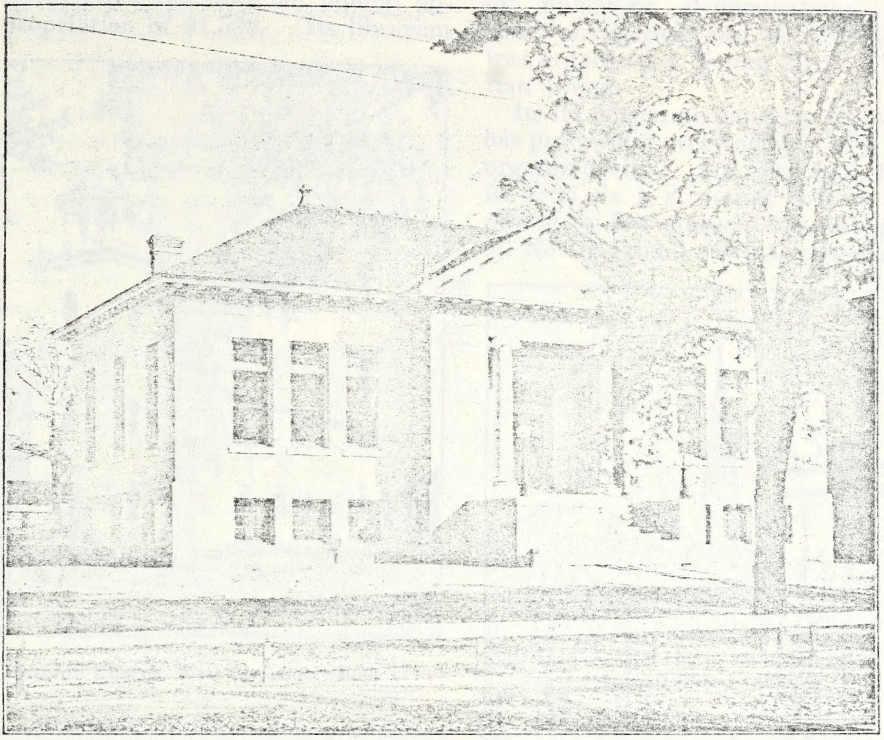
Town Hall and Opera House

Claremont is compactly built, as much so as the average city of 30,000 or more people; but the inference should not be drawn that in the list of its dwellings the two, three or four tenement house is frequent, for such is not the case. On the contrary, it is a town of homes, the single family home predominating to an extent rarely found in an industrial center. So marked and general is the single family home that it is at once proof that the town is the residence of the prosperous mechanic, clerk and artisan, and of well paid labor.

It is Claremont's good fortune to possess opportunity to grow to the four points of the compass and not to be compelled to expand in one or two directions, as is the case with the majority of towns and cities. In her spacious and wisely planned Tremont Square, it has a business center, and, with that as the hub, as with the spokes of a wheel, radiates in all directions. It has a vast area in which almost every acre is available for building purposes. Mountain and hill there are within her territory, but these stand guard at her outer gates and add beauty and attractiveness to the general whole.

The valuation of Claremont in 1900 was $3,256,834, and for the year

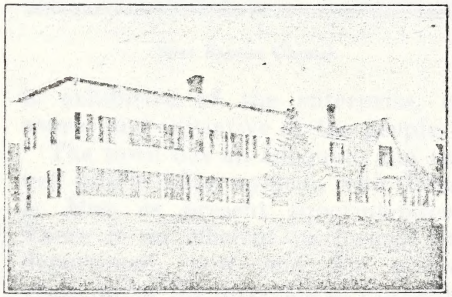




Fiske Free Library

1908 it is $3,768,648, a gain of more than half a million in the seven years. In this year it has 1,666 polls, and right here it may be said that the nature of its population is of the best. It not only to a marked degree keeps its own sons and daughters at home, but its citizenship has been greatly increased by the coming within its borders of many a young man and woman from other towns, cities and states, and this coming of the desirable stranger is likely to increase with the passing of time.

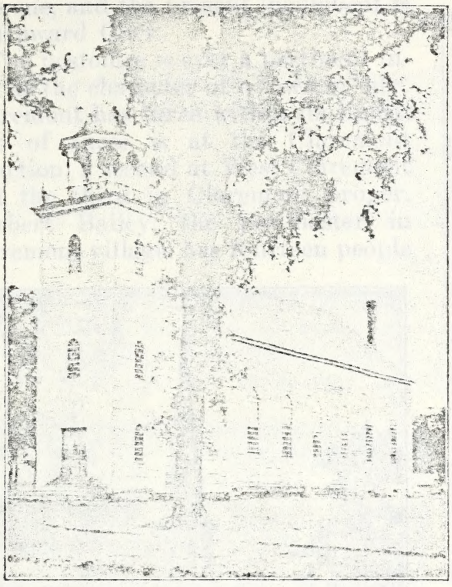
Claremont is especially to be recommended for the excellence and comprehensiveness of its public school system, now under the general supervision of William H. Cummings. Then, again, the town is within almost hailing distance of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, the Rockland Military Academy, West Lebanon, and of Dartmouth at Hanover. In the past year there was completed in the town a new four-room school building named in honor of Osmon B. Way, M. D., and its Stevens High School is one of the best equipped institu-



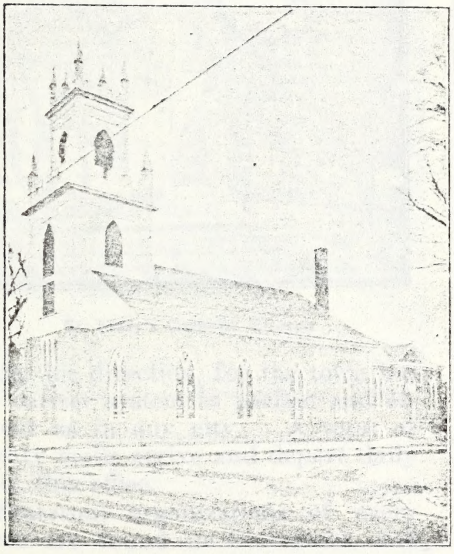
Cottage Hospital

tions of its kind in the state, while the public school system finds a potent right arm in its Fiske Free Library, now in its new home built by Carnegie. The Fiske Free Library re-

ceives from the town an annual appropriation of $1,500. Its librarian



Episcopal Church, West Claremont—Built 1771

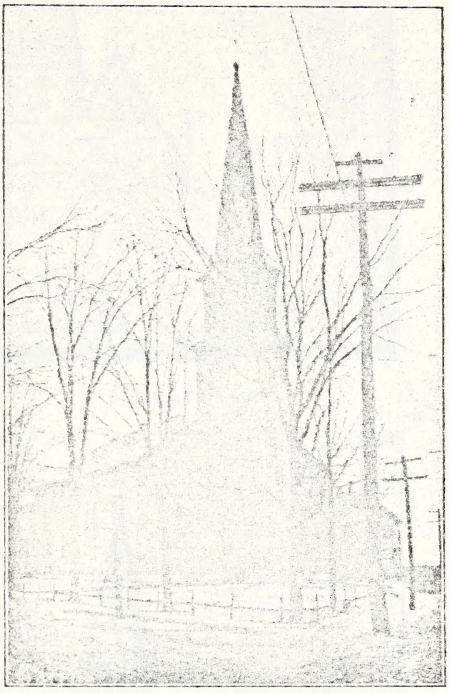


Congregational Church

is Miss Abbie J. Field and assistant Mrs. M. S. Ide.

The ecclesiastical life of the town is provided with church and society of numerous denominations, and their auxiliaries, and in 1908 there was organized a Young Men's Christian Union.

In its corporate capacity the town has practically every adjunct of a well organized city. Its town hall, built in 1896, is a structure that is surpassed by few municipal buildings in all New England and its construction



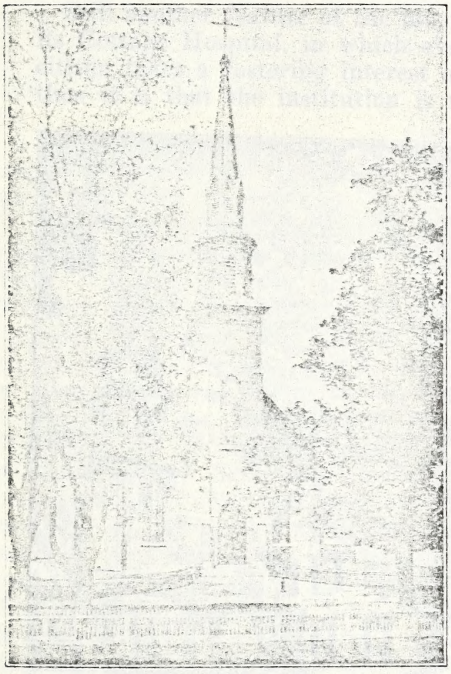
First Baptist Church

is exhibitive of the enterprise, resource and initiative of the people.

The town has an adequate and valued public water system, with James L. Rice as present superintendent. There is an efficient uniformed fire department, now and for several years under the direction of Cornelius E. Sears, as chief, whose election is made annually, by popular vote. Its police department is also uniformed, and the town maintains a police station that is greatly to its credit, being neat, clean and sanitary in its arrangement and maintenance. As is

the custom with its fire department, the office of chief of police is an elective one, and the present incumbent is J. Howard Ober.

The postoffice is ever a pertinent index of the character of a town or city. Claremont has three within its limits. One of these is at the Claremont Junction, a second at West Claremont and the third in Claremont proper. Herbert Bailey, the postmaster in Claremont village, has fourteen people

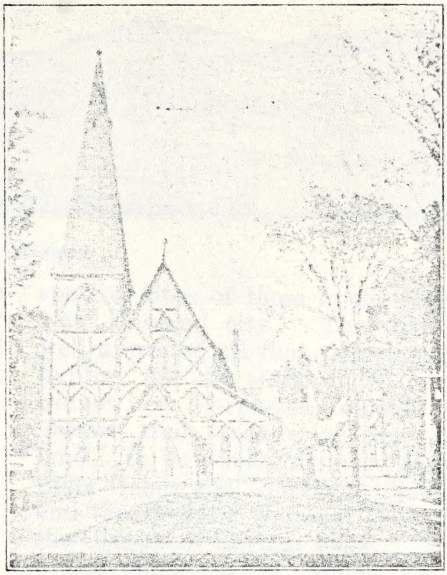


St. Mary's Catholic Church

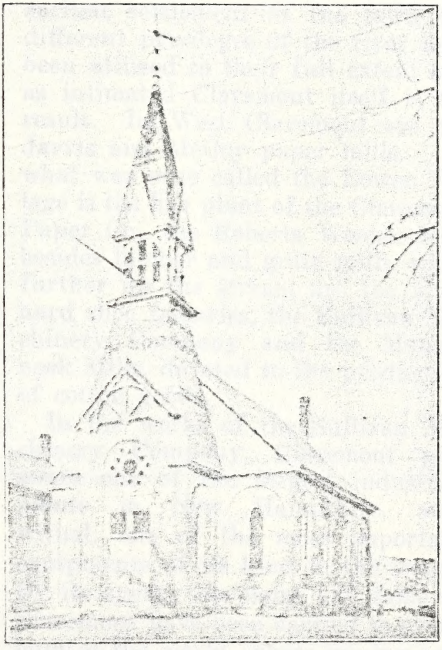
under his direction, for the town has the carrier system as perfect and efficient as in any city. A total of twenty mails arrive and depart daily from this office.

Fraternal organizations of every name are found in Claremont, and they add much to the life of the town. Then there is Company D, Captain Hasham, of the N. H. N. G., the American band, known throughout the state for its excellence, and Leonard's orchestra, both of which have A. M. Leonard for leader.

It goes without saying that the town is lighted by electricity and that it has



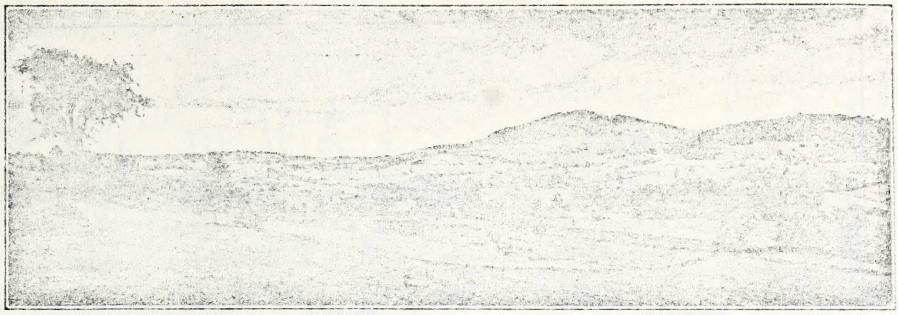
Episcopal Church



Universalist Church

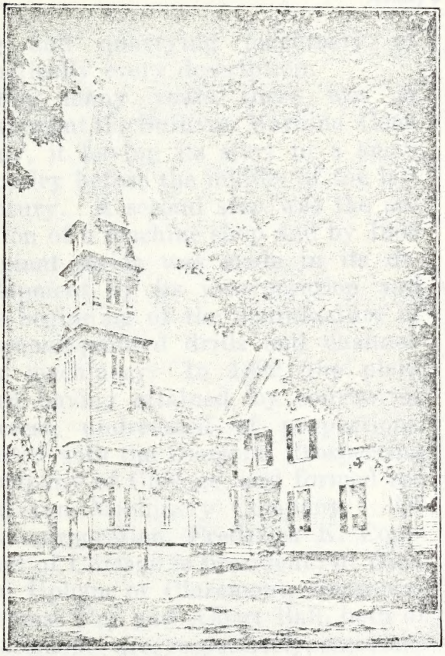
an electric railway connecting its villages and railway stations.





Green Mountain

Still another feature of the town is its Cottage Hospital, in which every citizen takes a fostering interest and thus it is that the institution is not



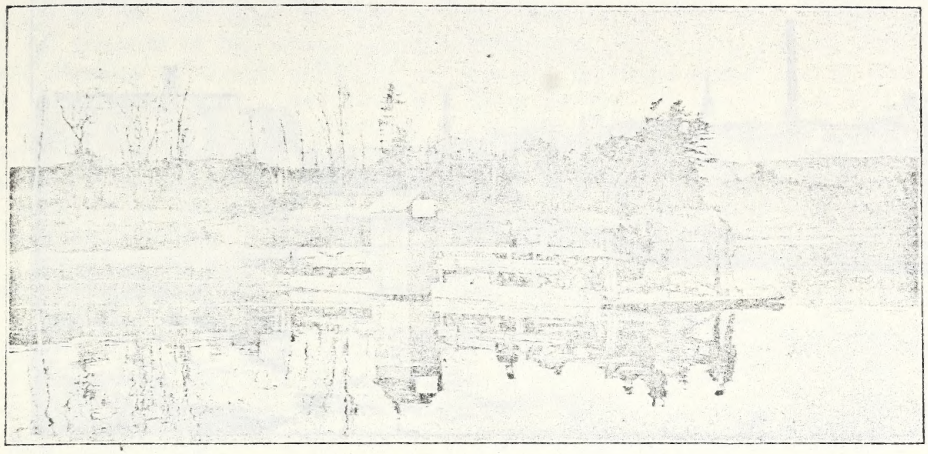
Methodist Church and Parsonage

only well maintained, but is continually extending its facilities.

As to the mercantile interests of the town, it may be said that they comprehend, in scope and variety, all that is found in any city of the state. It is indeed a great trading center, and its stores are the equal in their respective lines of those in the average New England city. The writer is well aware of all that this statement implies, but the stores in Claremont cannot be surpassed outside the greater trade centers of New England. In its purely financial institutions it has the Claremont National and the People's National banks and the Claremont Savings bank.

The Sugar River, which has its source in Lake Sunapee, is the basis of industrial Claremont. From the earliest settlement of the town the different privileges of the river have been utilized to their full extent and as intimated Claremont itself is the result. In West Claremont are the Jarvis and McCoy paper mills. In what was once called the Lower Village is the fine plant of the Claremont Paper Co., the Roberts Woolen Mill, besides lumber and grain mills, while further up the stream are the Maynard shoe factories, the Sullivan Machinery Company and the Monadnock Mills, devoted to the production of cotton goods.

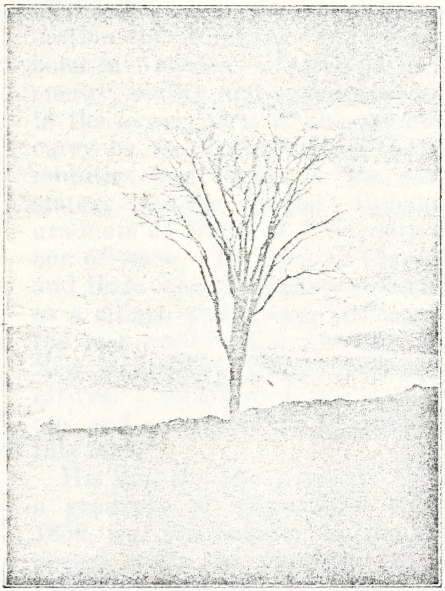
In the works of the Sullivan Machinery Company, Claremont possesses one of the largest industrial plants in New Hampshire, and, withal, one of the most important equipments of its kind in the world. By its agency the name and fame of Claremont have been carried to every land in the world, where mining and quarrying are industries, for the productions of this corporation are min-



Ashley's Ferry

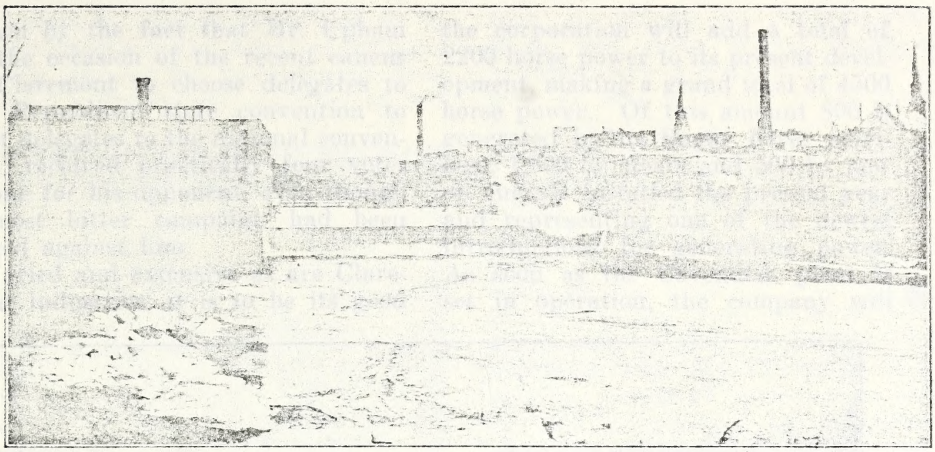
ing and quarrying machinery of practically every description.

For many years there was in Claremont the Sullivan Machine Company, it having its start in a small foundry before the middle of the last century. A second step was the addition of a machine shop and by 1868 a giant stride was made in its development by its incorporation and the beginning of the manufacture of diamond-pointed drills and channeling machinery. In 1892, the plant then having attained, by continuous success, undreamed of proportions, united with the Diamond Prospecting Company of Chicago, and formed the Sullivan Machinery Company. Of this corporation, Frederick K. Copeland of Chicago is president; J. Duncan Upham of Claremont, treasurer; Thomas Fry and Albert Ball, both of Claremont, are, respectively, secretary and mechanical engineer. All told, there are on the corporation's pay rolls about 1,200 people, and the major portion of these are employed in the Claremont plant. The general offices are in Chicago and in the plant in that city from 250 to 300 people are employed. Since 1892 the development of the Claremont plant has proceeded with astonishing rapidity. Improvement has followed improvement, and all new construction has been of the most complete and thorough nature. The most recent of its new expansions is a mammoth



"All Alone"

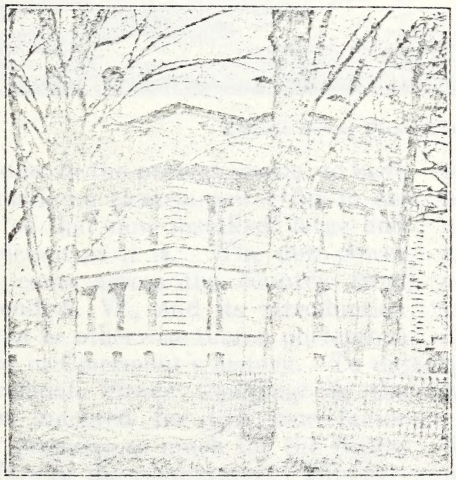
foundry, not yet completed. Naturally the works have brought to Claremont a small army of skilled mechanics and labor of the highest grade of intelligence. In addition to the plants that skirt, for many a hundred feet, both the north and south banks



Looking Up Sugar River

of Sugar River, there belongs to the Claremont plant a single blacksmith shop that is 250 feet long and of proportionate width, and room for forty blacksmiths.

J. Duncan Upham, the corporation's treasurer, is at present a member of the executive council of the



Stevens High School

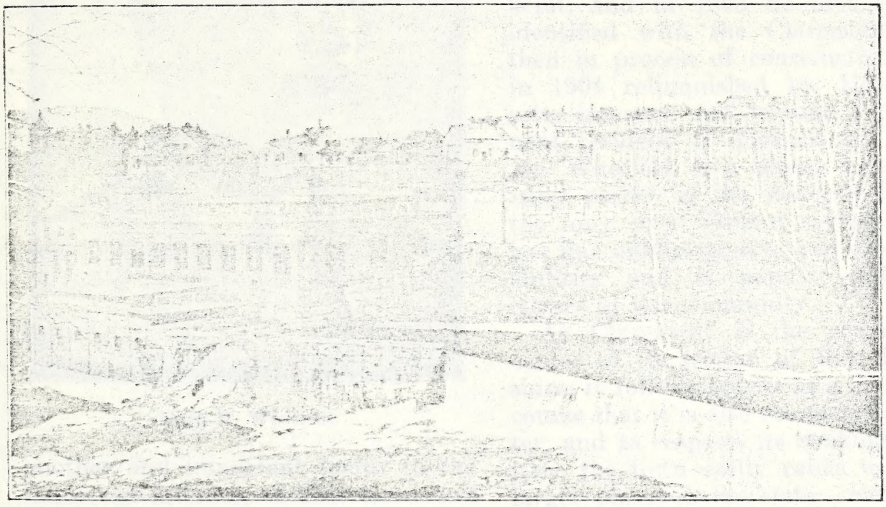
State of New Hampshire, his nomination to that office being a surprise to him and his election was of a flattering nature. He is of the third generation of the Uphams in Claremont and of the second to have been born there. His grandfather was George Baxter Upham, who was born in Brookfield, Massachusetts. This Brookfield was the third town to be settled in Worcester County and its men and women were of the first generation of Puritans and Pilgrims born in America. Brookfield men of energy, ability and courage went out to the newer parts of the country to carry on the upbuilding of the communities and towns in the eastern states. George Baxter Upham, a graduate of Harvard University, was one of these. He went to Claremont and there won distinction and success as a citizen and lawyer and early in the last century was speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, a member of the state Senate, and a member of Congress from this state.

His son, the late James P. Upham, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1850, was the founder and long connected with the Sullivan Machine Company and the later succeeding corporation. He was the father of J. Duncan Upham, a graduate of Cornell University, class of 1874, and the individuality and strength of character predominant in the original Upham in Claremont has been preserved down through the three generations. That the community appreciates courage of conviction is

shown by the fact that Mr. Upham on the occasion of the recent caucus in Claremont to choose delegates to the Republican state convention to elect delegates to the national convention, received practically four votes to one for his opponent, even though a most bitter campaign had been waged against him.

Varied and extensive as are Claremont industries, it is to be its good fortune, in the present season, to have available an electric power far in excess of that now installed, large and important as it is. The new power will come across the country from Cavendish, Vt., and its introduction cannot be otherwise than a portentous event in Claremont's history. To the Claremont Power Company is the town indebted for this new factor that promises so much for the future welfare of the community. This corporation, after having employed to the utmost its Sugar River power, hit upon the idea of utilizing a vast water power in the Vermont town. The power house is finished and dam nearly so, and the work of erecting the poles and stringing the wires will be completed early this season.

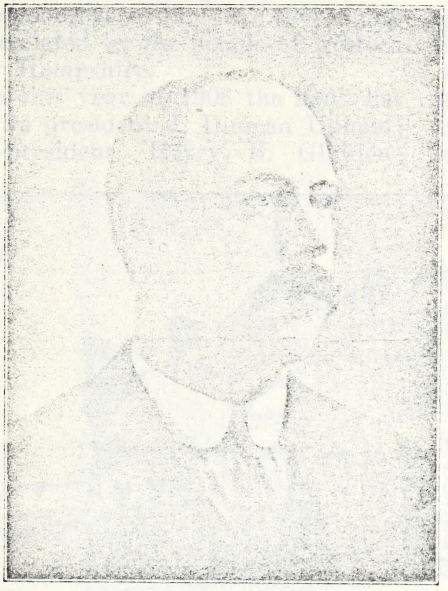
With the new plant in operation, the corporation will add a total of 2200 horse power to its present development, making a grand total of 4500 horse power. Of this amount 800 is generated by its Sugar River privilege, 1,000 by steam and 500 by new oil engines installed the present year and representing one of the newest introductions for generating power. As soon as the Cavendish plant is set in operation, the company will have a power to sell at a rate that will be as advantageous to the purchaser as that available at Niagara Falls or anywhere in the entire country. The corporation will also install lighting equipments for towns or individuals. What all this will mean to Claremont and its immediate territory can better be conjectured than told.



Electric Power Plant—Claremont Power Co.

The Claremont Power Company was organized April 10, 1907, and one of its first steps was to take over the Claremont Railway and Lighting Company July 1, 1907, making of it a subsidiary company. Working as one corporation in effect, there was at once begun a system that comprehended the laying of tracks from the Boston & Maine Railroad to each of the principal factories in the town. This was for the purpose of hauling

freight by electric power and its installation was the means of saving a vast amount for the concerns benefited. It was the addition of still another and important factor to the industrial interests of Claremont and one that at once enhanced the value of every piece of manufacturing property in the town. Trains of two and three loaded freight cars are hauled by an electric locomotive into the factory yards and to the very doors of storehouse or furnace. These electric locomotives were among the first set in operation in New England, thus showing again the enterprise and public spirit which has ever characterized the Claremont Power Company.



Louis N. Wheelock

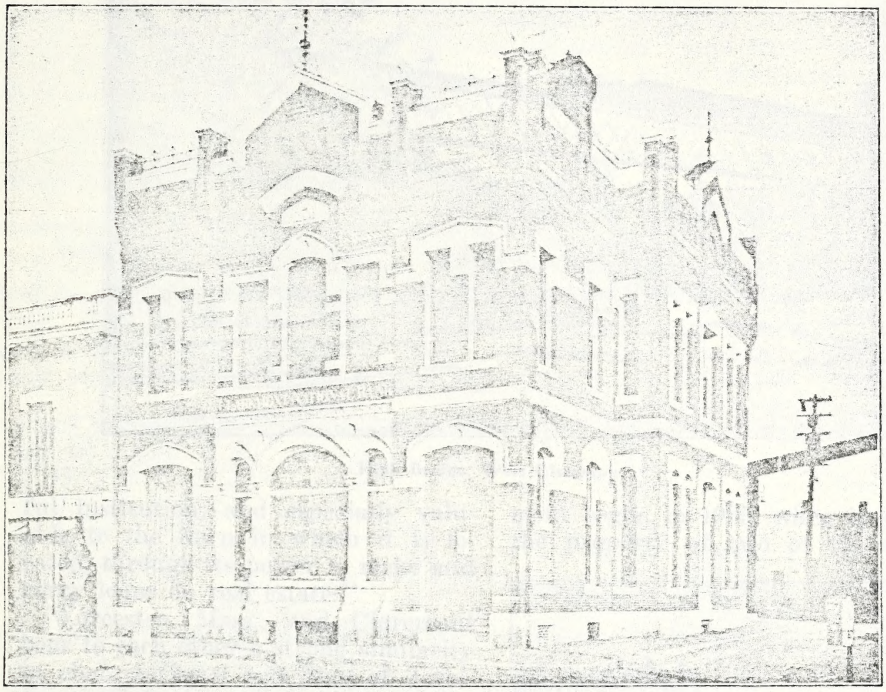
The general manager of the company is Louis N. Wheelock, a resident of Claremont since 1904. He was born in Amherst, Mass., and for a time was a student in its famous college. In 1888 he was in the employ of the Thomson-Houston Company, Lynn, Mass., then the largest electrical manufacturing company in the country. In 1889 he went to Florence, a village in Northampton, Mass., and there helped install a lighting plant in a silk mill. A year later he was at Leeds in the same city installing an electric power plant, one of the first to be used in a textile mill. In 1896 he was employed in the equipment and operation of an electric road from Shelburne Falls to Coleraine, Mass. Later he was identified with electric railways in and about his native Amherst, and in 1903 he first became identified with the Claremont line, then in process of construction, and in 1904 relinquished his Massachusetts interests and became a permanent resident of Claremont. That Mr. Wheelock is a strong and vitalizing power in the material life of the town goes without saying. He has fine administrative and executive abilities and is popular with all classes in the community.

As Claremont is the commercial center of its section of New Hampshire, it follows almost as a matter of course that it is also the financial center, and as respects its banking facilities, the town easily ranks with the larger places in the state. From the early history of the town, its banking interests have received the intelligent direction of its leading men.

As long ago as 1848, local business interests united and the organization of the Claremont Bank, under state laws, was the result and this institution, waxing stronger year by year, was nationalized in 1864 and today continues its uninterrupted career as the Claremont National Bank. Its building in Tremont Square is one of the many justly appreciated architectural sights of Claremont, while the institution itself is one of the great bulwarks of safety and confidence, not alone in the business life of the town, but throughout the territory of which Claremont is the center. With its dual commercial and interest departments, the Claremont National Bank has a capital of $100,000 and surplus and undivided

profits of $70,000. From its inception the bank has zealously striven to aid and strengthen local and suburban business enterprise, and its efforts along these lines are thoroughly appreciated by the people of western New Hampshire.

In this year of 1908 the bank has for its president J. Duncan Upham; vice-president, Harry B. Glidden; cashier, Frank H. Foster: assistant cashier, Edward J. Rossiter. Its directors are Messrs. Upham, Glidden and Rossiter and Charles H. Ainsworth, George H. Boynton, Romeo A. Quimby and Leonard Jarvis, M. D.



Claremont National Bank

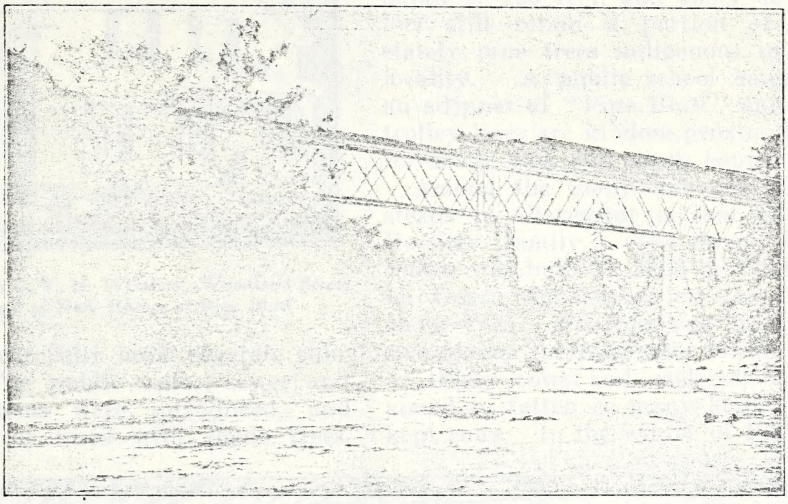
Since 1896, when the Sullivan Savings Institution went into the hands of a receiver, there had been no savings bank in Claremont. Consequently people in this growing and thrifty town who wished to deposit funds in a savings bank have been obliged to send their funds out of town; and those wishing to borrow money on real estate security have been compelled to obtain loans from banks elsewhere. Because of this urgent need for one, the legislature granted a charter for the Claremont Savings Bank in February, 1907, which was duly organized and began business on April 15, 1907, with banking rooms conveniently located in Tremont Square.

Its officers are: Hermon Holt, president, and Henry C. Hawkins, Jr., treasurer, with the following trustees: James L. Rice, Dr. Leonard Jarvis, Henry C. Hawkins, Jr., O. Duane Quimby, Rush Chellis, Hermon Holt, Thomas W. Fry, James E. Ellis, Henry K. Jenney, John M. Howe, Robert J. Merrill.

Its treasurer, who has prominent banking connections in his native city, Fall River, Mass., has had several years' experience in a banking house in Boston, and in the New Hampshire Savings Bank of Concord.



Its trustees are all business men of the town and enjoy the confidence of the community, and in addition to this it would seem fitting to quote from the bank commissioners' report for 1907 in regard to the bank—"We see no apparent reason why it should not become a prosperous, use-

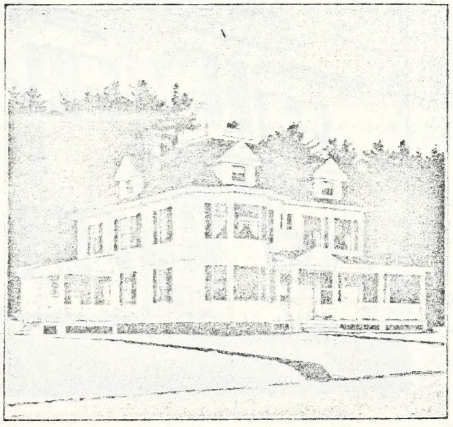


High Bridge, West Claremont

ful institution, and especially valuable to the town in which it is located, through its power to make and carry loans on real estate."

Worcester, Mass., and Claremont bear to each other a strong similarity in characteristics and lines of development. Both are compactly built, necessarily so, as in each the industrial interests are the dominant factor, and hence that trait of compactness must of necessity continue. Claremont can readily comply with this demand, as its topography is such that it can spread out toward each point of the compass for long distances and meet no prohibitive natural obstacle. But it is to the west, toward the Connecticut River, that Claremont is growing today with its greatest rapidity, as is shown by the development of that tract of one hundred acres to which has been given the distinctive name of "Pine Bluff." In the main this tract is but the continuation of those streets that run at a right angle from Pleasant Street, north from Claremont Junction road and south from Sullivan Street, and joins all these points without a gap.

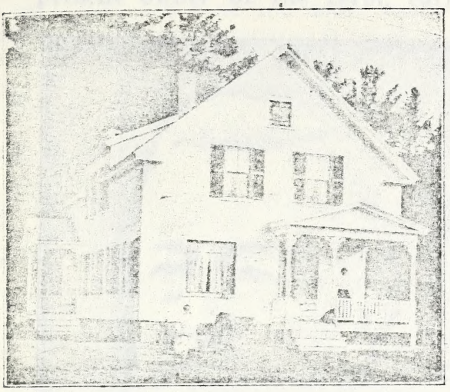
The development of Pine Bluff as a new residential portion of Claremont began in 1905, when it became the property of two of the town's



Residence of R. A. Quimby, Myrtle Street

young business men, Romeo A. Quimby and Edward J. Rossiter. The plans for its development included the reservation of a total of

fifteen acres divided into three communal parks. The streets were laid each at forty feet in width and each



Residence of C. V. N. Winslow, Woodland Street
Typical of New Homes of Pine Bluff

had its carefully built concrete sidewalk. The public water, sewer and gas systems were introduced, and each street lined with shade trees. twenty-six houses have been built in three years at an average cost of $2,500. With but a single exception each is a single family home and the one exception has but two families and each dwelling is owned by its occupant. Each lot has an average frontage of eighty feet, with average depth of 125 feet, and many of the lots still retain a portion of the stately pine trees indigenous to the locality. A public school house is an adjunct of "Pine Bluff" and the trolley lines are in close proximity to its north, east and south bounds.

Among the many fine old homesteads in Claremont is that of the Rossiter family. The home here shown was built in 1803 by Nathaniel Goss, who settled on the farm about 1775. Mr. Goss was an extensive farmer, keeping some twenty-five or thirty cows and each season he aimed to fatten as many hogs as he kept cows. In the winter of 1831–32

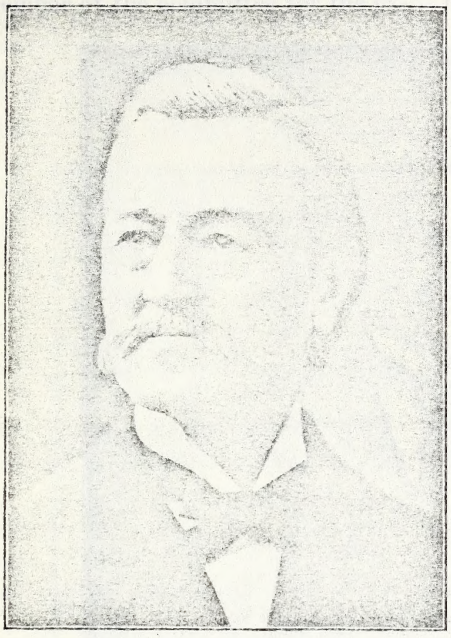


Rossiter Home

From the first there has been no promiscuous sale of house lots, but each has been sold under restrictions that secured the construction of a substantial residence. In all a total of he sent Pomeroy Rossiter to Boston with a team of three yoke of oxen and sled, carrying 6,000 pounds of produce, and the team returned with an equal amount of merchandise.



Mr. Rossiter was twelve days on the trip and the whole expense for self and team was $24.96. Mr. Rossiter, present owner of the farm, carries

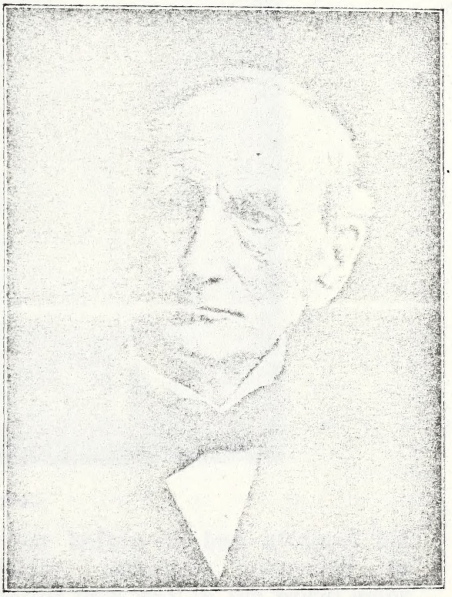


Hon. Hosea W. Parker

sixty head of pure-bred and registered Jerseys. Their product is sold as cream in local markets.

Throughout its entire history Claremont has been the home of a strong body of representatives of the legal profession and in this respect the town still "holds its own." To its lawyers, indeed, is the town indebted, in large measure, for the spirit of progress by which it is characterized, and for the initiation and success of all measures and means designed for the promotion of the public good. The veteran leaders of the bar in town and county alike, for many years past, still ranking as the town's "first citizens," are Hons. Hosea W. Parker and Ira Colby, both of whom have been the subject of extended biographical notice in the GRANITE MONTHLY in the past. Mr. Parker, who has served ably and honorably in the Congress of the United States as a Democrat, as well as in the state legislature, as president of the Universalist General Convention as well as of the state and Sunday school conventions of that denomination (both of which latter positions he now holds), and as president of the trustees of Tufts College, as well as in various positions of responsibility and leadership in his town, is still active and vigorous in professional work, in the furtherance of all plans for civic improvement and in the local work of the religious society with which he is affiliated, a striking proof of his loyalty to which is shown in the fact that he is now on his forty-seventh consecutive year as superintendent of the Universalist Sunday school.

Mr. Colby, who is now seventy-seven years of age and in failing



Hon. Ira Colby

health, has been five times elected to the lower branch of the legislature, and twice to the state senate; has been a delegate-at-large to the Republican

National Convention; was for more than twenty years solicitor for Sullivan County; declined an appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court, and has been for many years a member of the committee for the examination of candidates for admission to the New Hampshire bar.



Edward E. Leighton

Prominent among the younger members of the legal profession in town is Edward Everett Leighton, who though scarcely yet in middle life, is widely known as a successful member of the Sullivan County bar, and is possessed of an individuality that manifests itself in the general life of the town. His has been an active career, characterized by courage, self-reliance and application, according to the promise cropping out in the fact that he was admitted to the bar before he had attained his majority, although compelled to make his own way in the world after he was fourteen years of age.

Mr. Leighton was born in Laconia, the son of Edward and Selecta Leighton, but he passed his boyhood in Concord, to which city the family removed when he was an infant. He



attended the public schools and studied under private tutors. In 1897 he graduated from the Boston University Law School and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar at a sitting of the court in Dover, as stated, before he had attained his majority. As soon as he was twenty-one he began practice in Concord. With F. T. Woodman, he later formed the law firm of Leighton & Woodman,



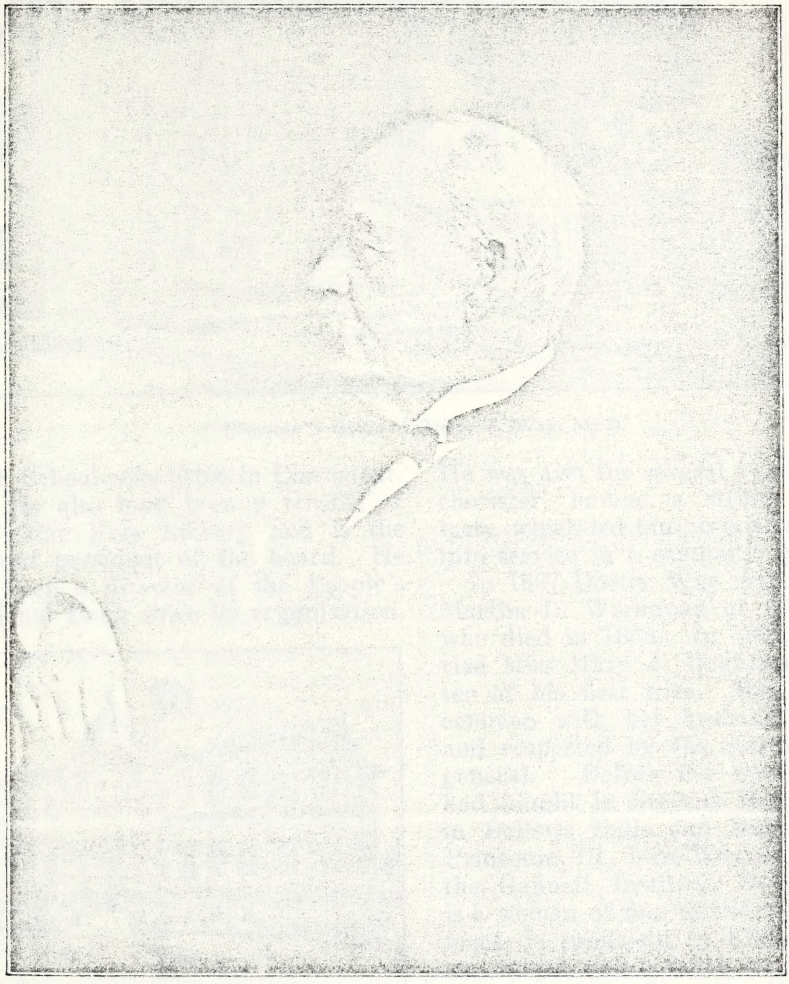
Residence of Hon. Hosea W. Parker

and in 1898 this firm defended Willard Green of Manchester, tried on a charge of murder. In 1899 Mr. Leighton settled in Claremont, where he has built up an extensive general practice. He is the attorney for some of the largest manufacturing interests in Claremont and Sullivan County. On December 19, 1900, he married Miss Katharyn Woodman of Plainfield, a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School and daughter of Capt. Alfred T. Woodman of Plainfield and sister of lawyer F. T. Woodman of Concord.

Of the medical, as of the legal profession, Claremont has had a long line of able representatives—men who have not only honored their profession, but faithfully served the community and labored for the uplifting of humanity in manifold ways. Most conspicuous among these at present and for many years past is Dr. Osmon Baker Way, a native of the town of Lempster, born March 22, 1840. With his parents, Gordon and Abigail (Perley) Way, he removed to Claremont in 1844, the family locating on a farm on Town Hill, where was their home for ten years, when the Alexander Ralston farm at West Claremont was bought, which homestead was owned by Doctor Way until a few years since. He attended the public schools and the old-time Claremont Academy, and entered Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, intending to pursue a college course, but impaired health compelled relinquishment of the plan. He engaged in teaching, however, and was also made superintendent of schools in Claremont, under the old system, when he had scarcely attained his majority. Having decided to enter the medical profession, he pursued his studies



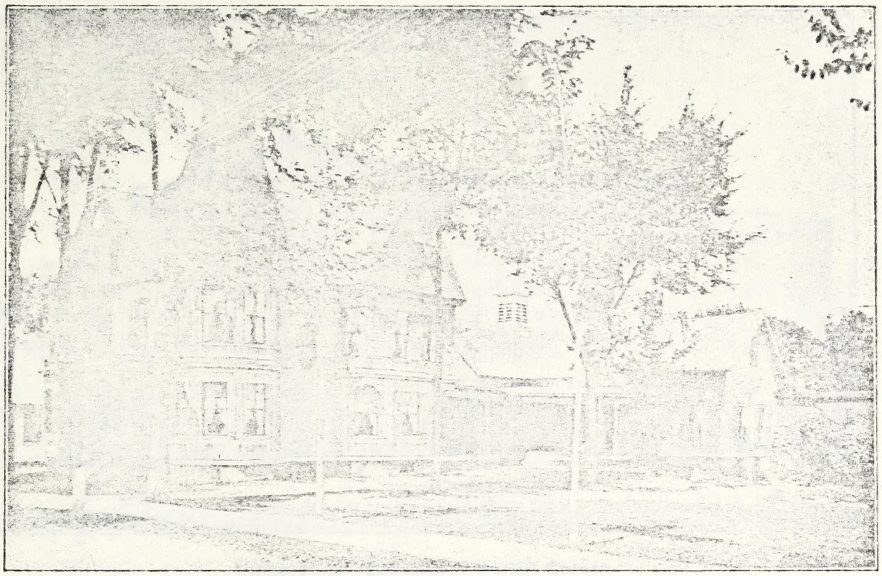
under the tutelage of the late Dr. Nathaniel Tolles of Claremont and Prof. A. B. Crosby of Hanover, and continued at the medical school of the University of Vermont, Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., and the Dartmouth Medical School, graduating from the latter in 1865. He immediately began practice at South Acworth, where he remained a year and a half, returning then to Claremont, where a broader and more promising field was presented, in which he has continued, winning the fullest measure of professional success, his practice for many years calling him into surrounding towns and even distant localities. For some time past he has made bacteriology a specialty, and his proficiency in this line is widely recognized by the profession. A continuously increasing office practice has led, in recent years, to his confining his practice to these ends.



Osmon B. Way, M. D.

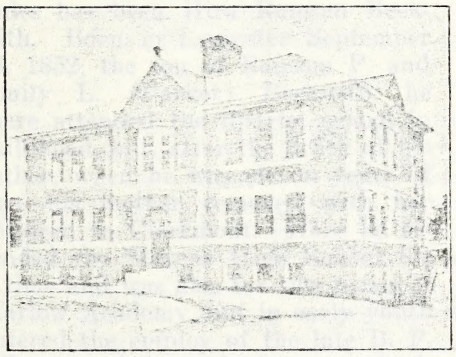
The sphere of Doctor Way's activity has by no means been confined to the professional field. Even in Acworth he served as superintending school committee and for twenty-six years he was a member of the Stevens





"Wayside"—Home of Osmon B. Way, M. D.

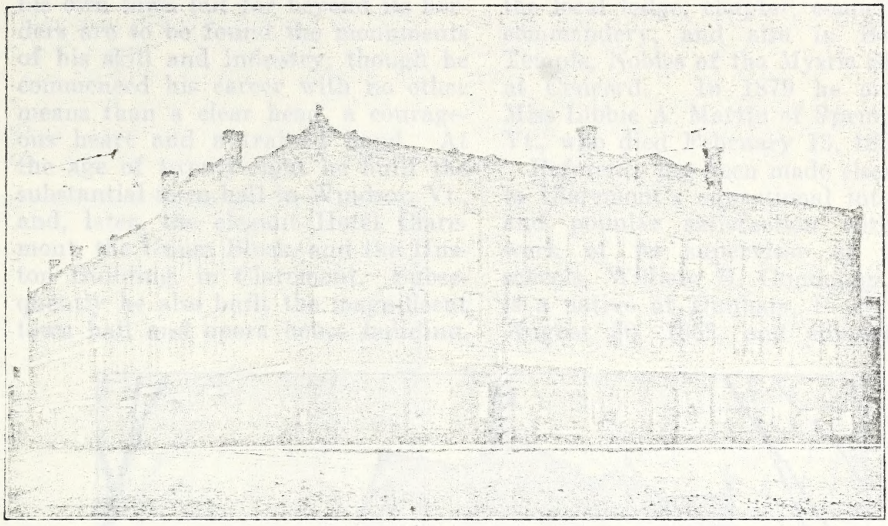
High School committee in Claremont. He has also long been a trustee of the Fiske Free Library and is the present president of the board. He has been a director of the People's National Bank since its organization.



The Way School

He has been president of the Methodist Episcopal Church Society for more than thirty years and a church trustee for an equal period. He is also a trustee of Boston University. He was long superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, and at one time had a class of eighty members. He was also for several years church chorister, having a strong musical taste, which led him in boyhood years into service in a campaign glee club.

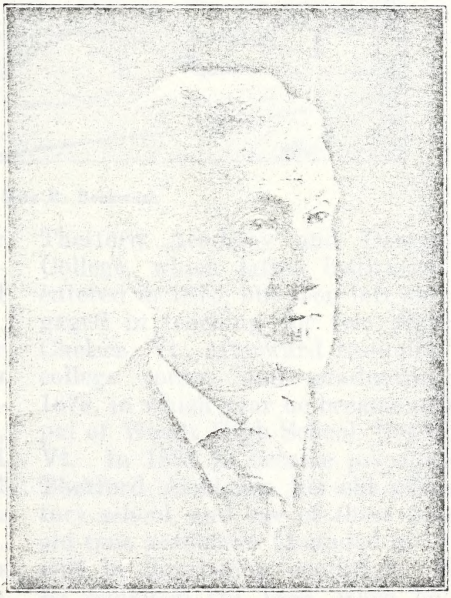
In 1867 Doctor Way married Miss Martha L. Wightman of Claremont, who died in 1868. In 1882 he married Miss Mary J. Wightman, a sister of his first wife. Mrs. Way in common with her husband is loved and respected by the community in general. Before her marriage she had taught in Stevens High School, in Bellows Falls and Rutland, Vt., Princeton, Ill., Fort Wayne, Ind., and the Gannett Institute, Boston. She is a woman of fine intellectual attainment, is proficient in French, Latin and Greek, and is today an enthusiastic student in German. Yet, above all, she shines in her home, making her talents and accomplishments in other lines contribute to the making of her daily life and home all the more attractive and beautiful. She has in her veins the purest blood of Puritan New England, and she in her own personality perpetuates the best traditions of Puritan womanhood.



Union Block—Claremont's Busiest Corner

"Wayside," the family home, is one of the features of residential Claremont, and in its tastefully arranged grounds Doctor and Mrs. Way find an opportunity to keep alive that love for rural life innate with each.

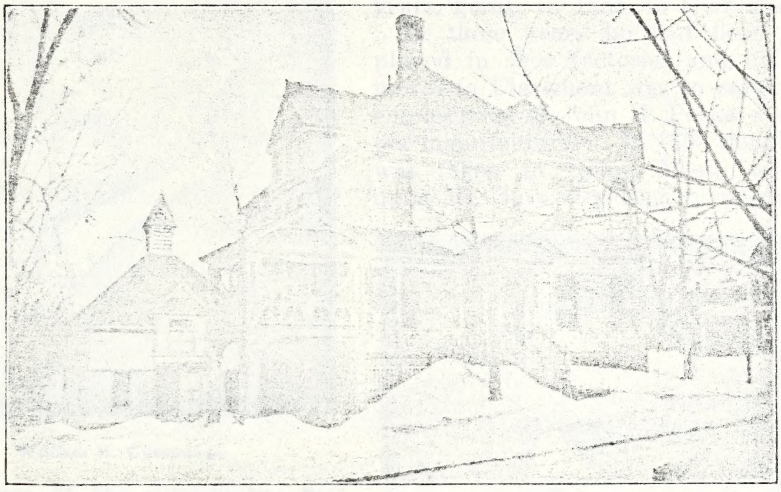
A potent factor in the prosperity of Claremont for the last three decades has been Hira Ransom Beckwith. Born in Lempster September 28, 1852, the son of Ransom P. and Emily L. (Parker) Beckwith, he there attended the district school in childhood, but, after the death of his father, when he was eleven years of age, his mother removed with her children to Claremont. Here he attended the Stevens High School for a time and was also for two terms at Marlow Academy, but in early youth entered the employ of the late B. P. Gilman and learned the carpenter's trade, subsequently studying architecture in a Boston office. At the age of twenty-one he formed a partnership with the late Levi Chase, and the firm carried on business as contractors and builders for a number of years, since which Mr. Beckwith has been alone in the enterprise. His offices are in Union Block, the town's finest business building, occupying the most eligible site on Tremont Square, of which building he is a third owner.



Hira R. Beckwith

Although Mr. Beckwith has but fairly reached the meridian of life, he has accomplished much work and attained notable success. Not only in

his own town but far beyond its borders are to be found the monuments of his skill and industry, though he commenced his career with no other means than a clear head, a courageous heart and a trained hand. At the age of twenty-eight he built the substantial town hall in Windsor, Vt., and, later, the elegant Hotel Claremont, the Union Block, and the Huston Building, in Claremont. Subsequently he also built the magnificent town hall and opera house building.



Residence of Hira R. Beckwith

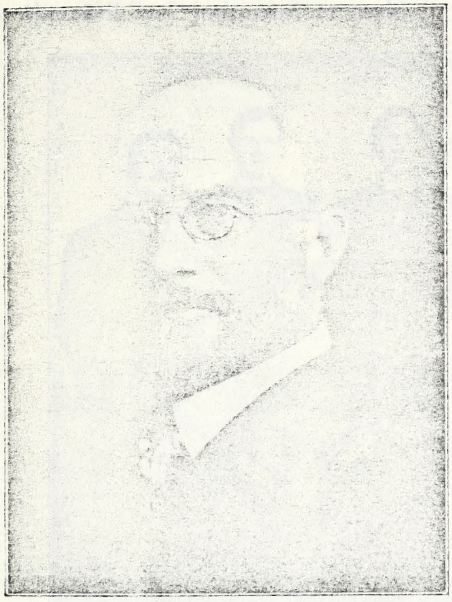
He was the building contractor for numerous structures in Newport, including the Richards Library and Sullivan County court house; of St. Anthony's Church at White River Junction, Vt., and various buildings in Walpole, in Bellows Falls and Bennington, Vt., and in Massachusetts, for many of which he also furnished the plans. Many of the substantial and attractive residences, for which Claremont is noted, are also his work.

Mr. Beckwith is a Universalist in religious affiliation, and a staunch Democrat in politics. He was chosen a member of the board of assessors at the last election, running largely ahead of his ticket. In fraternal life he is a Mason, with membership in the local lodge, chapter, council and commandery, and also in Bektash Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at Concord. In 1879 he married Miss Libbie A. Martin of Springfield, Vt., who died February 13, 1892.

Reference has been made elsewhere to Claremont's educational interests, and popular satisfaction with the work of its supervisor of public schools, William H. Cummings, who is a native of Dunham, P. Q., born August 30, 1852, and educated at Thetford Academy and Dartmouth College, which latter institution he entered in 1873, but soon left and engaged in teaching for two years in Chelsea, Vt., afterward resuming his college course and graduating in 1879, in which year he became principal of Woods High School, Bradford, Vt. In 1884 he became principal of Thetford Academy, his old preparatory school, and one of those famous old-time academies (founded in 1819) still in flourishing condition. Here he remained till 1888, when he accepted the principalship of Homer Academy and Union High School at Homer, N. Y., continuing till 1890, when he left to become principal of the famous Kimball Union Academy



at Meriden, which position he filled for ten years. From 1901 to 1905 he was superintendent of schools for the district including the towns of Hadley, Hatfield and Bernardstown, Mass., leaving in the latter year to



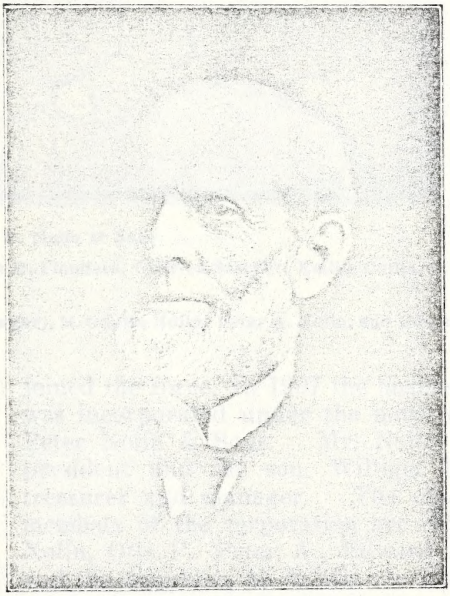
William H. Cummings

take charge of the supervisory district of Claremont and Charlestown.

Thus it will be noted that Mr. Cummings has devoted his entire manhood thus far to educational work, and the fact that his professional life has been passed in a comparatively limited area indicates more forcibly than words can do the measure of his success. In extending his studies of schools and school systems, it may be added that Mr. Cummings has made an extensive tour of Europe.

Prominent in the list of Claremont's mercantile interests is the bookstore of Josiah Gove, who is not only appreciated as a merchant, but likewise for his genuine worth as a citizen, friend and neighbor. Mr. Gove was born in Lynn, Mass., July 2, 1842. His parents were Albert and Sarah (Green) Gove, both of whom had died by the time he was sixteen years old, after which he made his home in the town of Weare in this state, where, during the Civil War he became a member of Co. D, 14th N. H. Regiment, and was with that organization in its campaigns in Virginia and Louisiana, serving in all two years and ten months. On his return he lived in Weare and other places until 1872, when he went to Pittsfield, the thriving Suncook Valley town, where he lived for sixteen years, going, in 1888, to Claremont.

In these years he had been employed in shoe factories and his removal to Claremont was to enter the employment of John H. Parke, a slipper manufacturer. In 1895 the plant was taken to Lynn, Mass., whereupon Mr. Gove, deciding to remain in



Josiah Gove

Claremont, bought his present book and stationery store and has conducted the same to date, increasing its business more than two-fold. Mr. Gove is a member of the Masonic order and a past master of Corinthian lodge in Pittsfield. His church home is the Universalist. He married, in

1869, Miss Rebecca B. Gove of Weare. She died February 2, 1895.

Whatever it may have been to others, Claremont has been a place of opportunity to Peter Nolin, who may well flatter himself that he had the wisdom to grasp the opportunity and the skill and judgment to mold it to his ends. Born in Iberville, P. Q., March 5, 1845, the son of Louis and Justine (Houle) Nolin, he went to Claremont in 1865, where he has ever since resided, there being then but five Canadian families in the place, where today there are over three hundred. Sound in mind and body and full of ambition, he took up the work which he found at hand, being employed at first on farms and in paper mills, laboring for others until 1895, when he opened a grocery store in the village. During his thirty years in town he had married and, with his wife, had carefully reared a family of children, and saved the wherewithal to embark in business, in which success was immediate and still continuous. At the start Mr. Nolin and his son, Peter A., were able to handle the business; but, as sales increased, it was his happy lot to have four other sons available to assist, and then a daughter of fine business tact joined the force. In 1907 the business was incorporated under the name of Peter Nolin & Sons. Mr. Nolin is president and the son, William P., treasurer and manager. The other members of the corporation are Mrs. Nolin, Otis P., Peter A., Edward P. and the daughter, M. Odelia. In 1905 the business was enlarged by the addition of a bakery, occupying a two-story building, owned by the corporation and equipped with every necessary convenience.



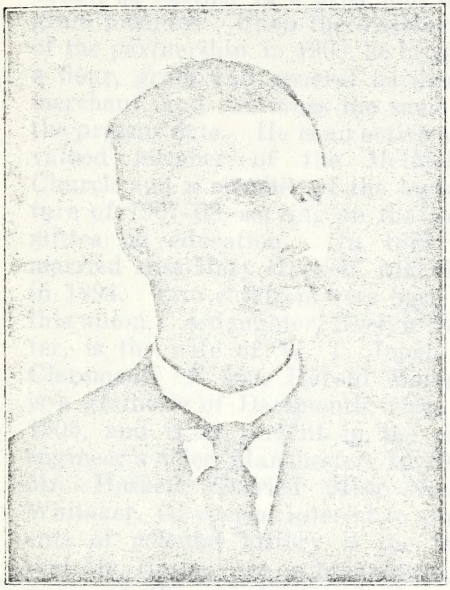
Clerical Force of P. Nolin & Sons

Standing, left to right: Walter A. Pugh, Harry E. Flanders, Charles Sawyer, Emille Collin, C. J. St. Martin, L. Gandreau.

Sitting: Otis P. Nolin, William P. Nolin, (Manager), M. Odelia Nolin, Peter A. Nolin, and Edward P. Nolin.

Mr. Nolin married Miss Mary Gillette of Claremont July 25, 1870. Nine children were born of the union, seven of whom are living.. One

of the sons, William P., manager of the corporation, is second vice-president of the N. H. Retail Grocers' Association and widely known to the trade. The family residence is on Washington Street, alike attractive in



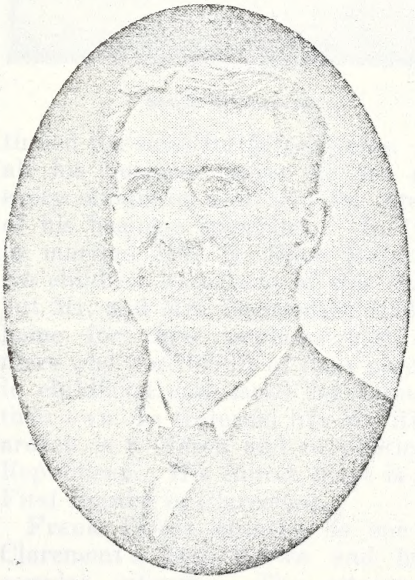
Peter Nolin

situation and construction, and ranking among the best in town.

The magnitude of the Nolin company's business is indicated by the accompanying picture of the clerical force, five of whom are children of the president.

In the Old Colony region of Massachusetts, close by the shore of Buzzard's Bay, is the town of Rochester, settled by descendants in the first generation of the Pilgrim and Puritan settlers along the Atlantic coast. One of those Rochester pioneers was Mark, son of that Roger Haskell who was of the daring company that settled Salem in 1628. Descendants of Mark Haskell lived in Rochester for at least a century and a half, and one of these in the later years was C. Henry Haskell, who, after having studied medicine with his father, Joseph, became a practitioner in South Abington, another Old Colony town, now known as Whitman. Before leaving Rochester, Doctor Haskell had married Miss Eliza Bigelow Dexter of that town, and of the strongest Massachusetts Puritan descent, for the Bigelows and Dexters, like the Haskells, have ever been prominent in Massachusetts history. Among children born of this union, in the South Abington home, was Joseph Henry Haskell, who since his thirteenth year has lived in Claremont and who is now a merchant and active in all that pertains to the welfare of the community.

Mr. Haskell's natal day was January 29, 1858. When six years old his father died, and his mother, after teaching in South Abington, returned to Rochester with her children, going herself, soon after, to New Bedford to teach in the public schools.



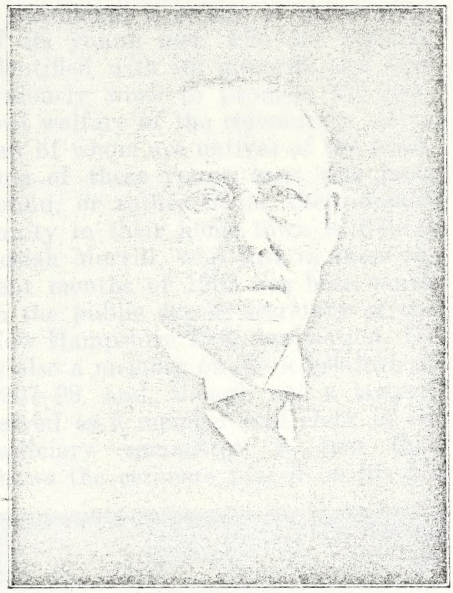
Joseph H. Haskell

After two years in New Bedford, Mrs. Haskell went to Boston and there taught for thirty consecutive years in the famed Bigelow school.

Upon his arrival in Claremont, the subject of this sketch entered the em-

ploy of the old-time Claremont Manufacturing Company, paper makers, printers and publishers. Later he went to work for the Sugar River Paper Mill Company, and there remained for fifteen years. In 1895 he engaged in business on his own account, as partner in a grist mill and grain business. Upon the dissolution of the partnership, in 1903, he became a flour, grain and general hardware merchant, and continues the same to the present date. He is an active and valued member of the Methodist Church and a member of the legislature of 1907–08, serving on the committee on education. In 1879 he married Miss Mary Markolf, who died in 1894. Two children were born of this union. A daughter, Evelyn Dexter, is the wife of W. T. Jonah of Claremont. A son, Harold Morton, is a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1905, and is at present in the city engineer's office, Manchester. In 1895 Mr. Haskell married Miss Nettie Whitaker. Of special interest to students of colonial history is the fact that Mr. Haskell has in his possession many of the old family deeds and papers. The oldest of these is a deed of the property sold to Mark Haskell in 1698.

In 1886 Samuel Richardson embarked in the fire insurance and real estate business, and the agency then established and continued to this day, is the oldest in Claremont, without change of ownership or management. Born here December 14, 1841, it is Mr. Richardson's exceptionally happy lot to still live in the house in which he was born. His parents were Samuel and Mary A. (Wright) Richardson. After completing his studies in the Claremont schools he became a teacher in Cornish, in the same building in which Salmon P. Chase was once a pupil. He later worked in the armory at Windsor, Vt., and, as this was during the Civil War, had opportunity to observe, in a measure at least, certain distinct aspects of that strife. A brief residence in Leominster, Mass., followed, when, in 1866, he returned to Claremont and was for a time in the lumber business. In 1871 he engaged in file-recutting and manufacturing and con-

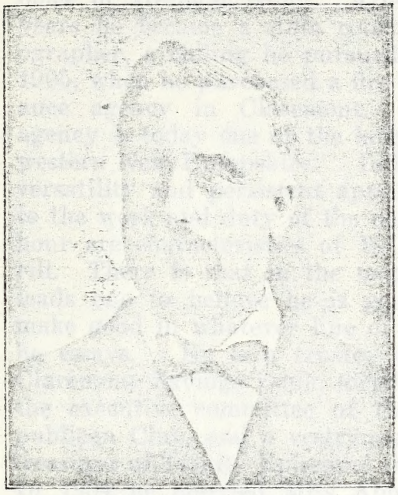


Samuel Richardson

tinued the same for fifteen years. In all his business career he has met every obligation and held the esteem of his business associates. In 1868 he married Miss H. Ellen McIntire. No children were born of this union but Mr. and Mrs. Richardson made a home for three nephews and one niece who were bereft of their parents in childhood and cared for them as their own. In fraternal life Mr. Richardson is a Mason and in politics a Republican. His church home is the First Baptist in Claremont.

Frank Pierce Huntley is one of Claremont's best known and most popular citizens. The esteem in which he is held is evinced by the fact that he has been five times a selectman and twice a member of the legislature, besides holding other positions of honor and trust, although he is but an adopted son of Claremont, it having been his home only

since 1881. His personality is one that wins friendship and inspires confidence, as is shown by the fact that he was once made a deputy sheriff and his bond filed, ere he was aware of the circumstance. Again, his first



Frank P. Huntley

nomination for selectman came to him, a lifelong Democrat, from the Republican caucus, the nomination being endorsed by the Democrats and Prohibitionists.

Born in Stoddard November 10, 1852, the son of Ezra G. and Sarah J. (Towns) Huntley, his parents removed, soon after, to Marlow, where his boyhood was passed. When of age he went to Alstead and there bought the stage line from that place to Bellows Falls, Vt., which he soon exchanged for a Claremont livery business, which he has greatly developed and still owns. His establishment fronts on Sullivan and Pleasant Streets and bears the distinctive name of "City Livery and Feed Stables."

A lifelong Democrat, he has served his party long and well on its state central committee and in 1900 was an alternate delegate to the National Convention in Kansas City. His first election to the legislature was for 1893–94, and the second for 1903–04. In the later session he was a member of the appropriation committee. He is a Knight Templar Mason and a Red Man. In 1901 he married Miss Anna J. Figger.

Claremont is strong in the number of its young men who are actively identified with its interests and who zealously work to promote the general welfare of the community, not a few of whom are natives of the town. One of these young men who have found, or rather made, their opportunity in their home town is Robert Josiah Merrill, who just in these recent months of 1908 has been much in the public eye as secretary of the New Hampshire Taft Association. He is also a member of the legislature of 1907–08, and, though not a lawyer, served as a member and clerk of its judiciary committee, a fact that shows the estimate placed on his fit-



Robert J. Merrill

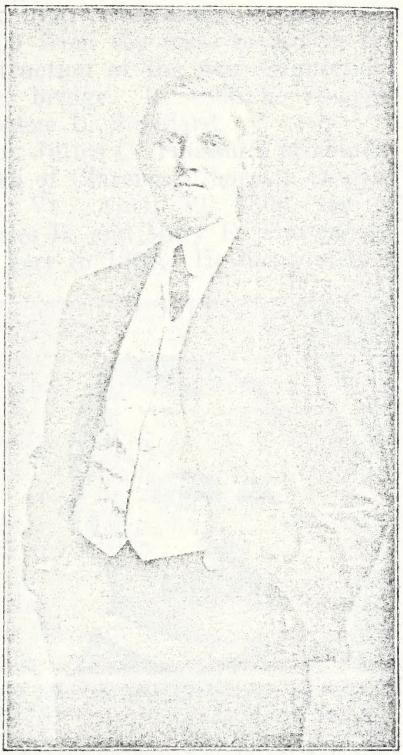
ness and ability more forcibly than words can do.

Mr. Merrill is not yet thirty, his natal day having been October 18, 1878. His parents were Martin V. and Helen E. (Baker) Merrill. His

father is yet living, but his mother died in his childhood and at nine years of age the parental home was removed to Charlestown. There Robert J. lived till he was twenty, when he returned to Claremont and became a clerk and student in the law office of Hermon Holt. After five years he became a state court stenographer, a calling he pursued until 1905, when he purchased a fire insurance agency in Claremont. This agency is today one of the largest in western New Hampshire. Industry, versatility and persistent application to the work and duty of the day and hour are characteristics of Mr. Merrill. There is that in the man that leads one to believe he is going to make good in whatever line of effort he essays. He is a trustee of the Claremont Savings Bank, member of the executive committee of the Republican Club, and a vestryman and treasurer of Trinity Episcopal church. In 1904 he married Miss Abbie M. Robertson of Charlestown.

Prominent among Claremont's young men of affairs is Charles G. Adams, the New England Telephone Company's manager of the district composed of Claremont, Windsor and Felchville, Vt. Mr. Adams was appointed to his present position April 1, 1904, when the district had 300 subscribers, while the number in April, 1908, is 1,290, an increase of more than 400 per cent. While it is true that the marked growth of the town would naturally cause an increase in the number of subscribers, it is also true that there is in Mr. Adams those characteristics that make him just the man for the place. Even the stranger notices in him that equipment training, attention to details and sincerity of action that win public confidence and count for so much in telephone service.

Mr. Adams comes, as his name indicates, from fine old New England Puritan stock. He was born in Danville, Vt., May 28, 1882, the son of Loren S. and Abbie G. Adams. After graduation from the Caledonia Grammar School in Peacham he took a course in a St. Johnsbury business college and from there went as cashier of the store of the Pike Manufacturing Co. in Haverhill, and assistant cashier of the manufacturing company. In 1903 he entered the employ of the telephone company's office in St. Johnsbury, beginning on

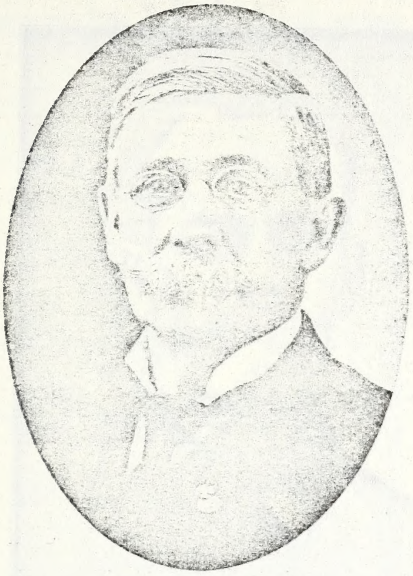


Charles G. Adams

the bottom rung of the ladder and making himself efficient at every step. In 1904 he married Miss Gertrude L. Grandy, daughter of the late Hiram Grandy, long editor of the *National Eagle*. Mr. Adams is a Mason, with a membership in the Commandery and Shrine.

There is sufficient material in Claremont, if properly collected and handled, to produce an interesting

military history, as is suggested by the name of David Reuben Roys, who, at eighteen, shouldered a musket and went to the front with Company G, in New Hampshire's famous "Fighting Fifth" regiment. He gave three

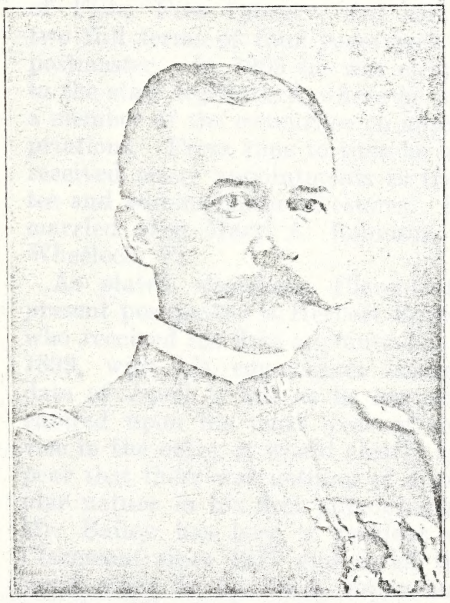


Hon. David R. Roys

years and ten months to his country's service, mostly before he became of age, and was the first man in his regiment to re-enlist for the war. His record compasses the thrilling Peninsula campaign and the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and others; and he still has in his possession numerous war papers and documents issued to him while in the service, including passes given him from regimental and brigade headquarters when he was serving as a bugler.

Upon the conclusion of the war, Mr. Roys returned to Claremont and at once entered upon an industrious career as a citizen of the town. In succeeding years he entered the employ of the Sullivan Machinery Company, an employment that has continued to the present time, broken, however, by longer or shorter residences in Vermont, the trans-Mississippi regions and in California. The Grand Army of the Republic has found in him a valued and active member and the Republican party a steadfast adherent, whom it has delighted to honor. In 1899 he was sent to the state legislature and again in 1901 as a member of the popular branch. He was honored by an election to the senate of 1907–08 from the Sullivan County district. It was through his earnest and well-directed work that Claremont secured the $8,000 from the state to aid in the construction of the new Connecticut River bridge. In 1866 he married Emogene L. Stoddard.

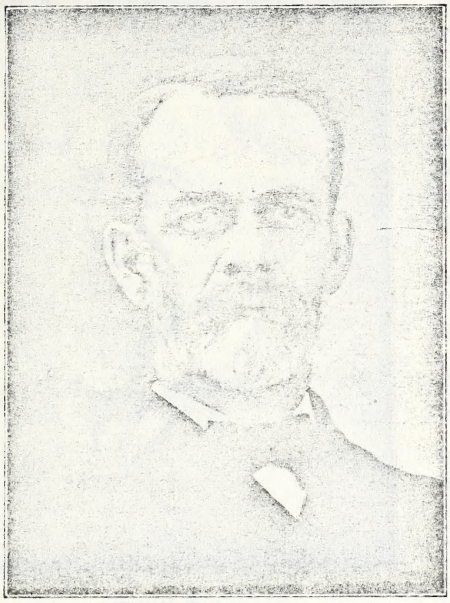
Col. Julius C. Timson, a prominent citizen of Claremont, born in Brattleboro, Vt., April 19, 1860, son of Charles H. and Mary E. Timson, settled here in 1892. He has served in



Col. Julius C. Timson

the Vermont and New Hampshire militia nearly twenty-five years, and was captain of Co. D, 1st N. H. Volunteer Infantry, in the Spanish American War. He went on the retired list of the state militia as a lieuten-

ant colonel, at his own request in 1905. He is an auctioneer and runs extensive real estate agencies in Claremont and White River Junction, Vt. He is also a special agent of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company.



George W. Paul

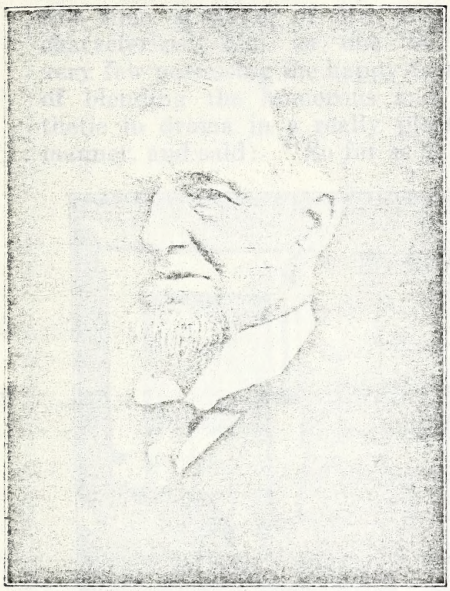
Contrary to the general impression, there are some men who get into office without any seeking on their part; in other words, there is an occasional instance, even in these days, where the office seeks the man. In George W. Paul Claremont has such a man, for some years ago he was nominated and elected to the office of first selectman, contrary to his own wishes and against his expressed desire in the party caucus that made the nomination. Again, it is a strong man who can poll more than his party's strength. Mr. Paul had to do this in order to secure his election, for his own Democratic party was in the minority. For four consecutive years Mr. Paul has been chosen to the office of first selectman and his present election, at the recent March meeting, was won without his presence at the polls, for he was at his home because of an illness of several weeks' duration. His first and successive elections show the estimate placed upon this man by his fellow townsmen.

Mr. Paul was born in Claremont August 17, 1850, and here has ever been his home. He was the son of Jeremiah and Betsey (Fullerton) Paul. From the school room in his native town he went into a printing office and learned the trade and followed it for some fifteen years. From boyhood he exhibited an all-round ability, sound judgment and the temperament that made him a safe counsellor, and thus by his very nature he became identified with positions of trust. He has had service on the town water board, has been collector of taxes two years, a trustee of Fiske Free Library, and served two full terms of four years each as postmaster. In 1905 he was elected to the state legislature, where he was a member of the committee on appropriations. From time to time he has received many appointments as trustee and administrator of estates. He married Miss Mary A. Robinson of Wheelock, Vt.

As stated elsewhere, Claremont's present postmaster is Herbert Bailey, who received his first appointment in 1899, with his commission bearing date of April 1, but as he has now entered upon his tenth year of service in the office, it would clearly appear that there was nothing of a jocular nature in his first appointment. Mr. Bailey has been a resident of Claremont since 1877 and in all the years since he has been active and prominent in the business interests of the town and ever ready to foster every influence calculated to advance the general welfare of the community.

He was born in the town of Brookline June 6, 1842, the son of Alonzo and Sarah J. (Jacques) Bailey. His school days were passed in his native Brookline, and at the then

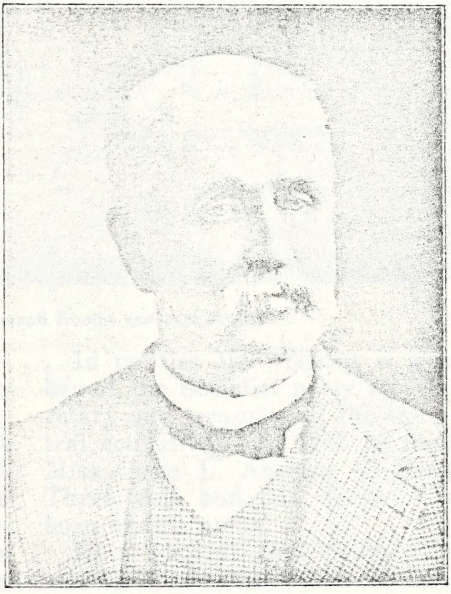
Green Mountain Liberal Institute, later Perkins Academy, South Woodstock, Vt. Following his school days he passed a year in Illinois, when he returned to New Hampshire, locating in Enfield Center. There, in 1864,



Herbert Bailey

he became identified with a knitting mill, first as its superintendent and later as owner and manufacturer. As a citizen of Enfield he was a potential factor in all that pertained to the town's welfare, and, early as 1869, was sent to the legislature and returned for the sessions of 1872 and 1873. He settled in Claremont as a knitting mill owner and continued the business until 1892. He married in 1864 Miss Alice L., daughter of the late Israel Woodbury Sulloway, and sister of Alvah W. Sulloway of Franklin. Five daughters were born of this union. Of these, Annie L. became the wife of the late William E. Barrett, one of the most brilliant and successful newspaper men of his day in Massachusetts, owning the *Boston Daily Advertiser* and the *Evening Record;* a former speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives and a congressman. Mrs. Barrett now lives in West Newton, Mass. The second daughter, Florence K., is at present in Italy. The third, Susie Daniell, is the wife of Frank G. Flint of Bellows Falls, Vt.; Mary, the fourth, is with Mrs. Barrett in West Newton, and Marguerite is the wife of Samuel R. Upham, M. D., Claremont. The church home of the family is the Universalist, of which Mr. Bailey is a trustee. The family home, on Bailey Avenue, fronting Broad Street, is purely colonial in its architecture, and exceptionally attractive in its every detail.

Among many Vermont natives now resident in Claremont is William H. Wilkins, born in Reading, Vt., January 1, 1853, the son of Alamanda and Ellen Lorette Wilkins. As a child he manifested a marked predilection for amateur theatricals, and

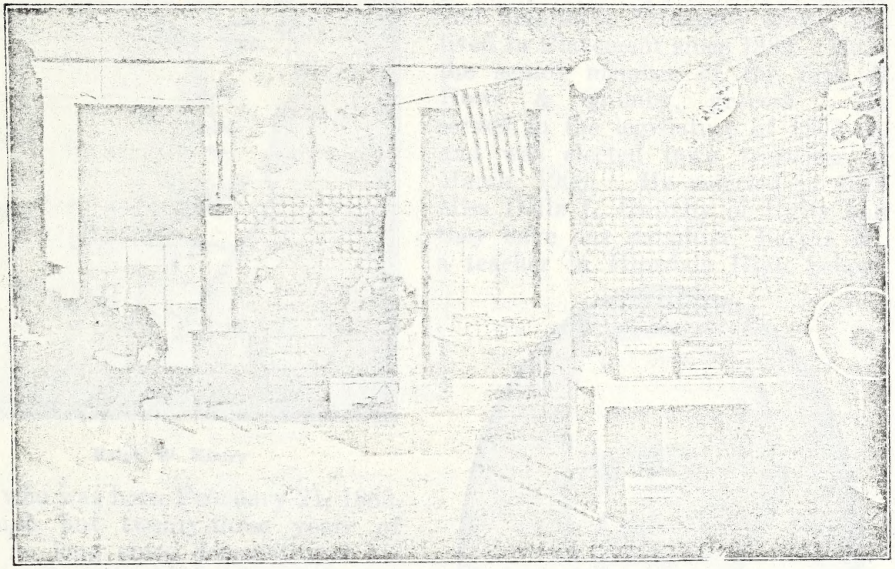


William H. Wilkins

at ten years of age made a successful appearance on the local stage. Becoming a student at the then famous Green Mountain Institute, later called Perkins Academy, at South Woodstock, he wrote, when only seventeen

years old, an amateur play called "Rock Allen, The Orphan, or, Lost and Found." This play was published in Clyde, Ohio, and found an extensive sale, its presentation proving a decided success. The *Amateur Theatrical Record* of Clyde, about this time, speaking of Mr. Wilkins, characterized him as one of the very few possessing the happy faculty of blending the humorous and pathetic in drama in a really pleasing manner, and said: "So far as he has written we consider him the most successful writer of amateur dramas we have ever known." From the Perkins Academy he graduated at eighteen as valedictorian. He next wrote "Three Glasses a Day, or the Broken Home," a play that was entirely successful. Among other plays that followed and became popular on the amateur stage were "The Reward of Crime, or, The Love of Gold," and "The Turn of the Tide, or, Wrecked in Port."

Mr. Wilkins became a teacher of penmanship in Perkins Academy and, later, a merchant and postmaster in South Woodstock. He was for thirteen years a resident of Lebanon and for a number of years a traveling salesman. In 1899 he settled in Claremont, which has since been his home. As an artist in crayon portraiture and general work, he attained decided success and to this he later added a phonograph salesroom, making this the largest business of its kind in his part of New Hampshire, commanding patronage from a wide territory.



W. H. Wilkins' Phonograph Rooms and Art Studio

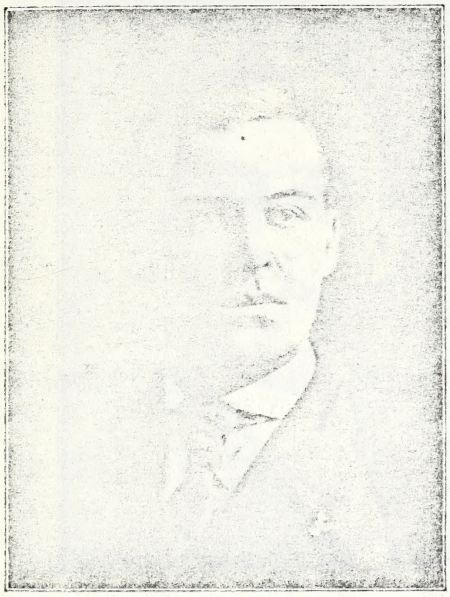
In politics Mr. Wilkins is a member of the Socialist party and is secretary and treasurer of the state central committee. In 1873 he married Miss Clara L. Amsden of Reading. Three sons and one daughter were born of this union.

In a tour of that pride of commercial Claremont, Tremont Square, one is quick to take notice of the store of J. H. Kiniry in the Brown building, which is devoted to all that in any manner pertains to the equipment of horse, carriage or stable, to athletic and sporting goods, and all descriptions of merchandise in leather



and is the largest establishment of its kind, not alone in Claremont, but western New Hampshire.

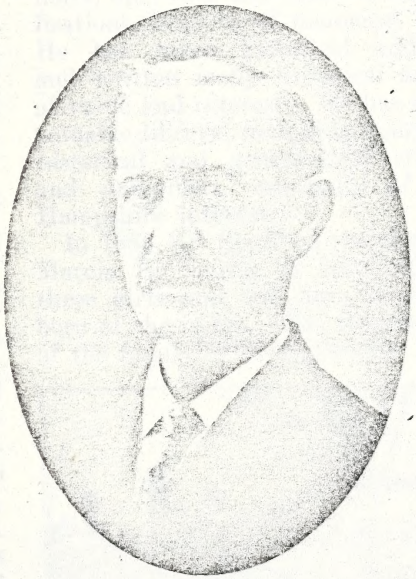
The manager of the store is Ralph W., son of Deputy Sheriff James H. and Minnie W. Kiniry of Windsor,



Ralph W. Kiniry

Vt., who was born February 21, 1885. Though but twenty-three years of age, he long since demonstrated his skill and aptitude for business and wise management. He attended the schools of Windsor, graduating in 1903 from its high school and then passed a year in an Albany, N. Y., commercial college. In 1905 he assumed charge of the Claremont store and became a permanent resident of the town, at once identifying himself with its general life and affairs. His success and the esteem in which he is held by associates and fellow townsmen find exemplification in the fact that he is today the exalted ruler of the Claremont lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and is the youngest man yet elected to that office in the United States. The Claremont lodge of Elks is one of the largest of the many fraternal organizations in the town, it membership including residents of Lebanon and West Lebanon on the north and Charlestown and Walpole to the south. Mr. Kiniry, senior, operates a store in Windsor devoted to the same lines as the Claremont store and in both places is he also an extensive wholesale and retail coal dealer. In Claremont his coal storage bins have a capacity exceeding 1,000 tons.

John Martin Howe, born in Newport September 3, 1855, son of Seneca and Mehitable (Muzzey) Howe, has lived in Claremont since 1882. He is the senior member of the firm of Howe & Quimby, grocers. He served in the legislature of 1907–08, and was elected town treasurer in March, 1908. He married in 1878 Miss Della L. Quimby of Unity and they have one daughter, Bertha M., a teacher in Hinsdale High School,

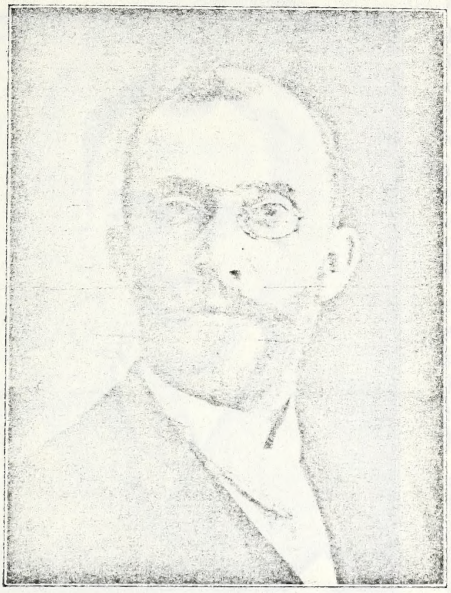


John M. Howe

and two sons, Earl, a clerk for Howe & Quimby, and Arthur, a clerk in the Claremont postoffice.

Charles B. Spofford has been a leading citizen and a strong factor in the business, social and fraternal life of Claremont for more than twenty years. Born in Manchester February

18, 1863, the son of the late Benjamin and Emeline (Porter) Spofford, he received a college preparatory education and then, intent upon a business career, entered a Manchester drug store, going thence to Newport



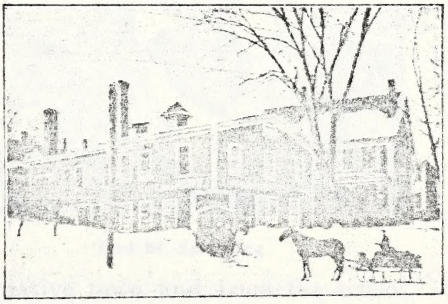
Chas. B. Spofford

for a year, and in 1885, when just twenty-one, locating in Claremont, where he has since resided, engaged in the drug and periodical business, until his sale of the same and retirement from active business life a year or two since.

In fraternal circles Mr. Spofford has been specially active and prominent. He is a Mason of the 32d degree; is a past high priest of Webb Royal Arch Chapter, No. 6; past master of Columbian Council, No. 2, R. and S. M., and, in 1890, was made a M. I. past grand master of the grand council of R. and S. masters of New Hampshire. He was the first chancellor commander of Claremont lodge, Knights of Pythias, and for twelve years keeper of records and seals in the grand lodge. The local company of the uniformed rank of the order was named in his honor, and he was for seven years assistant adjutant general of the N. H. Brigade. He is a member of the N. H. Pharmaceutical Society, and has been secretary, vice-president and president of the same. He joined the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in 1892, served several years on the board of managers, and two full terms as president, after serving out an unexpired term by appointment. At his suggestion, and by vote of the town, every known grave of a Revolutionary soldier in Claremont received a bronze marker of the S. A. R., the town of Claremont being the first to so mark the graves of these patriots.

Mr. Spofford, in 1894, published at his own expense a record of the Revolutionary soldiers of Claremont, and later the "Inscriptions from the Gravestones of Claremont," with notes, etc., this, like most of his publications, because of historical value. He has given historical addresses and written many historical articles of value and interest. He has a very valuable library, including many rare historical and genealogical volumes and pamphlets, especially of New Hampshire interest.

In 1886 Mr. Spofford married Miss Marcia B. Nourse of Newport, and three girls and two boys have been born of the union. The church home of the family is the Episcopal.

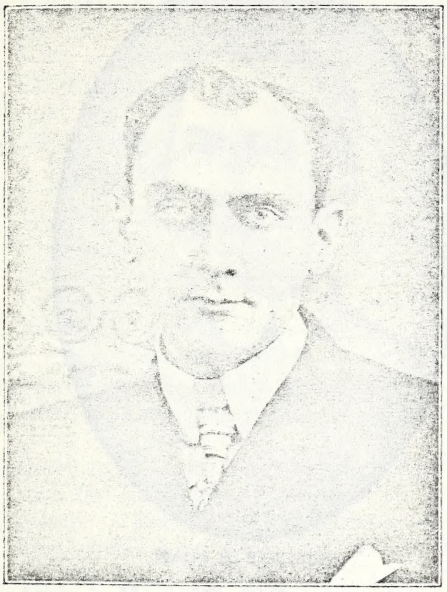


Claremont Steam Laundry

The Claremont steam laundry of Atkins & Ratigan is one of the largest plants of its kind in western New

Hampshire. The proprietors are young men and comparatively newcomers in Claremont, where they have received a cordial welcome.

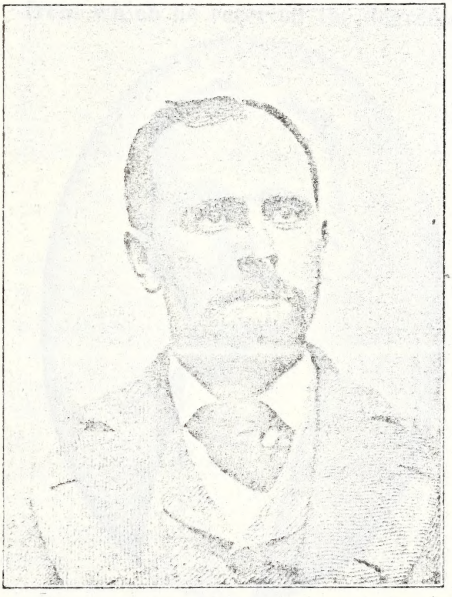
George A. Hale was born in Claremont April 30, 1878, son of Elbert



George A. Hale

and Grace E. (English) Hale. He graduated from Stevens High School in 1896. He learned photography and has studios in Claremont. He also, at his studios, is a dealer in photo art supplies, phonographs and all that pertains thereto. Practically all the exterior views shown in this article are from photos made by Mr. Hale.

Claremont's growth and importance as a commercial center find a convincing illustration in the furniture and undertaking establishment of F. M. Spaulding & Co. This firm began business in Claremont as recently as 1892, yet from the smallest of beginnings it has grown to be the largest business of its kind in western New Hampshire, with a patronage that extends far into all surrounding territory. Yet, it was not Claremont's growth alone that made possible the expansion of the firm's business, for, back of it all, was the man, Mr. Spaulding himself displaying a never-tiring industry, a keen discernment of what his trade desired, and a personality that won the confidence of the people. Today the firm occupies to repletion a building that is practically three stories high, with a depth of 100 feet, and all this for its furniture, crockery, china and glassware trade alone; while its undertaking department occupies extensive apartments in the Rand building, including a spacious chapel with all appropriate appointments. From the first Mr. Spaulding has piloted his own boat and results show that his is a well trained hand and mind. He was born in Springfield, Vt., August 15, 1864, the son of Francis P. and Florence H. (Myrick) Spaulding. His education was in the schools of



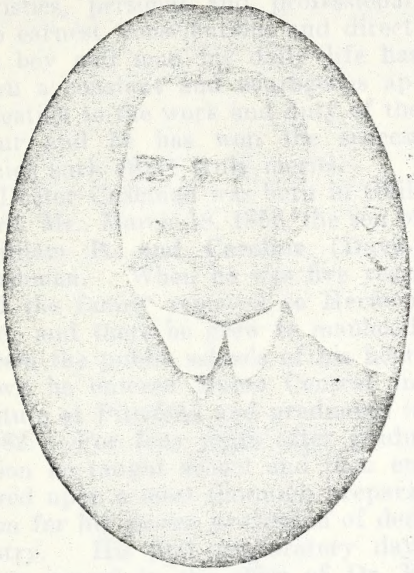
Fred M. Spaulding

his native town and from the school room he at once entered upon the active pursuits of life.

In 1894 he married Miss Nellie M., daughter of Postmaster F. G. Ellison of Springfield, Vt. Two sons have

been born of this union. Mr. Spaulding is a member of the Masonic order, the Elks, Odd Fellows and K. of P. The church home of the family is the Congregational.

Among the younger lawyers of the



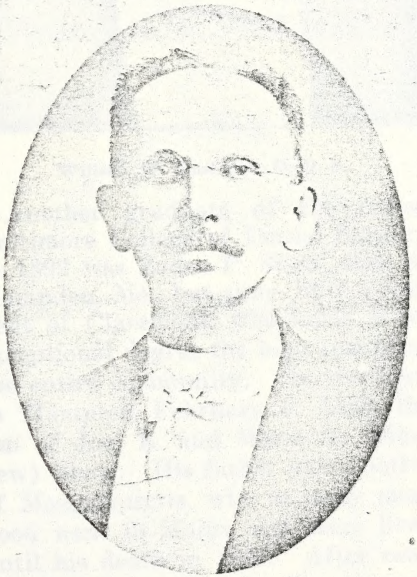
Henry S. Richardson

town is Henry S. Richardson, born in Brandon, Vt., September 19, 1873, son of Sidney K. and Ella I. (Sturtevant) Richardson. He passed his boyhood in Cornish and graduated from Dartmouth in 1896. He was principal of Walpole High School two years and Wells River (Vt.) High School three years. He studied law in the office of Smith & Smith of Woodsville, and was admitted to the bar in June, 1903. He located in Claremont, 1905. He married, June 12, 1906, Miss Valina J. Darling of Newport.

Though Charles W. Hatch is one of the youngest merchants in Claremont, his is one of the largest jewelry and silverware stores in all western New Hampshire. He came to Claremont in March, 1906, and his venture in the town was the beginning of his business career, a career that is full of promise, for he was most carefully trained as a jeweler and optician. He was born July 7, 1883, in Lancaster, the son of that veteran Lancaster jeweler, W. I. Hatch. The son had the careful training of his father and later attended the horological school at Waltham, Mass. The Claremont store in the Brown building was equipped under the direction of Mr. Hatch and its stock of jewelry, silverware, diamonds, presentation, engagement and wedding rings, optical goods and all that pertains to the trade, is one of the sights of commercial Claremont.

Mr. Hatch as man and merchant has the regard of the community because of those personal traits that inspire confidence and esteem. He married in 1906 Miss Marion Cummings of Lancaster.

Dr. H. A. Hewey, born in Andover, Vt., June 1, 1864, settled in Claremont in 1899. He is a graduate of the Philadelphia Optical College, from which he received the degree of



H. A. Hewey

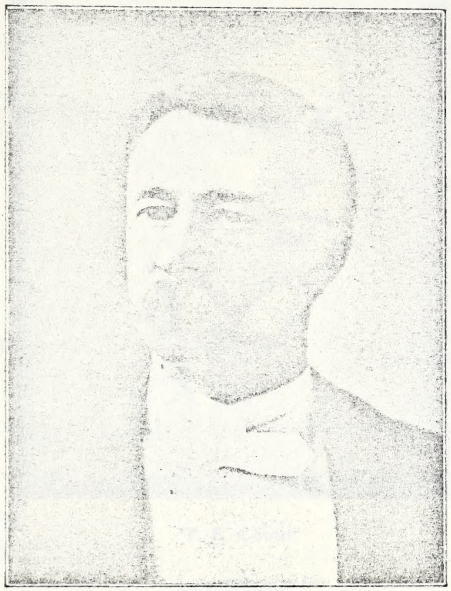
doctor of refraction. He practised optometry in Massachusetts before coming to New Hampshire. He is widely known as a mechanical inventor and as the inventor of the new rotary engine that bears his name.

In William W. Cushman, D. D. S., Claremont has a member of the dental profession of widely recognized skill and intelligence, and a thoroughly representative citizen. His characteristics, personal and professional, are earnest, conscientious and direct. As boy and man his daily life has been a constant and courageous application to the work and duty of the hour and he has won the success which such effort truly merits.

Doctor Cushman was born in Guilford, Me., March 18, 1858, the son of William B. and Caroline (Davis) Cushman. When he was five years old the family removed to Hermon, Me., and there he grew to manhood. From the public schools of his home town he entered Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield and graduated in 1882. For four years after graduation he taught school and then entered upon a most thorough preparation for his chosen profession of dentistry. His first preparatory days were passed in the office of Dr. E. C. Bryant, Pittsfield, and later he studied two years in the Baltimore College of Dentistry, from which institution he received his degree of D. D. S. Leaving college, he opened an office in Presque Isle, Me., and there met with instant success, a success, by the way, that has ever been his as a dentist. In 1891 he came to Claremont, taking offices in the Union building, and in these he has continued to this time. In 1897 he formed the partnership with Dr. Z. P. Shaw that continues to the present.

Doctor Cushman has been president of the N. H. Dental Society, and is a member of the Northeastern Dental Society and has at times presented papers before these organizations. He is a valued member of the Congregational Church and a deacon in the same. He has served on the Stevens High School committee and on the Claremont board of education. In fraternal life he is an Odd Fellow.

In 1888 he married Miss Ida Holmes of Pittsfield, Me. A daughter and son were born to them. The daughter, Mary E., graduates this year from the Stevens High School, and the son, Frank Holmes, is a member of the 1909 class in the same school.

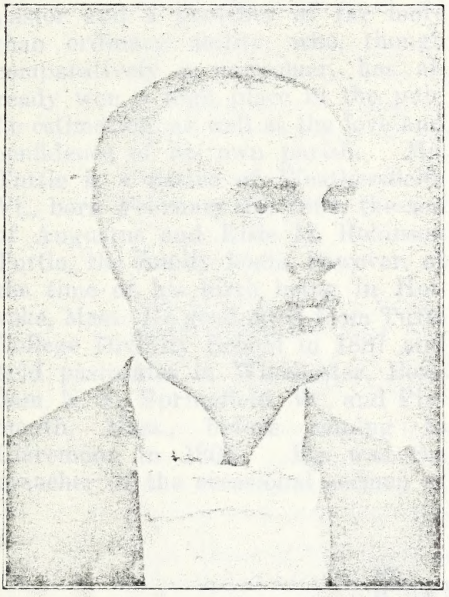


William W. Cushman, D. D. S.

Another graduate of the famed Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in 1892 was Zadoc P. Shaw, then of Hampden, Me., but since 1897 a resident of Claremont, who holds in an exceptional degree the high regard of the entire community. He was born in Hampton February 9, 1865, the son of Joel E. and Maria A. (Mayhew) Shaw. His father was a native of Massachusetts, who in early manhood went to Maine and there lived until his death in 1907. After completing his studies in the common schools of Hampden, the son entered Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, and acquired there and in Hampden Academy a thorough collegiate preparation and passed the examinations for Colby College, but did not pursue the course. Instead he became a

student in the dental office of Dr. E. C. Bryant of Pittsfield, following which he went to the Baltimore College. Upon receiving his degree of doctor of dental surgery, he began practice in Presque Isle, and there remained until 1897 and his removal to Claremont. From the beginning of his professional career his has been an exceptional success.

He married Miss Leonora Barto of Presque Isle and they have one daughter, Margaret. Doctor Shaw is a Knight Templar in the Masonic or-



Z. P. Shaw, D. D. S.

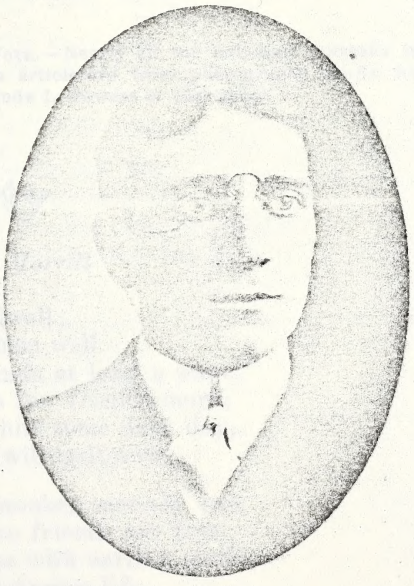
der, a Universalist and trustee of the church in Claremont. He is now vice-president of the New Hampshire Dental Association and member of the Northeastern Dental Association.

Another of the young lawyers of the town, of pleasing personality and bright promise, is Leon E. Paige, who has been located in an office in Union Block for the past three years. He is a graduate of the Concord High School and the Law Department of the University of Michigan, class of 1904.

T. E. Couitt, proprietor of the new Belmont hotel, has been in his present business about two years and has met with encouraging success.



T. E. Couitt

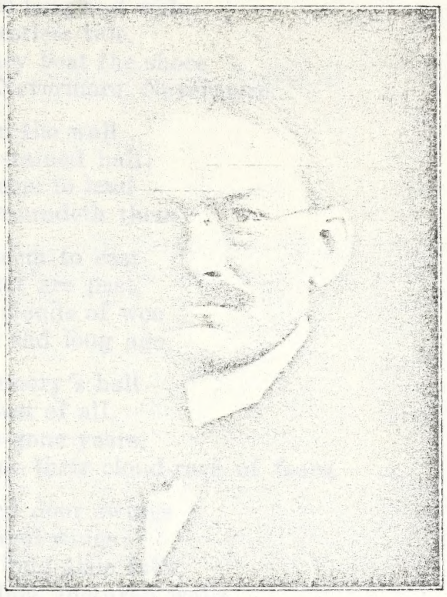


Leon E. Paige

Claremont has two weekly newspapers, both long established—the

National Eagle and the *Advocate*, the former published by Fay & Thompson, and the latter by F. E. Elliott. Both are enterprising and rank well with the weekly papers of the state at large, but it would seem that the time is not far distant when the needs and importance of the place will warrant the publication of a daily paper.

In concluding this article the "benefit of clergy" is invoked through the presentation of the portrait of Rev. Walter H. Tuttle, pastor of the Universalist Church of Claremont, an earnest and devoted pastor and a preacher of far more than ordinary ability, who, though comparatively a newcomer, has already won a high place in the public estimation, as well as the love and confidence of his own parish. Mr. Tuttle is a native of Weathersfield, Vt., born February 16, 1864, the son of Augustus and Elsie M. Robinson Tuttle, the family home, however, at the time of his birth being in Holyoke, Mass. He graduated from Tufts College Divinity School in 1887 and held pastorates in Winchester, Potsdam, N. Y., Springfield, Vt., and Plymouth, Mass., before coming to Claremont in 1905. He was the preacher of the occasional sermon at the last session of the Universalist state convention. In 1891 Mr. Tuttle married Miss Alice Chaffee of Rochester, Vt.



Rev. Walter H. Tuttle

NOTE.—Nearly all the half-tone portraits in this article are from photographs made by Claude L. Powers of Claremont.

Poverty

By H. Bartlett Morrill

In poverty two satisfactions dwell;
Oft have I seen and marked them well.
Young Croesus counts his friends at least a score,
While each new million adds a few friends more;
Yet should fair fortune leave him some dark day,
Alack! how soon those friends will melt away.

Mine own good friends will number scarcely two,
But well I know that these two friends are true.
Once more, when we have done with earthly strife,
And tremble on the verge of unknown life,
My soul shall soar aloft without a sigh,
For nothing in the world to leave have I!

The Hall of Memory

By L. J. H. Frost

There's an ancient hall that is long and wide;
It stands on the bank of a restless tide,
Whose turbulent waves as they beat the shore
Seem repeating the words—Nevermore, Nevermore.

And many a picture hangs on the wall
Of this silent, ancient, time-stained hall;
Some are so dark that they seem to lend
Depth to the gloom that surroundeth them.

Others so bright that they seem to cast
A halo of light over days that are past,
Days that were darkened by clouds of woe
In the far-away years of the sad long ago.

The pictures that hang in memory's hall
Are the truest, sweetest, saddest of all,
For they show a vision of by-gone years,
With their rainbow of hope or their cloud-rack of fears.

Sometimes at night the barred door swings
And a sound is heard as of angel wings;
Then a noiseless step on the long aisle falls,
While a light illumines the dark pictured walls.

And strains of rare music low and sweet
Seem measuring time for angel feet;
Then floating out on the still starlit air
They pulsate and tremble and die away there.

Should a mortal pass through the open door
And with loitering feet tread the dusty floor,
He will hear the voices of other days
Calling him back from this life's thorny maze.

And forms of the loved and lost he will see,
Who sailed with him once on life's stormy sea,
But have moored their barque on the shining strand
Of the measureless shore of the bright morning land.

He will look and listen till from afar
Comes the sound of waves on the ocean bar;
Then with folded hands at the dawn of day
And a prayer on his lips, he will steal away.

The Mourner

By Samuel Hoyt

I know her not; I only know
Habiliments of deepest woe,
The symbols of her sorrow, make
Me, too, a mourner, for her sake.

The Defense of Fort Number Four

(Now Charlestown, N. H.) Against the Indians

By Capt. Geo. A. Gordon,

Genealogist of the Society of Colonial Wars in New Hampshire.

One hundred and sixty-one years ago, in the early days of April, 1747, occurred a conflict between the white man and the Indian, which was of supreme importance in the determination of the control of the Connecticut valley in the province of New Hampshire. References to this action may be found in Belknap's and other histories, but nowhere, to our knowledge, can be found a relation covering the occasion as a whole. We submit an intelligent account from the best authorities, including a list of men under Capt. Stevens, from the Massachusetts archives, and now for the first time in print.

The settlement of New Hampshire proceeded along three main lines, the seacoast, the Merrimack valley and the Connecticut valley, chiefly in the order mentioned. While the occupation of the territory adjacent to the sea-coast was largely due to direct emigration from the old country for employment in the fisheries, the valley immigration was conducted under the auspices of Massachusetts, by whom the section was regarded as within the limits of that province. The rich meadows of the Connecticut farms and the charm of the natural scenery attracted the attention of frontiersmen of Massachusetts, and were rightfully regarded as far superior to the mountainous lands of Worcester County. The navigation facilities introduced the region to dwellers already on the Connecticut in Massachusetts, a class composed of early puritans and adventurers chiefly from the province of Connecticut, who found here abundant opportunity for their enterprise in the dense forest and a sense of comfort derived from the delightful climate.

The long river was the favorite route of Indian travel and always in the pathway of their trails, whether of war or hunting.

The Indian hunter here his shelter found,
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true;
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe;
Speared the quick salmon, leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle ball.
Here the young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her sweet papoose.
Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her various wampum in the wood.

The boating of the white man, with its carries at the falls, followed the same route. This introduced a peculiar class of inhabitants in their crews powerful with pole or oar, the "swift water" men below Brattleboro, the "falls-men" above. The river Indians above Deerfield were the Squakheags, whose chief seat was at Hinsdale. They were a weak, degenerate tribe, insignificant and poor.

The native American Indian, found at the discovery of the continent, displayed many excellent traits, but the New England representatives of the race at the coming of the Whites were a feeble flock. Massasoit, Canonchet and Passaconaway are the only names that rise to observation for magnanimity, as one surveys American history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Ideal history is delusive. The noble red man is thoroughly a creature of the imagination. He is an illusion. He never existed in New England.

The real Indian had noble qualities and such were real. He was truthful; he was reticent; he was patient; but he was, at the same time, secretive, adroit, furious and violent. In the heat of action, he was merciless and cruel. Intrepid and brave, he lacked generosity, benignity and benevolence. He showed some gratitude and memory for kindness bestowed on his necessities. His fate was a hard one at the hands of the relentless puritan, who despised the Indian as a child of Satan, who could not be converted or enslaved, and feared him as a reptile for his power of savage destruction, when opportunity gave him a chance. The remnant of the New England Indians were, as a result of contact with the puritan settlers, rapidly failing in numbers or of importance. They had imbibed the vices without the virtues of the white man. They were peaceful, lazy, thriftless, and given to intoxication. They fished and hunted, as did their progenitors; but no expeditions were planned or executed by them. No war songs were sung. They became beggars and thieves, and were a partial burden for support at the hands of the public or the citizen. Not a single name of noble character in New England of their race illuminates the eighteenth century. The nearest approach to one was in Paugus, who fell at the Pequaket fight in 1721. The great men of the race, subsequent to the era under consideration, Red Jacket, Cornstalk, Logan, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Weatherford, Black Hawk, Osceola, compeers of the high-minded and distinguished of any race, dwelt south and west of New England.

The grant to the lovely and attractive Connecticut valley, above Deerfield, was made by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay on the last day of 1735, a time when the excitement existed in New Hampshire regarding her boundary with Massachusetts. This grant was a parallel act to the establishment, in the previous century, of Hampton on the sea coast. Of the original progenitors, Capt. Phineas Stevens, Lieut. Ephraim Wetherbee and Stephen Farnsworth became settlers. As the extreme outpost of the white man, it was evident that it must be defended; and in 1743, at a meeting, it was decided to build a fort, which was done the next season. The fort was an enclosure of three quarters of an acre of ground, the walls being constructed of heavy timbers interlocked at the corners, as their log cabins were, and of sufficient height to offer a secure defense against musketry or an assault. Col. John Stoddard, of Northampton, an officer of large experience in Indian warfare who was regarded as a competent military engineer, superintended the erection of the fortification. Cabins for the families of the settlers were built within the walls and immediately occupied. Similar works, or mere blockhouses, had been built at various salient points along the forest frontier; but No. Four, as this was known, was at once the most capacious, the nearest to the French strongholds, and the most distant from settled communities. The expense of maintaining garrisons had been borne by the Bay province, as New Hampshire had declined to support the defenses of a population unwilling and in sentiment disloyal to her. In 1744, Governor Shirley of Massachusetts Bay petitioned the king, George II, in council, to order New Hampshire to so act as to assist the views of Massachusetts, alleging the danger of attack from the French, with whom England was then at war, as Crown Point, a French fortress on the shore of Lake Champlain, was not distant in a military point of view from the Connecticut River settlers, and surely menaced them in their unprotected condition. The king ordered that the forts be supported and maintained by New Hampshire. His Maj-

esty threatened, in case of continuance of neglect, to define the boundaries so that the territory covered by the forts should lie within the northern boundary of Massachusetts. This step called the attention of the French military authorities to existing conditions and invited attack. As precautionary, his Majesty directed that Massachusetts continue to maintain and provision the forts for three months. The years 1744 and 1745 passed, however, without event on the Connecticut, the activity of war centering on Cape Breton and Louisburg.

In 1746, the incursions of the Indians were resumed. Spring was hardly opened ere they appeared on the Connecticut, the Ashuelot and the Contoocook settlements. They had no great success, though they committed serious depredations. In the fall of the year, Governor Shirley determined to withdraw his garrisons, which he had supported long beyond the limit set by the king's council. At their withdrawal, the people followed to the nearest town toward the sea, after burying much of their household effects.

The capture of Louisburg aroused the French to a sense of the danger to their interests from the increase in strength of the English settlements and the year 1746 was marked by activity. The scattered frontiersmen were harassed by attack, their cattle stolen or slain, their buildings and crops burned, and many individuals and small parties ruthlessly murdered or carried into captivity. Fort Massachusetts, west of Deerfield, was captured and destroyed. The able Mirault in his *Histoire des Abenakis*, says:

L'année suivante, 1746, un parti des Abenakis parut, un commencement d'Aout, devant le fort Charlestown, New Hampshire. Les Anglais, ayant été informes de l'approche des sauvages, envoyerent un detachment de troupes pour les éloignet du fort. Ce detachment fut battu et mis en suite. Plusieur soldats furent tues. Alors, les sauvages environnerent le fort, et le tinrent assieze pendant très jours; mais, comme il était defendu par une très-forte garrison; ils ne purent s'en empaser. Ils incendierent plusiers maisons, puis se retirerent en tuant tous les chevaux et bestiaux qu-ils rencontrerent.

The calamities of 1746 ceased with the approach of winter, which proved to be unusually cold and severe. It brought to observant minds in the Massachusetts towns the necessity of organizing for the future. It is evident from the Council records of the Bay province that a leading urgent spirit in this agitation was Capt. Phineas Stevens, a native of Sudbury, who had been in command of forces for the defence of the frontier for the years immediately preceding. Stevens had been commissioned by New Hampshire as a lieutenant in 1743, and by Massachusetts as a captain in 1744; subsequently his commissions were all by Massachusetts; lieutenant in 1745, and captain in 1746; and his men were provisioned and paid by that province. The Council records of the province of Massachusetts Bay exhibit the following, viz:

At a Council held at the Council chamber in Boston upon Saturday the 11th of January, 1745, sitting the General Assembly:

Advised and Consented that a Warrant be made out to the Treasurer to advance and pay unto Cpt. Phineas Stevens the sum of One Hundred and twenty five pounds for enlisting a Company of Voluntiers, he giving bond to the Treasurer, agreeable to the Order of the General Court.

Mass. Archives xi:538.

At a Council held at the Council chamber in Boston upon Tuesday, the 22d of April, 1746, Sitting the General Assembly:

A Muster Roll being presented of the Company in His Majesty's service on the Western Frontiers under the command of Cpt. Phineas Stevens, containing an accompt of Wages due to them for their service from the

16th of February to the 27th of March 1745, amounting to the sum of £297 — —6.

Advised and Consented that a Warrant be made out to the Treasurer to pay unto the said Phineas Stevens and Company the above said sum of Two Hundred and ninety seven Pounds and six pence (to each man the sum set against his name respectively) to discharge the said Muster Roll.

Mass. Archives xi:596.

Saturday 26 April 1746 *Advised and Consented* that a Warrant be made out to the Treasurer to advance and pay unto Cpt. Phineas Stevens the sum of Seventy five pounds to enable him to pay the Bounty allowed to Voluntiers that shall enlist in his Company, he giving Bond to the Treasurer thereon.

Mass. Archives xi:601, 684.

Province of New Hampshire.

Journal of the House of Representatives under the administration of Gov. Benning Wentworth.

Mar. 29, 1747. Voted that Ebenezer Stephen, esq. be a Comittee of this House to joyn such as the Honble the Council shall appoint to goe and view the situation of Fort Dumer and what Inhabitants are near it and also to go up Connecticut river as high as the settlement at a place known by the name of No. 4 & view that place & see if that be not a better situation than Fort Dumer for security of his Maj^ties^ subjects of this Province, and to se what Inhabitants are about that place called No 4 and make their Return as soon as possible.

Prov. Papers, v:226.

In February, 1747, Captain Stevens wrote the governor of Massachusetts on the importance of immediate action, wherein he said:

"If anything be done, it should be done early in the spring: that the water courses by which the Indians travelled from Crown Point, be waylaid; that the enemy be discouraged from sending out small parties, as the only effectual method to carry on the war, as it was evident the enemy will be down by the first of April. One thing I have observed among Indians, They are a people greatly elated and flushed up by success and soon discouraged when they are disappointed."

Mass. Archives lxxiii:57.

The Massachusetts government did not entirely heed Captain Stevens' advice, but they did authorize the placing of a small force at No. Four, which Captain Stevens was ordered to occupy. Under this authority Captain Stevens raised a company and marched to the fort, arriving on the 27th of March, 1747. He was none too soon. Indian signs were speedily recognized and the fort was put up in as complete a state of defense as his means allowed.

'Tis Spring time on the northern hills;
Like torrents gush unnumbered rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushing the mould'ring waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.

In kindly showers and sunshine, bud
The branches of the dull grey wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

The sou'west wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errand going.

By 'Indian road' a savage troop
From Otter Creek with yell and whoop
Defiles the Mountain's friendly wood,
Where sweeps Black river's darkling flood.
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted and in full battle dress,
Their leader one whose bearded cheek,
'Neath fair and cultured brow bespeak
A soldier from far distant France.

The French expedition was from Crown Point and similar in purposes and aims to that of Harmon and Westbrook against Father Rasle on the Kennebec and of parallel justification. Both were incidental to the struggle for supremacy and dominion between the French and the English. The Indian became the raider upon the English frontier because the French authorities in Montreal would pay cash for scalps and captives and enable him to supply himself with ammunition, fees to the Romish priests

and rum, the three constant items in his expense account. The civil authority in Canada practised a kindly and conciliatory attitude toward the Indians, while the Jesuit professed a strong and earnest effort to save their immortal souls. These Indians, led against the English settlements by the French, were not New England Indians, but were of a tribe located within the bounds of Canada, then a French province. Among them may have been some descendants of Philip's defeated warriors; otherwise, they had no personal, individual or tribal complaints against the English.

The recent public recognition of this remarkable event in the dedication of a tablet at Charlestown, in Sullivan County, illustrates the appreciation by that community of their rich inheritance. Such illustrious actions should be held in reverent remembrance and memory, continually refreshed with their narration. The liberty which is the heritage and fruit of these lives and the deeds which ennobled them, is guarded and secured by the occurrence of these stimulating anniversaries. Charlestown is to be congratulated on its possession of the valuable history compiled by Rev. Mr. Sanderson and his associates and published by the town.

In 1797, fifty years after the event, Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, while on a tour up the Connecticut valley to the White Mountains, passed a day at Charlestown. In the journal of his travels, he gave the following relation of the defense of Fort No. Four by Captain Stevens and his brave men:

From Travels in New England and New York, by Timothy Dwight, 1821, Vol. II, P. 102.

In March, 1747, Fort Number Four was commanded by Capt. Phineas Stevens, a partisan of great gallantry. With a company of thirty rangers, finding the fort deserted but entire, he determined to occupy it. Soon after it was attacked by a large body of Canadians and savages, under the command of Monsieur Debelim[1], who attempted to set it on fire by kindling the fences and outworks and shooting into it a great number of burning arrows. This mode of assault the enemy continued through two days; but they were completely defeated in their design by the activity and prudence of Stevens. The next morning the French officer demanded a parley and sent an officer into the fort, with a proposition that the garrison should lay down their arms and be conveyed to Montreal as prisoners of war; or, as an alternative, that the two commanders should meet and confer on the subject. To the latter proposal Stevens agreed. The French commander opened the meeting by declaring that if his proposition was rejected, or one of his men killed, he would storm the fort and put the whole garrison to death. To this formidable declaration Stevens replied that it was his duty and his determination to defend the fort until he found the Frenchman able to execute his threatenings. The French commander then told him to go and see whether his men would dare to second him. Stevens went back to the fort and put the question to his men, who answered with a single voice that they would fight to the last. This answer he immediately announced to the French commander, who had already prepared a wheel carriage, loaded with dry faggots, with which he intended to set fire to the fort. Upon receiving this answer, therefore, he ordered some of his men to kindle the faggots and push the machine up to the fort, while the rest renewed the attack; but he found himself unable either to burn the fort or to terrify the garrison. The assault, however, was continued all that day. Sorely mortified with his ill success,

[1]Error for De Belin, to whom the attack was attributed by the English.

the Frenchman next morning proposed a cessation of arms. It was granted. He then sent in two Indians with a flag and offered to withdraw if Stevens would sell him provisions. This Stevens refused to do, but offered him five bushels of corn for every captive he would promise to send him from Canada, leaving hostages for the performance of his promise. The Frenchman in a rage ordered his men to fire a few muskets at the fort and marched off. In this gallant defense not one of Steven's men was killed and only two were wounded.

The Documentary Colonial History of New York, in the tenth volume, p. 96, gives a translation from originals in the archives of the *"Ministere de la Marine et des Colonies,"* at Paris, of the interesting occurrences in the Canadian (French) colony from November, 1746, to November, 1747, which affords a glimpse of the siege of the fort No. Four, as reported by the French commander.

Journal of the most interesting occurrence in the Colony (Canada French), in reference to military movements, and of intelligence received — from November, 1746, to 9th November, 1747, translated from originals in the archives of the "Ministere de la Marine et des Colonies," at Paris, and published in Vol. X Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, 1858.

Journal of Occurrences in Canada: 1746, 1747.

14th May. We learn that Monsieur de Niverville,[1] an officer who left two months ago with a party of French and Indians, consisting of about 60 men, has returned to Montreal. He brings no prisoner, his party has only a few scalps, but he has committed great deprivations in the enemy's country, and this is what occurred on his march:

He proceeded first to attack a fort on the height of land called by the Indians Oquari.[2] He fought there during four days, at the end of which the fort asked to capitulate; the lieutenant came out, and Sieur de Niverville granted him quarter for all his people who would be prisoners of war; whilst this lieutenant was conveying the answer to the fort, our Indians becoming impatient fired some shots on the other side of the fort, which prevented the English from surrendering; Sieur de Niverville has been obliged to retire with his force and try his luck elsewhere. . . . . The devastation is well worth a few prisoners or scalps.

Captain Stevens reported to Governor Shirley and the governor sent the following message to the General Court of Massachusetts:

JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL COURT, XVIII:128.

"In Council, Fryday April 24, 1747—

"His Excellency sent the following Message by the Secretary to the House:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

"This accompanies Advices I have just now rec'd of the Assault of the Enemy (being an Army of Seven hundred French Indians) upon the Fort at Number Four. As the gallant Behaviour of the Officers and Soldiers there has recommended them to some Marks of Favour from this Court, so this Affair in the Circumstances has confirmed in the Apprehendsions I always had of the Importance of maintaining a Post that is such an Eye Sore to the Enemy, & where they have met with more Repulses & in all probability lost more men than in all the rest of the Frontier besides, I do therefore once more

[1]Chevalier Jean Baptiste Boucher de Niverville.

[2]Fall Mountain, Charlestown, N. H.

desire you would provide for the Support of a Garrison at that Place after the time that the Soldiers raised for the Canada Expedition may be drawn off, & for the immediate Subsistence of that Garrison the mean time, that so they may not be necessitated to abandon that Fort for want of Provisions, or deliver it up upon the next Assault (which may be soon expected) & those brave Men fall a Sacrifice to this bloody Enemy—I would also inform you, That, I am ready to employ the Soldiers raised for the Expedition against Canada, in Defence of the Frontiers & for driving off the Enemy in this critical Conjuncture. I must therefore desire you would do everything on your part to prevent any Calamity to the Frontiers which may happen for want of your providing for a due Subsistence of the Canada Soldiers, according to my Recommendation of it to you in my last Message upon that occasion.

"In the House of Representatives

"Voted that his Excellency be desired to write to the Government of Connecticut pressing them immediately to send five hundred Men to the County of Hampshire to be posted or employed by Direction of Coll. Stoddard.

"That, in case the Canada Expedition should revive & proceed Fifty men should be placed in the Fort at Number Four, And that there be sufficient quantities of Provisions to subsist Fifty men for two Months sent to Number Four immediately, as also one four pound Cannon & two Swivel Guns, & a Surplusage of Provisions for supplying any Voluntiers that may go out for Prisoners or scalps.

"That ten Men more be added to those posted at Narrangansett Number Four, Seven at Paquoit, Ten at Nichawag, Five Inhabitants at Road Town, five of Inhabitants at New Salem & five of the Inhabitants at New Rutland to be in the Pay of the Province.

"That Leominster be added to Lunenburgh, Townshend & Groton New Precinct for the Eastern Rendezvous of the two companies appointed for scouting across the Frontiers.

"General Court Records, xviii:181

"Fryday June 26 1747

"A petition from Capt Phineas Stevens setting forth his great Expences in enlisting Soldiers for the publick Service, more especially for laying in Provisions 99 providing Slays for his March against the Enemy on the Winter Season for ten men that failed him & in other Expences for the publick Service, Praying that he may be reimbursed out of the publick Treasury.

"In the House of Representatives.

"Read & Ordered, that the Sum of Eighteen pounds Bills of the last Emission, be allowed the Memorialist in consideration of the Bread, Slays & Money advanced as set forth in his Petition: ——

"And in as much as the Memorialist Capt. Phineas Stevens has from time to time distinguished himself in the Service of the Government in enlisting Numbers of Men, going forth into the Wilderness once & again, courageously facing the Enemy & appearing ready and cheerful at all times to perform whatsoever is demanded of him by the Governm^{t}, Thereupon

"Voted that the Province Treasurer be directed to pay to the said Stevens the Sum of Twelve pounds ten shilling of the last Emission as a Token of the Sense this Government have of his good Service.

"In Council, Read & Concurred.

"Consented to by the Governor.

p. 414. Friday Nov 18 1748

"A petition of Capt Phineas Stevens, Shewing that by his Excellency's Order he with about Fifty men took Possession of the Fort at Number Four, after it was abandoned by the English & defended it against a great Body of French & Indians; And for

as much as his men were Canada Soldiers & no Provision made for their Pay for the first five Weeks of y^r^ Service Therefore praying that this Court would now provide for it.

"In Council. read & sent down recommended.

"In the House of Representatives Read & Ordered that the Petitioner be allowed to make up a Muster Roll for himself & Company for five Weeks commencing from ye 11 March 1745

"In Council Read & Concur^d^

"Consented to by the Governour

"Council Records, Vol xii:8

"19 Aug 1747 — Advised & consented

"To Capt Phineas Stevens the Sum of Eighteen pounds in consideration of the Slays Bread & Money by him furnished for his Company in their late march towards the Frontiers of Canada & the further sum of Twelve Pounds ten shillings as a Token of the Sense this Government has of his good Service.

P. 19—16 Feb 1747			18 Pound ditto
47	21 Jun	48	269-8-11 Muster Roll etc 27-1-6 Disbursements
48			Stores for the Garrison at Number Four
65	9 Nov	49	723-1-11 } Wages & 138 } Stores to Garrison
93	18 Apr	49	624- 4- } Muster Rolls 81- 4-7 } Muster Rolls 16-13-3 } Disbursements
121	11 Sep	49	Letter to Gov of Canada as to release of Prisoners at £75

Captain Stevens immediately submitted a muster roll, as required by the General Court, which is now on file in the Muster Roll department of the Massachusetts Archives, vol. xcii: 30. It reads:

"A Muster-Roll of the Company in His Majesty's Service, Under the Command of

————, Captain, viz:

"Phineas Stevens, Lieut.	at 38s/
William Lyman, Lieut.	at 38s/
John Burk, Serg^t^	at 33s/
Sampson Colfax, Corp^l^	at 32s8d
John Brown, Centinel	at 25s

"John Brown jr, Joseph Ely, John Bryant, John Hastings, Emery Peas, Stephen Toophoo, Caleb How, Josiah Parker, Moses Wheeler, Moses Warner, Seth Remington, John Shields, Neh^h^ Dickinson, Nathl Church jr, Joseph Houghton, Elijah Washburn, Henry Mervat, Josiah Snow, Eleazer Smith, Ralph Rice. Benj Glazier, Samuel Hunt, Joseph Pastorall, Thos Hancock, Joel Leonard, Josiah Soduck, Israel Peas, Samuel Judd, Samuel Calhoon, Josiah Sairls, Evenezer Clap, John Pomroy, Ithamar Strong, William Boltwood, Jeremiah Meacham, Adam Wire, John Thomas, James Graton, John Birge, Zadock Danks, Thomas Gill, Sampson Freeman, Ebn^r^ Dickinson, James Wheeler

250 weeks—£81-4-7

"These were Canada men that were Sent up to No 4 and had ye fight there 1746-7

Phineas Stevens.

"Suffolk ss: November 8th 1748, Sworn before the Committee

Jacob Wendell, J. P.

"Endorsed

Muster Roll of
Phineas Stevens & Co
from March 11 April 14
1746-7
Examined Nov 4, 1748
P
John Wheelwright
Committee"

Phineas Stevens was born at Sudbury, in the province of the Massachusetts Bay, 20th of February, 1707. He married, in 1734, his cousin, Elizabeth Stevens, of Petersham, Mass. They resided at Rutland till the settlement of Number Four. Captain Stevens participated in the succeeding campaign against the French and died at Chinecto, N. S., in the military service, 6th of April, 1756. His children and their children continued at Charlestown.

He was a son of Dea. Joseph and Prudence (Rice) Stevens of Sudbury and Rutland, Mass.; grandson of Simon and Mary (Wilder) Stevens of Lancaster, Mass.; great grandson of Cyprian and Mary (Willard) Stevens of Lancaster, Mass.; great-great

grandson of Maj. Simon Willard of Concord, Mass., and of Col. Thomas Stevens of the county of Devon in England, said to have been the armorer at London, who supplied the infant colony with military stores.

Captain Stevens' men were from the valley towns on the Connecticut and the hill towns in the same locality.

Lieut. Lyman, Samuel Judd and Strong were from Northampton, Mass.; Pomroy, Clapp, Boltwood, Warner, Church, Smith were from Hadley, Mass.; Pease and Hastings from Hartford or Enfield, Conn.; Hunt and Rice from Northfield, Mass.; Dickinson from Granby, Conn.; Leonard from Rutland, Mass.; while Snow was from Norwich, Conn.

Ebenezer Clap, from Deerfield, Mass., or its vicinity, was a great grandson of Capt. Roger Clap of Dorchester, Mass., long the commander of the castle in Boston harbor. Eben's father was a lieutenant in the provincial militia, and his grandfather, who came to Northampton, Mass., from Dorchester, was a captain, a representative in the General Court and a ruling elder in the church. Eben's mother was Mary Sheldon, who was carried into captivity by the Indians when she was seventeen years old. Eben settled at Northampton, where his descendants remain to the present, one of his granddaughters having earned distinction as a nurse in the Civil War—forty years ago.

Ralph Rice was of Barre, Mass., a son of Jotham and Mary Earl, of Newport, R. I. His grandfather, James, was one of the proprietors of Worcester, Mass., and a brother to the Worcester centenarian, Gershom Rice, of the Sudbury, Mass., stock. Ralph's descendants settled in Vermont and in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Two of his grandsons, Daniel and Abraham Rice, were two of the six defenders of Rice's fort on Buffalo Creek, Pa., against a force of an hundred Indian warriors in 1782, the circumstances of which were very similar to the event at Narragansett Number Four. During the fight, which was as brisk as six men could make it, the Indians would call out "Give up, give up, too many Indian. Indian too big. No kill." The whites defending a large number of women and children, who had sought refuge in the fort, returned a defiance. "Come on, Redskins. Show your yellow hides; we will fill them full of holes." After four hours' fighting, the Indians retired, shooting all the cattle and horses, hogs and sheep they could find. Only one of the six defenders was killed; Abraham Rice was wounded in the arm and thigh.

John Hastings was of Hatfield, Mass. His father moved to Fort Dummer during John's boyhood. His mother was a daughter of Dea. John White of Hatfield. So far as appears, he and Sam Hunt were the only ones of Captain Stevens' company to settle with their captain at Charlestown, where Hastings married a widowed daughter of Lieut. Willard, and was a member of the first board of selectmen.

The Peases were young men of twenty years, second cousins, from Enfield, Conn., descendants of Robert Pease, who landed at Boston in 1634, and died at Salem, 1644. Emery Pease lived at Somers, Conn., became a captain in the war of the American Revolution. Israel Pease returned to Enfield, Conn., and later removed to Middlefield, Mass., where a few of his descendants may be found. The majority have gone west, even to Kansas.

Samuel Hunt was of Northfield, Mass., the namesake of his father, and a representative of distinguished Connecticut families. His mother was an Ellsworth. His brother became lieutenant-governor of Vermont. Two other brothers, Arad and Elisha, dwelt in the valley of the Connecticut. All

were men of the highest importance and influence. Samuel became an officer in his Majesty's military service. His wife was a sister of Governor Strong of Massachusetts. Another sister was wife to Colonel Bellows of Walpole, N. H. Ultimately he became colonel during the Revolution and was at the battle of Saratoga; also sheriff of the county and a justice of the inferior court of common pleas.

The citizens of Sullivan County today enjoy the beneficent fruits of the gallantry of these brave men. Refreshment of memories with the narrative of historic deeds is stimulating to the highest degree and is directly within the scope of the GRANITE MONTHLY. The liberty which our state enjoys is the heritage of illustrious action, which should be carefully held in remembrance to the utmost detail.

Sleep, soldiers of merit! Sleep, gallant of yore!
The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er:
While the fir tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,
The tear drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.

—UPHAM.

Old Man of the Mountain

By Jerome W. Howe

Those massive features poised aloft in air,
Hewn from the mountain, everlasting rock,
What wild caprice of nature carved them there?
Did she thus seek in boastful mood to mock
The humble work achieved by mortal hand?
Or was it but to tame the savage wild,
Who ages past this marvelous rock-face scanned?
Or, by its native grandeur undefiled,
Was it from meaner things man's mind to turn
And make his heart with great emotions burn?

Love-Land

By Stewart Everett Rowe

The day is ended and the twilight falls,
And night will soon her curtain dark let drop
To end day's drama; yes, to make it stop
In spite of plaudits, sighs and curtain-calls.
But through the deepening dark, beyond its walls,
That shut us in with loneliness and grief,
We see a star that always shines relief,
That pierces through and lights the darkest palls.

'Tis love-land's star that shines the love-gleam light,
That speaks to you of Her and seems to say
That all is well and that there is no night
That She and God can't make the brightest day
If you will only let them, for their might
Moves earth and all and ne'er moves them astray.

were men of the highest importance and influence. Samuel became an officer in his Majesty's military service. His wife was a sister of Governor Strong of Massachusetts. Another sister was wife to Colonel Shubael Walpole, N. H. Ultimately he became colonel during the Revolution and was at the battle of Saratoga; also sheriff of the county, and a justice of the inferior court of common pleas.

The citizens of Sullivan County today enjoy the beautiful fruits of the gallantry of these brave men. Re-

Housekeeping and Furnishing in the Middle Ages

By Fred Myron Colby

[Read at a Meeting of Merrimack County Pomona Grange March 4, 1908.]

To tell the whole story of housekeeping and house-furnishing in the Middle Ages would fill a volume. I can now only illustrate briefly a few phases of the subject. A certain fragrance comes down to us from those burning cakes that King Alfred watched so carelessly in the neatherd's cottage, and from the hearty viands that were spread so lavishly on the banquet table of Cedric the Saxon, as described in Scott's Ivanhoe; but if we had been there I dare say it would not have seemed so picturesque and romantic. I trust that this little paper will give some idea of housekeeping in those dark ages, and make you all the more satisfied with our own modern methods and comforts.

A certain halo of romance seems to surround the old moated castles and English manor houses of the Middle Ages. The readers of "Ivanhoe," the "Last of the Barons," and "Kenilworth" are apt to be enthusiastic over the "good old days" of feudal times. And indeed there is something delightfully picturesque in a moated castle or castellated mansion, with their machiolated battlements, ivy-clad turrets, and spacious halls; but with all this external grandeur there was much poverty, much lack of the conveniences and necessities of life within. The indoor surroundings of the great nobles of those times were such that few of the laboring class of today would endure them. The homes of New England mechanics of the present time are far more comfortable than were the palaces of Edward the Third or "Good Queen Bess."

Until the twelfth century chimneys were unknown in England, and even then they were made the subject of legislation, as windows were at a later day. Manor houses, castles and religious houses were permitted to have but a chimney apiece. As late as the reign of Henry VIII, no fireplace was allowed at the University of Oxford. In fact, it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the old state of things—a fire in the center of the hall, the smoke escaping through the roof—was altered. An examination of the chimneys in the great halls of baronial houses will prove that they must have been inserted about this time.

The principal room of the baronic castle was a large, lofty apartment, usually called the hall, at the upper end of which was a raised platform, or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner, behind the bay-window, was the buffet, where the drinking horns and dishes used at table were kept. Other tables and benches were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered by rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree. In the center of the groined roof of oak was an aperture to carry off the smoke from the fire, which was placed in the middle of the floor on a raised hearth. The walls were covered with tapestry, to about five feet from the floor. The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen, extending the whole length of the room and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast.

In the center of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, etc. Through the buttery hatch, the viands passed from the kitchen to the hall. The buttery was so called because the butts and bottles of wine which were required for the table were kept there, not because butter was made there, as absurdly stated in one dictionary of architecture. The kitchen lay beyond the buttery, pantry and cellar, and sometimes had two fireplaces, which always blazed merrily on festive occasions. Some of these huge ovens were large enough to roast an ox whole. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of eating, their mode of cooking did not differ much. Chaucer says:

"A cook they hadden with them for the nonce,
To boil the chickens and the manie bones;
And Poudre marchant, tart and galingale,
Wel coude he knowe a drught of London ale,
He coude roaste, and sethe, and broil and frie,
Maken mortreeves and wel bake a pie."

The grand staple article was salt herrings, hundreds of which were daily consumed at the tables of the nobility. Butcher's meat was used in large quantity and this diet was varied occasionally with fowls, geese, capons, eels, pigs and pigeons. Of vegetables little mention is made, and of fruits still less, apples and pears being the principal ones. The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavor to the beer, which was brewed without hops and which seems to have been the common beverage during the Middle Ages.

The serving was of the rudest kind. Huge joints of meat were brought to the table on the roasting spits. The carver held the meat with one hand while he cut it with the other, and the guests helped themselves with their fingers. After eating what they wished, the remnants were thrown to the dogs and cats under the table. There were no forks with which to take up the meat, and sometimes no plates to hold it. Huge slices of bread answered for plates and were called trenchers. These became soaked with gravy, and were often eaten with relish; when left, they were collected into baskets and given to the poor tenants. It was the height of refinement for two guests to eat from the same trencher. The only knife used was the clasp knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle; straw served instead of table napkins, and the company was divided by the salt-cellar.

The furnishing of these immense mansions corresponded with the rudeness. The large, lofty rooms were uncarpeted, for my lady of those days thought herself lucky if every morning the floors were strewn with fresh rushes. Queen Mary Tudor was the first English sovereign to enjoy the luxury of a carpet. The furniture was scanty, indicating little taste in style or execution, and the great rooms looked bare and cheerless. Indeed, only a few of the rooms were fitted up at all; these were for the great folks; the rest were merely offices and cabins, in which beds of the coarsest kind were provided as occasion required. There was the gallery, the chapel, my lord's chamber, my lady's closet, the nursery, the great chamber, the carved chamber, paradise, the lower house, the hall, the spicery, etc.

The great barons, owners of vast estates, of armies of retainers, and who were accustomed to dress in velvet stuff, stiff with embroidery and Milan armor embossed with gold, had not often furniture enough to set up housekeeping in more than one of their establishments. In Henry the

Eighth's time we read of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, one of the richest peers of the realm, who, when removing from Wresil Castle to Lockingfield Manor, stripped the rooms of hangings and furniture, having thirteen carts filled with household stuff. Kings in their progresses always took with them what they called the "stuff," from the bedding and tapestry down to spits and kettles.

Some of the old wills give us a curious insight into the character of the household belongings of the wealthy classes. Presses, hutches, chests and coffers seem to be the main articles, all being places of deposit for clothes and valuables. In the press, bedding and heavy articles of clothing were kept. The coffer was for money, jewels and ornaments, and was often of costly ebony or ivory. The hutch seems to have answered the purpose of a trunk, and was small or large, plain or ornamental, as the case might be. In one will mention is made of "the little hutch, one broad hutch that standeth in my chamber, and the great hutch in the hall." A thrifty old housekeeper of Queen Elizabeth's time bequeaths her "best spruce chest, her best coffer in the old chamber, her curiously carven chest of wainscot; and her cypress coffer for keeping linen clothing."

In Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," Gremio, who is suitor for the hand of Bianca, in naming over the property in his house says:

"In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cypress chests my arms, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies, etc."

Next to these chests and coffers the tapestry and bedding were the housekeeper's pride. With the tapestry or hangings the cold stone walls of the rooms were covered, and they imparted both warmth and cheerfulness to these drear apartments. They were often made highly ornamental, with all sorts of colored figures and scenes upon them. That of Queen Matilda at Bayeux records in a series of marvelous pictures the whole Roman conquest of England from the departure of Harold to his death at Hastings. The making of these "painted cloths" was part of the labor of the lady of the castle and her maids; and an embroidery frame was one of the necessary pieces of furniture in "my lady's chamber."

The old English bedstead was a huge unwieldy affair, being sometimes twelve feet square and as many feet high. It had a canopy, curtains and square pillows. Under it was always a trundle bed for the convenience of body servants and retainers. There is a story of a Spanish page who visited England with his master. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in that northern land he found it too cold. One day in looking over the castle he came to the rooms where the maids were making the beds, and spying this arrangement, ran to his master, saying: "Sir, there are a sort of little beds under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants. May I not lie in one of them?"

These "posted, sett-work bedsteads," with their "harden sheets," "tear sheets," "flock beds," "pillow biers," and "counterpoints," were valuable property. Shakespeare bequeathed his to his wife, Ann Hathaway, together with all the other furniture, and we are of the opinion that the poet dealt fairly by her, despite the accusations of some writers.

If such were the housekeeping conveniences of the noble and middle classes, it can be conceived how much more simple were those of the humble rank and file. We get brief pictures of this life in some of the old romances and poems of medieval time. It was of the most primitive

pattern, only to be found today in the fur trapper's cabin in the far north or the fisherman's hut along the shores of the Caribbean sea. The cotter's wife whose barley cakes King Alfred let burn, as he sat dreaming by the peat fire, is a good type of a housekeeper of that class. There were no beds in those medieval cottages of the common laborer, only nests of straw. The only table was a board, and the chairs were stools. In many of those old mud hovels and thatched-roofed cabins there were no candles or lamps lighted from one year's end to another. There were no pictures, no books or newspapers, nor a single one of the luxuries that we now enjoy. Barely did they exist, and this brute life was the rule rather than the exception for a thousand years. I am sure that as the good wives and thrifty housekeepers of these days contemplate the condition of their sisters in the tenth and the fourteenth centuries it must be with thankfulness that they did not live in the boasted days of chivalry.

Spring in *the* White Mountains

By John Albee

Spring is on the hillside,
By the water courses
Awaking from slumber.
On craggy Carrigan
And blue Kankamaugus
In her wild rocky bedroom
The she bear suckles her cubs.
The cock is crowing,
The hen is setting,
The cow is calving,
The lambs are weaning.
Spring in the houseyard
The turf is greening;
Flat lies the dandelion
With a bud in her bosom.
Frogs in full chorus
Far off in the marshland
Lull me to slumber;
Crows on the pine tops
Caw, watch and teter,
And robins sing at sunset.
Springtime is coming
On hill and on meadow;
To bird, beast and maple,
And to men a vernal emotion.
The great sun rejoices
In the throne of the heavens
Imperially set;
While I in my garden
With a hoe that is hopeful
The tiny seeds cover,
That I, mere mortal,
May be Spring unto them,
A godlike creator.

Cyrus Smith Richards, D. D.

By John Philo Trowbridge

Several families in Hartford, Vermont, who were prominent in the early history of the town, were descended from a Connecticut ancestry. The Camps, Lymans, Porters, Strongs, and Tracys belong to this class. It is this fact which accounts for the choice of the name "Hartford," given to the township in 1761, when it was the first grant made by Governor Wentworth after the close of the old French War.

The grandfather of Cyrus S. Richards was one of these Connecticut men. Born in Plainfield, Windham County, shortly before the middle of the eighteenth century, he removed with his wife, Hannah Wheeler, to Norwich, Vermont, about the year 1767, and built himself a log house on the borders of what is now known as "Norwich Plain." His migration northward with household baggage, and a few domestic animals, was a slow and tedious journey, the later stages of which were over a mere bridle-path through the forests. In the newly-built cabin on the frontier a son was born to these emigrants before the first year of their residence was complete. The child, after the custom of selecting Bible names, was called Joel. He was the first white child born in the township. At the age of 27 he married Miriam, the daughter of Sylvanus Smith of Hadley, Mass., and settled on a tract of uncleared land near the boundary line between Norwich and Hartford. He was a sturdy, industrious, and enterprising man who held the respect of all who knew him, and who in his later life became a devoted Christian. Working with untiring energy, he had well-nigh transformed his wooded acres into a beautiful New England farm when he was stricken down by death in the early autumn of 1812, leaving a widow and nine children to go on without him. The son Chester, the oldest of the fatherless band, was but 17. Nevertheless, he took up the management of the farm, and with his mother's direction and the assistance of his younger brothers, he succeeded admirably. Cyrus, the subject of this sketch, was one of the youngest children of this household. His birth occurred on Friday, the eleventh of March, 1808, so that we are, therefore, contemplating his life-work from the enviable standpoint of a centennial anniversary,—the same as we might also do, during the present year, in respect to the career of Salmon P. Chase, Edmund Quincy, George S. Hillard, S. S. Prentiss, Samuel F. Smith, Ray Palmer and Edward A. Park, all of whom were New England men of eminent ability.

At the age of sixteen, Cyrus Richards left the home of his childhood to reside, during the rest of his minority, in the family of Mr. Elijah Hazen. Here he received the care and counsel of a most earnest Christian man, and was constantly surrounded by a bright, cheerful, and invigorating social atmosphere. This was all the more essential, because it was met with at that formative period in the young man's life when the foundations of future success or failure were being laid. During his residence with Mr. Hazen he became converted and united with the church. He also took his place in the Sabbath school, which was the earliest one gathered in that town, and probably in that part of the state. It was in this school that he came under the direction of Mrs. Sheldon Newton, its superintendent, a woman of great executive ability and earnest piety.

Her influence and example led him to form a deep attachment for the Sunday school, and the feeling followed him through his whole life, rendering him a most valuable teacher and friend of the institution in the earlier years of its progress in this country. A keen delight in the study of the Bible had already seized him, and the same enthusiasm soon manifested itself in connection with all his public-school studies. One of his teachers, a man of great foresight, encouraged him to procure a college education. This appeared at first like an impossibility, but gradually the barriers and difficulties which lay in the way disappeared and he resolved to make the attempt. Accordingly, in September, 1828, when he was twenty years and six months old, he entered Kimball Union Academy at Meridan, N. H. At that time the Rev. Israel Newell was at the head of the institution, and it was one of the best schools of its kind in the state. Fortune smiled upon the ambitious Green Mountain boy; his classmates were congenial, his studies opened new vistas into the vast realm of truth, and the three years which he spent as a scholar in the academy were among the pleasantest of his life, and graciously prepared him for the much longer residence at Meriden which afterwards was allotted him.

Mr. Richards entered Dartmouth College in 1831, in a class with sixty-nine other young men, fifty of whom remained through the entire course and graduated together in 1835. Several of his college mates became eminent men, and their names shed great honor on their alma mater. Among this number were Chief Justice Chase, Governor Washburn of Vermont, Hon. Amos Tuck of New Hampshire, Hon. J. P. Healy of Boston, and Hon. T. C. Woodman of Maine. Following the practice of many undergraduates, Mr. Richards adopted the habit of teaching in the country towns or larger centers of southern Vermont and New Hampshire during his long winter vacations. This course of employment brought him into acquaintance with many of the best people of that section of New England, and in every way was a splendid preparation for the things which still lay beyond. His modest round of daily duties in the village schoolroom took him to his native town, and to Meriden, Cornish, Boscawen and Concord, N. H. Wherever he taught, if it were only for a single term, he left a lasting impression on the minds of his pupils. To the end of his long and eminent career as an educator he was equally at home in schools of every grade, and had the unusual faculty of throwing himself with enthusiasm into a recitation of the lower as well as of the higher branches.

Before his college course was completed, Mr. Richards was invited to spend two seasons at the Kimball Union Academy as the assistant of Rev. Mr. Newell, who, on account of the advancing infirmities of age, was unable to bear the heavier burdens of principalship. In August, 1835, he graduated with his class at Dartmouth, and it so happened that upon the same day he was selected by the board of trustees of the Kimball Union Academy to be at the head of that institution. In the providence of God the way seemed to be marked out before him, and undoubtedly at many intervals in the next thirty and five years Mr. Richards felt in his own heart regarding his work at Meriden that the Lord had called him to the particular task, of ever growing importance, which he found in the field to which, from the very door of the college hall, he was unexpectedly summoned. It is seldom that the path of a New England scholar has led straight onward in such an undeviating course with no breaks, no halts, no interruptions, but one steady quiet line of progress in the acquisition and impartation of knowl-

edge from the hour when he first entered the public school in his native village to the day when he closed his work, at the end of more than half a century, in the halls of the Howard University at Washington. Of the nature and success of his work at the academy, let us hear the testimony of the Hon. William H. Tucker, a member of the Vermont Historical Society, to whose publications the present writer is indebted for many suggestions in connection with this article. Mr. Tucker says:

"At the Kimball Union Academy Mr. Richards developed remarkable executive ability in organizing and managing the school, and great skill and thoroughness in teaching. In 1840 a female department was added to the academy, and its courses of instruction were extended and enlarged. The school grew steadily under the new administration, and instead of an attendance of 100 students, there were more than 200, and sometimes more than 300 there. The institution for more than a quarter of a century ranked among the foremost academies in New England, and its principal was recognized as one of the best educators there. He was ably supported by teachers of high character and ability. A marked feature of the school was the moral and religious tone that characterized it; many an earnest Christian life was begun within its walls. Eleven hundred and eighty students graduated from the academy under his instruction, having taken the full course. Many of them afterwards attained eminence as ministers, missionaries, college professors, jurists and journalists. Several thousands of other pupils took a partial course under his principalship. Failing health obliged him to relinquish so arduous a work, in a climate peculiarly trying to him, and he offered his resignation in the summer of 1871."

From his oversight of Kimball Union Academy, Mr. Richards passed immediately to a professorship in the Howard University at Washington, D. C., where for fourteen years he had charge of the preparatory department of that institution. General Howard and the Rev. Dr. Patton were his close friends, and each bore testimony to the eminent success of his work in fitting the students for the more advanced courses. Booker T. Washington came to Hampton Institute at about the same time, and a large number of the leading men of the colored race were then beginning their education in the different schools throughout the South. It was thus a very hopeful, though arduous and untried period in the attempt to uplift the people who had but recently come out of bondage.

It was with reluctance that Mr. Richards abandoned the purpose of entering the ministry. In fact, he spent one term at Andover Theological Seminary, but his friends wisely impressed upon him the idea that his place was to be in the schoolroom rather than in the pulpit. Nevertheless, in the course of time he was approbated to preach by the ministerial association of his vicinity, and was occasionally heard in the pulpits of New Hampshire and elsewhere. In 1859 he published his "Outlines of Latin Grammar," which the Journal of Education recommended as "far in advance of any book of its kind which had then appeared." He also edited an edition of Cæsar. His writings are to be found in many of the religious and literary journals of his day.

In the summer of 1885 Mr. Richards closed the fiftieth year of his work as a teacher, and graduated his fiftieth class for college. A host of his former pupils vied with each other in remembering his semi-centennial, and presented him with a purse of $500 in gold. It, however, was but a slight token of their love and esteem for one who had been foremost in imparting to them a love of knowledge

and a desire for honorable service in the world.

Mr. Richards was a natural and enthusiastic teacher. He had profound respect for the human mind and its ability to acquire knowledge. He could trust that the seed sown secretly, and without boastfulness, would find a congenial soil, and in this, as in many other things regarding his profession, he was not deceived. He received the degree of LL. D. from Dartmouth College in 1865. In the report of the national Commissioner of Education in 1884, he is mentioned as bearing the distinction of having fitted more students for college than any other man in the country. He died of bronchial consumption, July 19, 1885, at the home of his son, the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., who at that time was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Madison, Wisconsin, and who is now the Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society.

A Soliloquy

Eva Beede Odell

To write, or not to write? That is the question:
Whether 'tis better in darkness to bury
The squibs and verses of our sportive fancy,
Or to mail them slyly to some editor,
With postage to return them? To write; to fear;
No more; and, by this act, to say we end
The longing and the thousand natural shocks
Genius is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To write; to send;
To send! perchance returned; ay, there's the rub;
For in that printed note what words may come,
The unavailable, in letters blue,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so much verse;
For who would bear the eager thirst for fame,
The vain desire to see one's name in print,
The longing to be reckoned with the great,
And then the non-acceptance or delay
That patient merit of the editor takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bright bonfire? Who would stories write,
To groan and sweat over a weary plot,
But that the hope of something after all.—
That undiscovered editor, from whose desk
No manuscript return, strengthens the will,
And makes us rather write the best we can,
To get it published, merely, if we may?
Yet critics would make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of inspiration
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And persons of ability and merit,
With this regard, from writing turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

The Poet's Corner

The Caliph's Promise

By Fred Myron Colby

All day long had the battle raged
Till dying sun sank low,
And then proud Persia's standard fell
As spread the crimson glow.

'Twas on Denara's fatal field,
Where, in the days of old,
Great Omar's hardened Moslem ranks
Fought Yez'gerd's lines of gold.

But now the desperate fight was o'er,
And through the sea of gore,
They led the captive Persian chief
To Omar's silken door.

Before the haughty Caliph there
Proudly thus Harmosan said:
"Give me but one glass of water,"
Then bowed his turbaned head.

They brought a goblet of water,
He raised it to his lip:
Then as a sudden doubt assailed him,
He paused, afraid to sip.

But the Caliph, rightly reading
His captive's look of fear,
Spake quickly: "Fear not, Harmosan,
But quaff thy goblet here.

"No foeman's hand shall harm thee till
The beaker thou hast drained.
By the prophet's beard I swear it;
This respite thou hast gained."

The light of the fading sunset
Gleamed on the bannered tent,
And o'er the hosts of the faithful
Around the Caliph bent.

"Then I claim my life, O Caliph,"
So spoke Harmosan slow;
"Never shall my lips drain beaker
Received from Moslem foe."

Upon the earth the satrap dashed
The goblet from his hand;
And the precious water mingled
With the thirsty desert sand.

Burned Omar's swarthy cheek like fire,
Hot was his anger stirred:
But quick his haughty visage cleared,
He could not break his word.

"Live, live," he cried, "brave Harmosan,
Enough this day have died;
Embrace our faith, and lead my hosts,
Then Omar has not lied."

Both the victor and the vanquished
Have long since passed away;
But the Caliph's noble action
Moves all our hearts today.

The Hills of the North

By Mary Bassett-Rouke

I.

Oh, heard ye the call of the hills of the north
That came on the wings of the chill winter blast?
The cry that the solitude ever sends forth
To lure us away to the wilderness vast!
Away to the hills, thro' white regions of snow,
Where footstep of man never yet blazed the way,
Where the ends of creation scarce feel the ebb flow
Of the sea of humanity 'round them today.

II.

High, high on the hills where the first flush of dawn
Transforms their stern beauty with tenderest grace,
Where the sun, sinking low, for a moment doth pause,
To fold and enclose them in radiant embrace!
No sound save the winds rushing o'er the gray steep,
Or the sharp crunch of snow 'neath the wanderer's feet,
As in triumph he spans the dark chasms, so deep,
A stranger to fear, dreaming not of defeat.

III.

Short and quick comes the breath when the eye first beholds
The barren expanse of the black, bitter north;
Where the snowfields forever enshroud and enfold
The hills that are sending their wild message forth!
They call—and the heart of man leaps in his breast,
In union with nature's strong impulses hurled;
Glad feet spring in answer, nor stay they for rest,
As they follow that voice to the end of the world.

IV.

From the din of the city, the maelstrom of 'change,
Where we grind out the gold from our nerve and our brain,
We turn, with a yearning infinitely strange,
To the ironbound hills and the snowcrusted plain,
There to stand in the silence with God and the soul—
Where the primeval forces reveal their spent might,
'Neath the suns of the ages that constantly roll
And the splendors that waken in heaven by night.

The Home Land

By Cyrus A. Stone

There's a beautiful land that our eyes have not seen,
Beyond earth's dim twilight its glories arise,
Though the curtains of time drop their fringes between
And hide from our vision the light of its skies.

It is said that the way to that beautiful land
Lies through a dark valley all lonely and cold,
By a desolate trail and a storm-beaten strand,
Where wild waves are breaking and sad bells are tolled.

But the beacons that swing from its glittering towers
Flash far their bright rays through the storm and the gloom,
And its green sunny highlands are spangled with flowers,
The sweetest of roses forever in bloom.

The saints of all lands and all ages are there,
In phalanx unbroken, in numbers untold,

Delighted they range through the gardens so fair,
And they never grow weary, and never grow old.

And there are our loved ones, fond, faithful and true,
Who passed from our sight when no mortal could save,
In calm resignation they bade us adieu
And went out in the darkness and night of the grave.

We think of them now in that shadowless land,
All decked in their radiant garments of white,
While their brows by the breeze from its green hills are fanned,
As they sing the "new song" in the mansions of light.

And there doth the "King in his beauty" await
Each homeward bound wanderer o'er sorrow's dark sea,
Expectant He stands at the beckoning gate
With glad salutations for you and for me.

No more will I mourn that the bright years must wane,
I grieve for the dear vanished faces no more,
For surely and soon they will greet me again
In that home of the soul on eternity's shore.

The Sailor's Lament

By George Warren Parker

I sat with my love by the ocean strand,
On a bright midsummer day;
The waves breaking gently at our feet,
And the ships sailing proud and gay.

The world and its beauty smiled at us,
And all nature looked so gay,
The sky and the sea in one benison
Seemed to bless our betrothal day.

Then naught cared I for the storm of life,
Nor recked what the future held;
Enough that with her my life I shared;—
So we lived 'neath the magic spell.

Alone I sit by the moaning sea,
While the storm cloud broods the deep,
But skies iridescent greet the form
Of my love in death asleep.

The Coming of the Spring

GERMAN KINDERGARTEN SONG

Translated by Ellen McRoberts Mason

The Spring is soon a-coming!
Hast thou not heard its humming?
Birds sing it plain in the bowers,
And so tell thee the flowers.
The Spring is soon a-coming!

Thou seest it in the meadows,
Thou seest it in the hedgerows,
The cuckoo calls, the robins sing,
And frolics every living thing.
The Spring is soon a-coming!

Here flowers blow on the plain,
There the lambkins frisk again.
Oh, listen, how by all is sung,
"The world is beautiful and young!"
The Spring is soon a-coming!

The May Flower

By Alice D. O. Greenwood

Lines suggested upon being offered a bouquet of California poppies in the streets of San Francisco.

Ah! poppies, yellow poppies,
In your wondrous conceit,
You do not dream there is a flower
A thousand times more sweet;
A modest little blossom,
In the land from whence I came,
That for beauty and for fragrance
Can put you all to shame.

You flaunt your gaudy vestments,
You bow and wave and smile,
You are trying to ensnare me,
But I'm thinking all the while
Of a dainty little blossom,
In its robes of pink and white,
Exhaling wondrous fragrance
On some gray old mountain height.

I am dreaming of the Mayflower
On the far New England hills,
Where the snow is disappearing,
And the music of the rills
Now drowns the noise and tumult
Of your city's busy mart,
And the singing of the Merrimack
Is echoing through my heart.

No! Keep your yellow poppies,
("And the pennies?" "Every one.")
Sell them to some "native daughter,"
Or perhaps a "native son";
Their gaudiness affronts me
When I am sad and lone,
And longing for the Mayflowers
Among the hills at home.

Memory

By Rebecca S. Mayo

To greet my homeward oar,
Waits one upon the shore.
We climb the hill that meets the sea
And still and pale she bides with me.

And though my careless boat
To happy islands float,
She doth not fail to call me back.
Together, then, we take the path.
She sits beside my silent hearth;
She groweth very dear to me—
This Memory.

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. WILLIAM A. GILE

William A. Gile, born in Northfield (now Franklin) N. H., June 15, 1840, died in Worcester, Mass., March 2, 1908.

He was educated in the public schools and Franklin Academy and enlisted in the 18th New Hampshire Vols. in the Civil War, serving to the end of the war, and gained the rank of captain. At the close of the war he entered the regular service and served in Texas, under General Sheridan, until the French forces were withdrawn from Mexico. Returning home he studied law with Pike & Blodgett at Franklin and at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to practice in Boston in 1869.

He commenced practice in Greenfield, Mass., but soon removed to Worcester, where he remained and achieved a high degree of success. He served in the Massachusetts legislature in 1886–87–88, and was an active and influential member. He was for four years commander of the Worcester Continentals, and was a member of the Loyal Legion. He was an orator of more than ordinary ability and was in great demand for Memorial Day service. He had been twice married and is survived by a widow and five children.

JOSEPH O. HARVEY

Joseph Oren Harvey, born in Pittsfield September 12, 1859, died at the Cottage Hospital in Exeter April 7, 1908.

He was a son of Elder Joseph and Emeline (Tasker) Harvey, and had been engaged for many years in the publishing business, at first with Lewis & Co. of Boston and later with John C. Austin & Co. of Philadelphia, being a member of the latter firm and the active manager in the preparation and publication of *The Nation's Leaders*, one of the most expensively illustrated books of the kind ever issued. He was in Chicago at the time of the Columbian Exposition, where he served as private secretary of Judge Bickford, chairman of the Montana Commission. Some years ago he met with a serious accident in a railway wreck and of late his health had been badly shattered. His last work was the preparation of the extensive article on Newmarket, in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, which he undertook and heroically carried out while in a condition of intense physical suffering. Soon after its completion he was obliged to take his bed, and was shortly removed to the hospital in Exeter, where he died.

Mr. Harvey had been an active Free Mason, being a charter member of Universal Lodge of Philadelphia; a Knight Templar and member of the Scottish Rite bodies. He was also an Odd Fellow, Elk, Red Man and Knight of Pythias.

PARKER C. HANCOCK

Parker C. Hancock, a prominent citizen of Franklin, where he was born October 26, 1840, died there February 21, 1908.

He was a son of William W. and Nancy (Brown) Hancock. He was educated at Franklin Academy and was fitted to enter the sophomore class at Dartmouth at the age of sixteen, but out of consideration for his parents gave up the idea of a college course and went to work. He was for a time in the employ of the Prescott Organ Co., at Concord, and later became bookkeeper at Aiken's hosiery mill in Franklin, which position he held for more than a quarter of a century. In 1880, with a brother-in-law, he engaged in business on his own account, manufacturing hack-saws and rug machines.

He had represented his ward in the city council and in the state legislature, and served as a member of the board of education. He was a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank, an Odd Fellow and a 32d degree Mason.

He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter, one son being a student at Dartmouth and the daughter at Wellesley.

REV. GEORGE W. GILE

Rev. George W. Gile, for nine years past pastor of the Middle St. Baptist Church at Portsmouth, died at his home in that city March 1, 1908.

He was a native of East Haverhill, Mass., born August 9, 1840, a son of Moses C. and Mary (Chase) Gile. He was educated at Atkinson and Colby academies and Brown University, and studied theology at the Newton Theological School. He was ordained pastor of the Valley Falls (R. I.) Baptist Church in 1866. He was afterward pastor at So. Berwick, Me., Lawrence, Pittsfield and Fall River, Mass., and was subsequently, for six years, principal of Colby Academy at New London, before settling in Portsmouth.

He married Mary Frances Newhall of Providence, who survives him, with one daughter, the wife of Rev. William Reid of Rockland, Mass.

New Hampshire Necrology

WILLIAM DUNTON

William Dunton, born in Millbury, Mass., Nov. 9, 1816, died at Newport, N. H., Jan. 8, 1908.

Mr. Dunton came to Newport first in 1842, and purchased the interest of Sylvanus Larned in the Scythe Manufacturing plant at Northville, conducting the business for several years in company with Ezra T. Sibley. After a few years he disposed of his interest to his partner, and was engaged in the same business for a time in Canada and afterward in Fitchburg, Mass., but returned to Newport about 1864 and had since resided there.

He married, Aug. 1, 1844, Lois Corbin, daughter of the Hon. Austin Corbin, Sr., sister of the late Hon. Austin Corbin of banking fame, and of Hon. Daniel C. Corbin of Spokane, Wash., the distinguished railway promoter of the Far West, who died in July, 1893. He leaves a daughter and son, Mrs. Mary S. Bostwick of Newport, and Frederick W. Dunton of New York.

GEORGE GRISWOLD HAVEN

George Griswold Haven, who died in New York March 8, was a native of Portsmouth, born in 1837, being a son of Joseph W. Haven, a merchant of the latter city. He graduated from Columbia College in 1857, and engaged in banking in New York City, where he became head of the Wall Street firm of George G. Haven & Co. He was connected with many banking institutions and other corporations, and was for a time president of the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester R. R. He was also president of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Co. of New York. He is said to have done more for grand opera in New York than any other man. He was twice married and leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons. He acquired great wealth and had residences at Newport and Lenox, as well as in New York.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

William H. Prescott, born in Loudon August 12, 1842, died at Rockville, Conn., February 24, 1908.

He was the son of Abram Perkins and Nancy (Martin) Prescott, who removed to Holyoke, Mass., when he was ten years of age. There he attended the public schools but went into business life at an early age, becoming an accountant in the employ of White & Corbin, envelope manufacturers at Hartford, Conn., in 1860. In 1865 he organized the firm of Prescott, Plimpton & Co., for the manufacture of envelopes, but subsequently became a member of the new firm of White, Corbin & Co., becoming vice-president, treasurer and general manager, holding the latter office twenty-eight years, during which time the business grew to be one of the largest in the line in the country.

When, in 1898, this firm united with others to form the United States Envelope Company, he was made vice president and a member of the executive committee. He was connected with various other corporations, and held many positions of honor and trust.

In December, 1865, he married Miss Celia Ellen Keeney, daughter of Francis and Eliza Porter Keeney of Rockville.

REV. WILLIAM H. EATON, D. D.

Rev. William H. Eaton, D. D., a native of Hopkinton, born February 22, 1841, died at Medford, Mass., February 29, 1908.

He was educated and prepared for the ministry by private instructors, and was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Acworth in 1862. In 1868 he became pastor of the Market St. Baptist Church in Amesbury, Mass., and was later, for sixteen years, pastor of the Central Baptist Church at Westfield, Mass.

In 1888 he was elected secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, holding the position until his death and residing at Wakefield until seven years ago, when he removed to Medford. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. F. O. Hudson of Westfield, Mass.

MYRON W. TANDY

Myron W. Tandy, born in Lempster September 28, 1836, died in Los Angeles, Cal., March 22, 1908.

He was a son of James Tandy, and in early life was employed at the old American House in Concord, and later in the service of the Concord Railroad, but in 1858 engaged with Cheney's, now the American Express, continuing till 1897, having been for a long series of years cashier of the company. Upon retirement, he removed to Los Angeles, where he had since had his home. He was a brother of Asbury F. Tandy, steward of the New Hampshire State Hospital.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

It again becomes necessary to issue a double number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, covering the months of April and May at this time, because of the extensive article presented on the town of Claremont and the men who make it, which of itself occupies more space than is included in a single number. While it is not our purpose to continue this practice, we have no apology to present in this instance. The full amount of matter embodied in two ordinary issues is given at this time, as was more than that of three in the last previous issue, the same being combined in one for the convenience of readers alone. The June number will be issued on or before June 1, and will include an article on the town of Bridgewater, in Grafton County, a purely country town in the lake and hill region of New Hampshire.

The sixth annual issue of the beautifully illustrated publication by the state board of agriculture, entitled "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," has made its appearance and is fully up to the high standard established for the work in every line of work involved, including that of the artist, the engraver, the printer and the editor. The state is to be congratulated upon the successful work which Secretary Bachelder is doing in so effectually calling attention to the advantages which it presents to those seeking summer homes in the most healthful and charming regions.

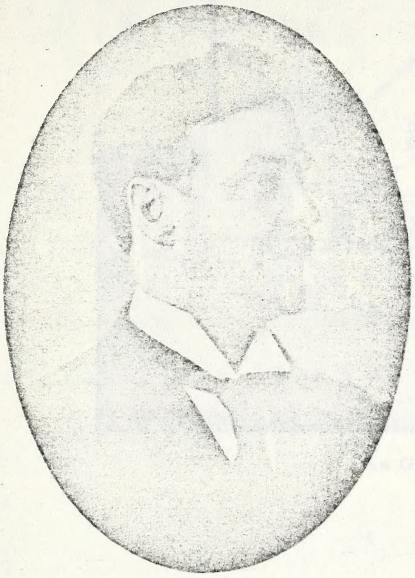
The *Granite State Magazine*, whose publication was commenced two years ago last January at Manchester by G. Waldo Browne, with the apparent purpose of appropriating the field occupied by the GRANITE MONTHLY, has finally abandoned the effort and will appear no longer as a monthly. It will be issued hereafter as a quarterly and be confined largely to history, tradition and legend, presenting in the main the papers gathered by the Manchester Historic Association. It has been presented in attractive form, and has embodied much valuable and interesting matter, but, finding the monthly magazine field in New Hampshire scarcely large enough for two, the publisher has wisely decided to change his plan. In the special field it now essays to cover, the publication should prove a success.

Marilla M. Ricker of Dover, New Hampshire's first and (if we mistake not) still her only woman lawyer, and one of the country's ablest, most insistent and consistent advocates of woman suffrage, has recently published an answer to some of the leading arguments of those anomalous organizations known as "Associations Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women," which for point and pith excels anything in the line which has appeared for years. It appeared first as a communication in *Foster's Dover Democrat* and has been reprinted in four-page pamphlet form, for general distribution. Every friend of the equal suffrage movement should have a copy and every opponent should be compelled to read it.

In view of the recent ruling of the postoffice department as to postage on publications sent to subscribers in arrears, all such on the GRANITE MONTHLY list are requested to take the proper course. at once, for remedying the existing condition.

A Cornish Physician and What He Has Wrought

Ever since the settlement of the New Hampshire town of Cornish by as sturdy a stock as ever went forth from the older homes in New England, the town has been lending a helping hand to the advancement of each and every worthy interest in the



Franklin E. Harlow, M. D.

land. It has sent its sons in every generation to fill the ranks of the country's preachers, educators, lawyers and physicians. But of this last class, and in this year of 1908, it is keeping one of its sons at home and, singularly enough, the location of his especial activity is the spot of his birth and the old parental home.

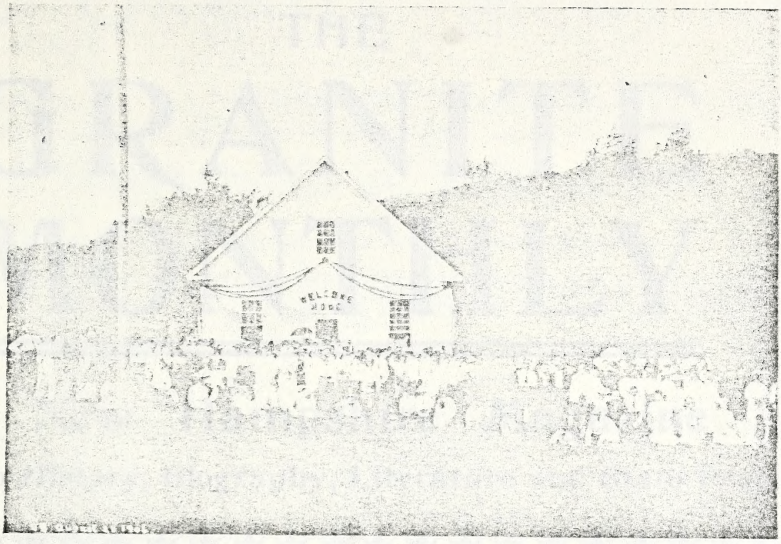
The precise locality is that part of Cornish just across the Connecticut River from Windsor, Vermont. Here in the generation just gone lived Marshall Harlow and his wife, Dorinda (Flower) Harlow. To them was born, November 5, 1872, a son, to whom was given the name, Franklin E. As the son grew to boyhood, he attended the public schools in Windsor and further perfected his preparatory studies under private tutors. An apt pupil and quick to grasp and comprehend the basic principle of any lesson, he was at the early age of eighteen a medical student in the University of Vermont, graduating in 1894, and before he had completed his twenty-second year he received his diploma as a physician. Extensive and exceptionally opportune post-graduate studies were pursued in Boston, New York and Baltimore.

His specialty from the very beginning of his professional studies was chemical research, it having an irresistible fascination for him and when he began active practice in Windsor, in 1898, he still pursued his investigation. All this became a means to a great end—the creation of a remedy called today "Dr. Harlow's Solvent," the placing of which upon a country-wide market is a business fast assuming great proportion. At first and for some years Doctor Harlow used the preparation in his private practice and with such signal success that the scope of its demand became so great as to actually compel its placing on the market. To comply with this demand, a company called the Dr. Harlow Solvent Company was organized with a capital of $5,000. Later a re-incorporation was effected with capitalization of $500,000. Of this corporation Dr. Harlow is president and A. L. Peters of Cornish is treasurer and general manager. The laboratory is in Boston, but the office and warerooms are in Cornish, the buildings occupying the Harlow homestead, site and neighborhood. Windsor, Vt., is the distributing point and post-office.

The sales of the solvent in Windsor, Cornish, Claremont and regions about where Doctor Harlow and his remedy are best known have been nothing short of phenomenal. It is a remedy of proven worth for rheumatism, gout, headache and general tissue weakness and an efficient saline laxative.

Every package is made under a formula that accompanies the package and is guaranteed under the national food and drugs act.

In 1907 Doctor Harlow opened an office in Claremont, where he is two days in each week. Thus the larger part of his professional life has been spent in the region of his boyhood and thus far it has been a success.



An Old Home Day Gathering



In the Grove, Old Home Day

Newberry Library apr08

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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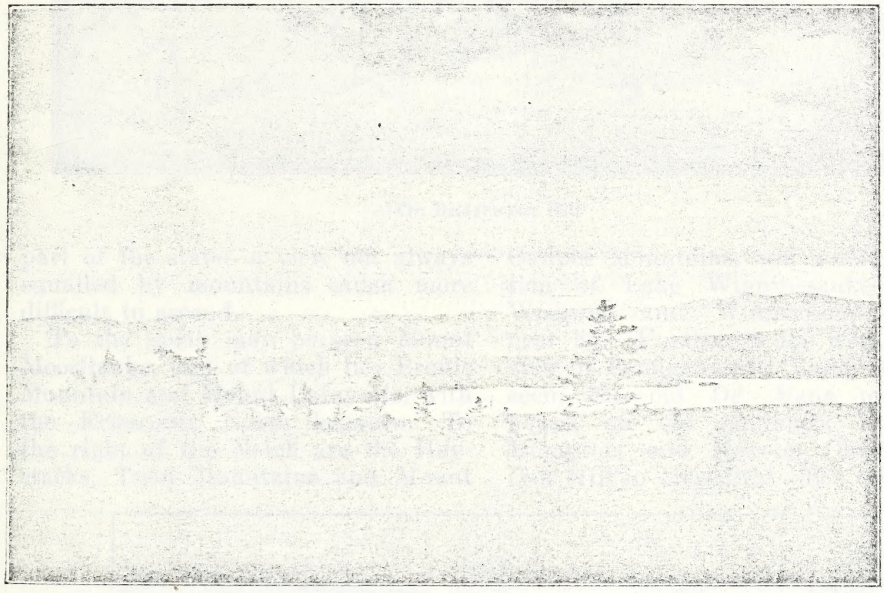
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Old Homesteads of Bridgewater

(Arranged by the Bridgewater Old Home Committee.)



View from Peaked Hill

The object of this sketch is not principally to give the local history of Bridgewater, although that will be alluded to, but rather to call attention to a beautiful, picturesque town not so well known as its natural attractions entitle it to be. Geographically speaking, Bridgewater is the center of New Hampshire. The Pemigewassett River forms one of its eastern boundaries, while on the west it is bordered by Newfound Lake. It is essentially a farming town, and while it has no village it is within easy driving distance of the growing towns of Bristol on one side and Ashland, Plymouth and Squam lakes on the other.

It is thus the center of some of the best known summer resort regions of New Hampshire, where farm products naturally command highest prices. It is an ideal locality for the summer home or for the farmer looking for a permanent residence. The soil is especially adapted to the raising of potatoes and small crops, and the high hill lands are practically free from early and late frosts. The rural free mail delivery and telephone extend to all parts of the town and it is easily reached by railroad.

Near the central part is the highest peak, called Peaked Hill, which is 1,700 feet high. The summit is easily reached by means of an old road, once a highway. From the top is one of the most beautiful views in this

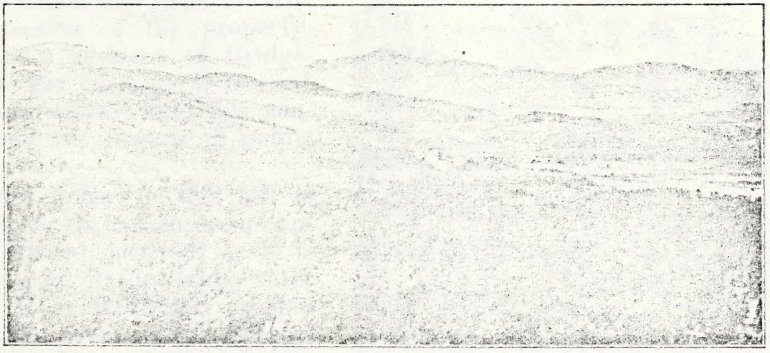




On Bridgewater Hill

part of the state—a view not always equalled by mountains much more difficult to ascend.

To the north may be seen Mount Moosilauke, east of which lies Profile Mountain and Mount Lafayette, with the Franconia Notch between. To the right of the Notch are the Haystacks, Twin Mountains and Mount Ossipee Mountains, and a large portion of Lake Winnipesaukee with Wickwas and Winnisquam Lakes near by. Further to the west a fine view of Pemigewassett Valley may be seen, the old Dr. Dana meeting-house, an old landmark in New Hampton, and Magoon Church on Oak Hill in Meredith. The towering



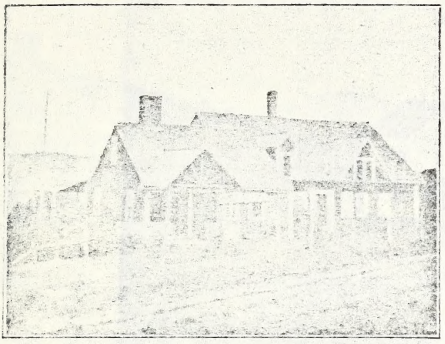
Franconia Mountains and Pemigewasset Valley

Washington, while in nearly the same direction but not so far distant is Mount Prospect in Holderness. The historic Mount Chocorua rises above Squam Lakes, while nearer lies the village of Ashland.

To the right of Chocorua may be seen the Red Hills in Sandwich, the side of Kearsarge rises to the southwest, to the right is Murray Hill in Hill, and farther to the west Alexandria Village with old Cardigan in the distance.

The eye takes in at one glance nearly the whole of Newfound (or Pasquaney) Lake, while Sugar Loaf,

with its steep sides overhanging the highway at its base, and the long ridge of the Bear Hills are plainly seen. The highest point in the west, almost over the village of Hebron, is Cuba Mountain in Orford. It is said,



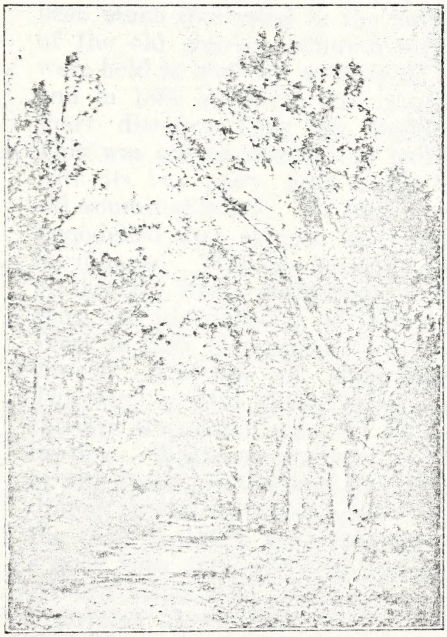
"Skyfields," Home of Edward A. Marsh

from good authority, that sixty-seven towns may be seen from Peaked Hill. It is at present the property of Arthur W. Phelps of Nashua. Mr. Phelps, while passing a short vacation in Bridgewater, climbed Peaked Hill, and was so delighted with the view that he took immediate steps towards getting possession of the property. Although not a resident of Bridgewater, yet he has taken great interest in the town's welfare and has contributed generously toward all public enterprises.

The nearest house to this hill is known as Skyfields, which seems appropriately named, situated as it is on the very crest of the Bridgewater Hill road. It is frequently spoken of through the town as the Samuel Fifield place. About 1828, when a young man, Mr. Fifield bought this place and lived here until his death in 1884. A man of strong character, his influence was felt in all important town matters. His son, John E. S. Fifield, then carried on the farm, living here for fifty-three years. During this time he held the office of town clerk for thirty-six years, besides filling many other offices.

The present owner, E. A. Marsh, is well known as the superintendent of the American Waltham Watch factory. Mr. Marsh and his family have occupied the place as a summer home for the last thirteen years. One of the daughters, an architect of Boston, remodelled the house to meet the summer requirements, but without changing the general plan of the building. It is a low, rambling structure, built close to the ground to withstand the heavy winter storms. From the broad and sheltered piazza the greater part of Newfound Lake may be seen, while in the opposite direction Chocorua rises above Squam Lakes.

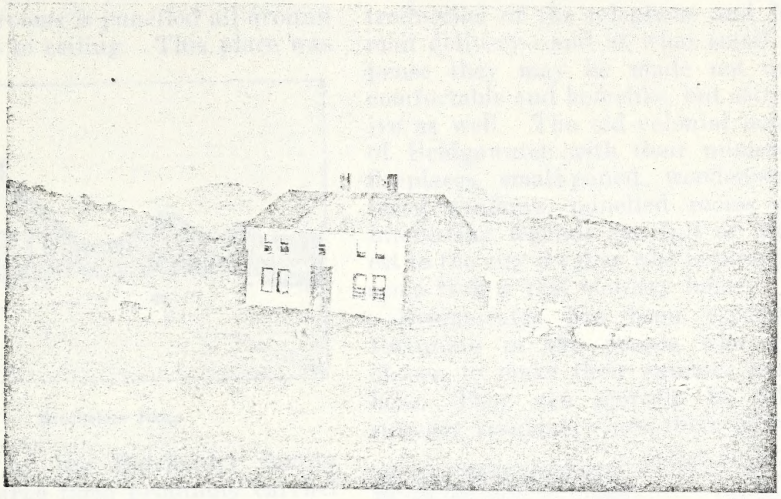
Not far from Skyfields is the old Boardman place, now owned by Amos Blake of Bristol. The house, a large, two-storied one, occupying one of the finest sites in Bridgewater, was built about 1800 by Major Benjamin Boardman, a Revolutionary officer.



"The Birches," Leading to Old Boardman Place

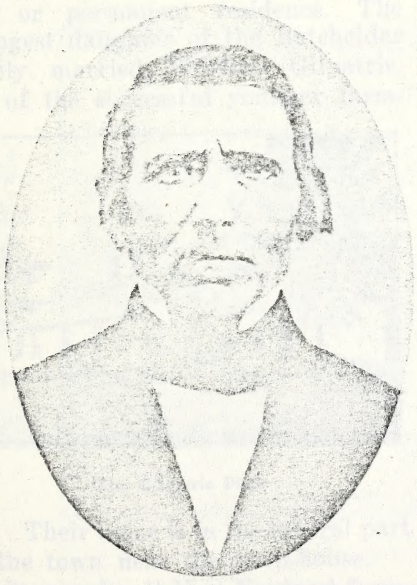
A great grandson, Arthur F. Boardman, has in his possession an old musket with the inscription, "Dublin Castle, 1766," which Major Board-

man captured from a British soldier, and also a number of old silver dollars, the first pension money paid by the United States and which was received by Major Boardman.



The Boardman House—Built in 1800

The Major Boardman place was afterward occupied by his son, John Boardman, who carried mail horseback from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and who drove the first four-wheeled wagon ever taken into town. This place did not pass from the Boardman family until 1883.

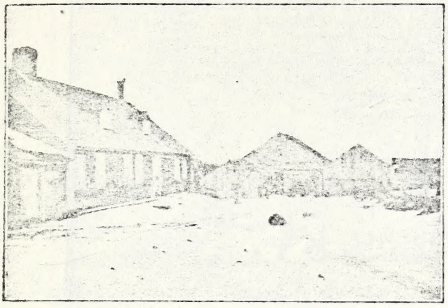


John Boardman

Major Boardman seems to have been much interested in the building of the old church. Church services were held in his barn as early as 1790 and in 1804 a church was erected a short distance from his buildings. This was an interesting old building with its box pews, high pulpit and old sounding-board. In 1881 it was remodelled and is now used as the town-house. This has been the place of the Old Home gatherings. Ever since the inauguration of Old Home Week in New Hampshire, it has been happily observed in Bridgewater, Thursday of Old Home Week being the day always set apart for the celebration. While no attempt is made at any formal entertainment, the big dinner served at noon being one of the chief features, yet every one has a good time and each year the interest and attendance increase.

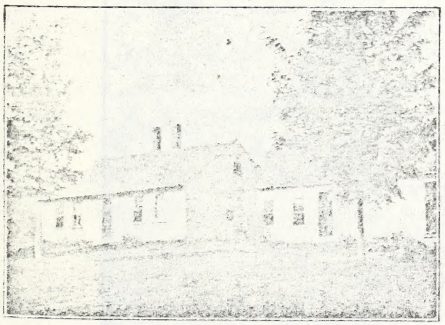
Driving down one of the cross-roads from the town-house the David Batchelder farm is reached. The house is a long one-storied building with eight or nine rooms on the ground floor. It is interesting in that the original design has never

been altered. A long hall extends through the middle of the house with rooms opening on each side. There are numerous fireplaces and one of the front rooms is panelled all around from floor to ceiling. This place was



Batchelder Place

occupied by the Batchelder family and the large farm profitably carried on from 1785 to 1905, when at the death of David Batchelder the farm was bought by D. T. Atwood. Although at present unoccupied it is a most desirable place for either summer or permanent residence. The youngest daughter of the Batchelder family married Winfred Gilpatric, one of the successful younger farm-

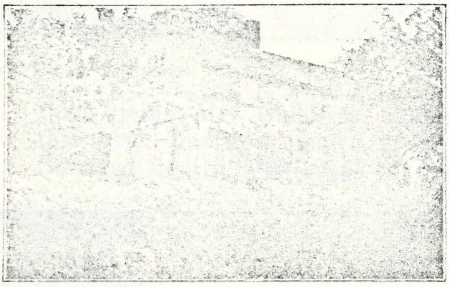


The Gilpatric Place

ers. Their home is in the central part of the town near the town-house.

Like nearly all New England farming towns, Bridgewater has suffered from its slowly decreasing population. In recent years, however, the movement from city to country is growing, as people begin to realize how well adapted the "deserted farmhouses" are for summer or all-the-year-round homes—since the introduction of the telephone and free mail delivery—and at what small expense they may be made not only comfortable and homelike, but attractive as well. The old colonial houses of Bridgewater with their numerous fireplaces, small-paned, wooden-shuttered windows, panelled rooms and interesting legends are full of interest to the city dweller who is planning some time a real country home.

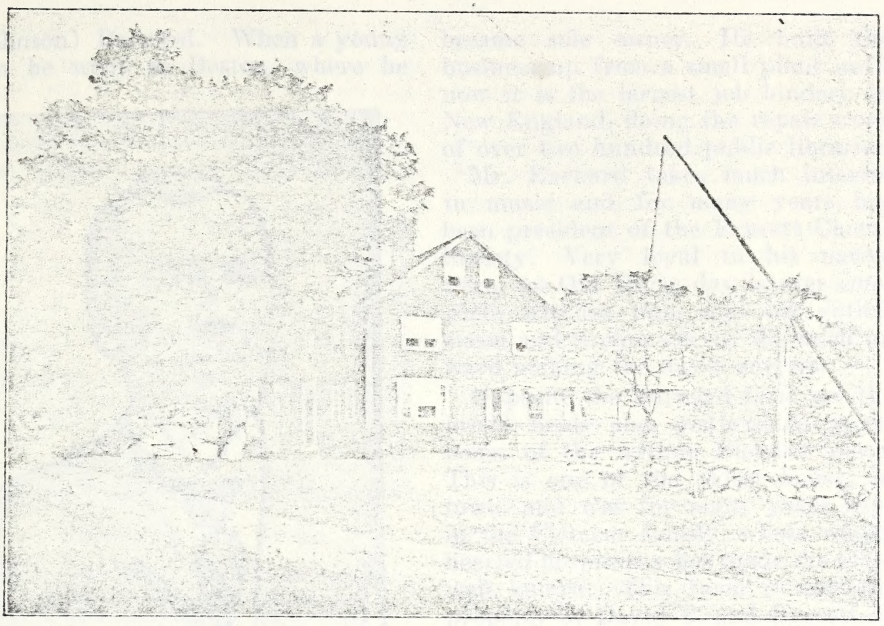
Bridgewater has been especially fortunate in the people who have chosen to make their summer homes here. They can scarcely be called summer residents since their interest



Dr. Garver's Home Before Being Repaired

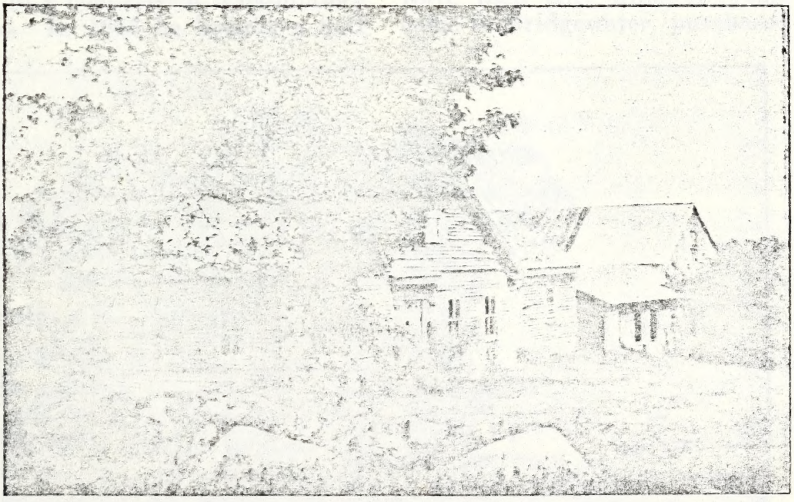
in the town and townspeople extends throughout the year. To the permanent residents the newcomers are their neighbors and this old-fashioned term is particularly applicable to the Rev. Dr. Austin S. Garver, a well-known Unitarian minister of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Garver's home, sometimes known as the old Martin place, is a fine example of the colonial house built in 1811. It would hardly seem possible that the two pictures here shown could be of the same place, yet one is the house as Mr. Garver "discovered" it, the other as it looks now that his enthusiastic plans are realized. The contrast afforded by the two pictures is an object lesson well worth studying. The wonderful



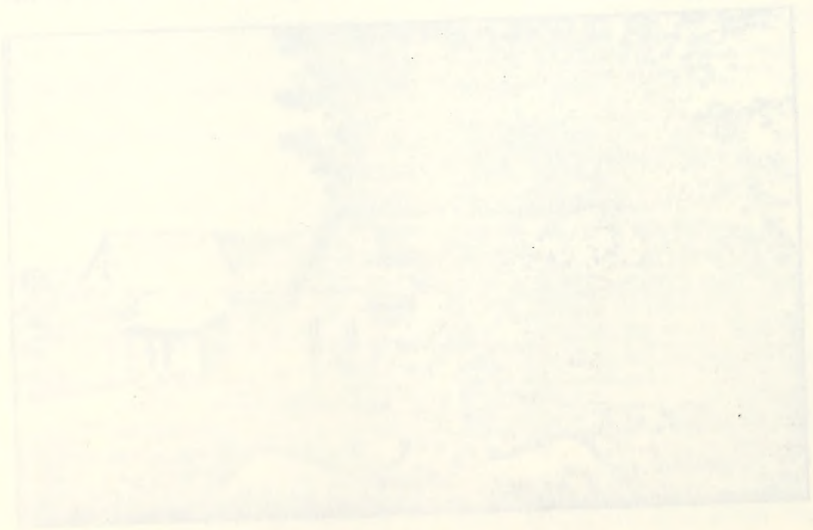
The Home of Rev. Dr. A. S. Garver

view of the Franconia Mountains and the Pemigewassett Valley as seen from the broad piazza is hardly equalled from any part of the town. Mr. Garver has the welfare of the town closely at heart and his efforts are greatly appreciated by the people.

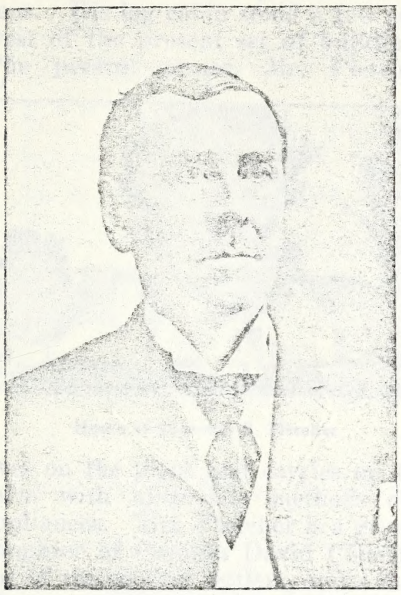


The Old Barnard Homestead

What is known as the Barnard farm joins Mr. Garver's, although this place has now passed from the Barnard family. This was the birthplace of a large family of boys and girls, all of whom have left their native town. The eldest son, Frank J. Barnard, was born here in 1850, the son of Charles M. and Melinda



(Johnson) Barnard. When a young man he went to Boston, where he started in a commission book-bindery business. In 1883 he bought a half interest in the oldest book-bindery in New England, and a few years later became sole owner. He built the business up from a small plant until now it is the largest job bindery in New England, doing the repair work of over two hundred public libraries.



Frank J. Barnard

Mr. Barnard takes much interest in music and for many years has been president of the Everett Choral Society. Very loyal to his native town, no Old Home day is ever complete without him, and his enthusiasm and tireless energy do much toward making the day a success.

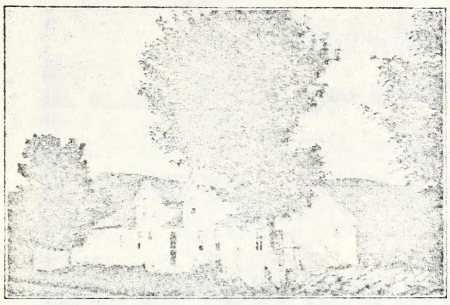
Opposite the Barnard farm are the broad fields and picturesque farmhouse of the Arthur Fletcher place. This is one of the oldest houses in town, and was for many years kept in the Fletcher family, whose wholehearted hospitality has made the place well known. This farm is now the property of David T. and Everett E. Atwood, two young men who own and operate several large farms in town, besides having extensive lumber interests.

As early as 1766, Thomas Crawford, then only nineteen years old, came to Bridgewater, purchased four hundred acres of land and settled on what is now the farm of Sherman S.



The Fletcher Farm

Fletcher. He was the first settler in the town and was evidently in after years one of its most prominent citizens. His log cabin stood a few rods west of the present set of buildings. The present owner, Mr. Fletcher,



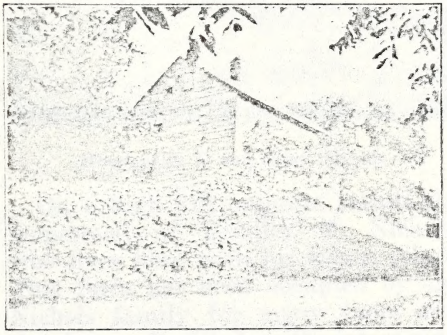
Home of Sherman S. Fletcher

lives on the place and carries on the farm with up-to-date methods and appliances. Mrs. Fletcher is a granddaughter of Captain David Clement, one of the earliest settlers, and a man of great integrity, who served his town faithfully. His sense of justice and legal turn of mind earned him the title of Bridgewater's lawyer.

The large house on the adjoining farm was built a few years after Colonel's Crawford's settlement, by John Mitchell. His wife should surely have some credit in the building of this house, since it is said that the couple carried the boards for the outside of the house on their backs from the nearest sawmill, probably a mile away, the man carrying two and the woman one. This place has always been owned and occupied by direct descendants of the builders. It is now owned and for many years has been the home of A. B. Dalton, Mrs. Dalton being a great-granddaughter of John Mitchell. During his long residence in town Mr. Dalton has always been prominently identified with all progressive town movements.

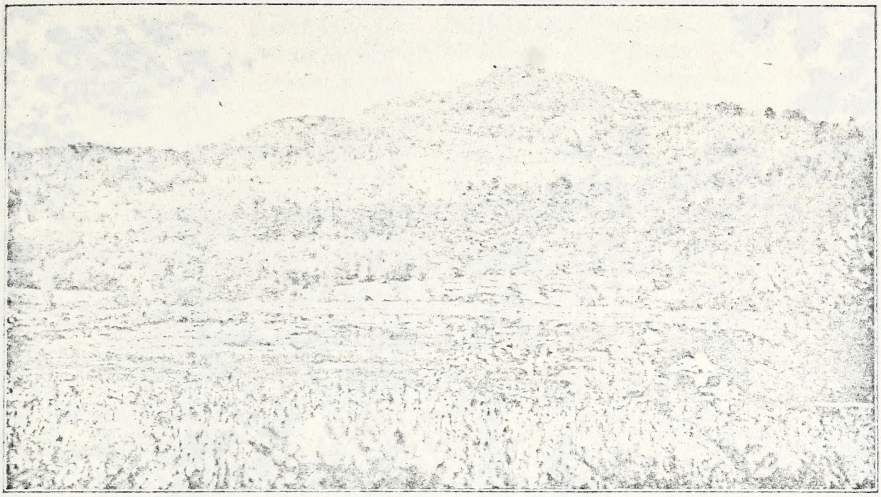
This place was also the home of Nathaniel Batchelder, a name well known throughout the state fifty or sixty years ago. In his shrewd business ability, his various political schemes and his quick wit which allowed no man to get the better of him, he resembled Jethro Bass and he might well have stood for the type from which that character was drawn. He had always a strong prejudice against lawyers and seldom consulted them for any purpose. One night his nearest neighbor, Ripsome Mitchell, was startled by the entrance of two furiously angry men, "Nat" Batchelder and Robert Mitchell. Each man owed the other money, but could not agree as to the amount and they had come for Mr. Mitchell to hear the case and to settle the matter.

Both men threw their money-pouches—made from the dried outer membrane of a beef's heart—upon the table, and each tried to tell his side of the story at the same time. When the case was finally made clear, Mr. Mitchell took the money-bags, made each man give the other a receipt in full for the amount due him, and then divided the money as seemed just to him. The men took their property and went home, satisfied that justice had been done. This was typical of 'Squire Batchelder's way of settling a difficulty.



The Dalton Homestead

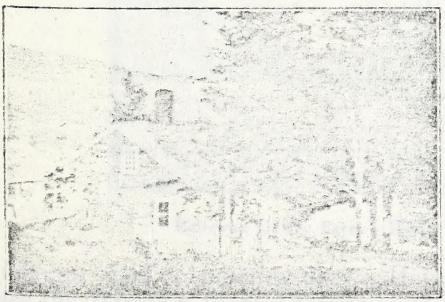
No country neighborhood is complete without its "handy man," and none of the residents on the hill could claim that title with better right than Frank D. Pillsbury. Until a few years ago he lived upon the Caleb Pillsbury place, and whenever an ex-



Peter's Head

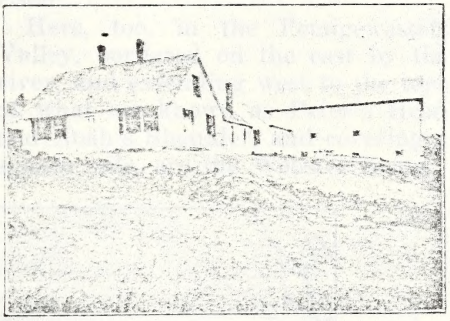
tra man was wanted in the hayfield or another hand to do "the chores," he was generally called upon and was always ready. To the commonplace inquiry, "How are you, Frank?" his optimistic reply is invariably, "Better."

This place was the birthplace of a well-known family, among them being Luther Pillsbury, for many years a high school teacher in Somerville, and father of Harry Pillsbury, famous throughout the country for his remarkable chess playing. This farm and the Huckins farm near it, known more recently as the Fred Pillsbury farm, are now owned by A. B. Dalton.



The Fred Pillsbury Place

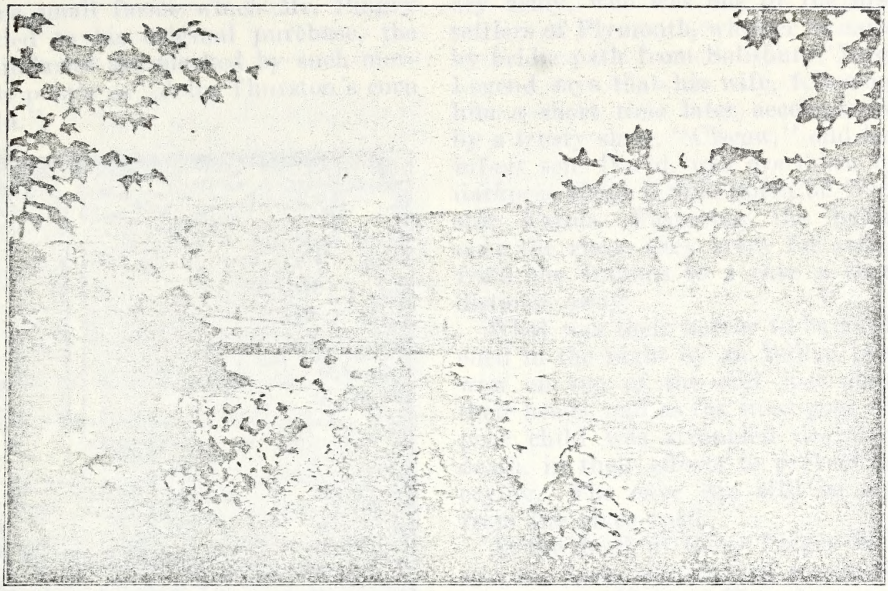
From the door of the Fred Pillsbury house may be seen the fine view of the Franconia Mountains and Pemigewassett Valley, very much as shown in the view given on page 200, while back of the house and not far distant rises Plymouth Mountain.



Home of B. T. and Alma Nichols

On a high hill opposite stands the homestead of Bradley T. Nichols, who lives here with his sister, Alma. This farm has been occupied by the Nichols family for many years and the house is filled with interesting relics of a past generation.

Four distinct roads run through Bridgewater, direct routes from Plymouth and surrounding towns to Bristol. The houses already described are situated on the road running over Bridgewater Hill and known as the hill road. One road follows the Pemigewassett River and

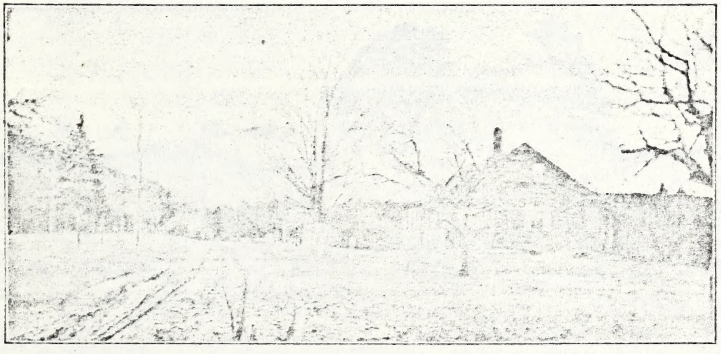


Looking Across the Pemigewassett to Ashland

is therefore called the river road, while in the west part of the town are the old Mayhew turnpike and the Smith Hill road.

The river road is in strong contrast to the hill road, in that it is comparatively level, and the charming glimpses of the river make it a pleasant road to journey over. Here lies the Morrison farm, another of the old places that has been handed down from one generation to another. The house was built in 1835, by Capt. Israel Marston, grandfather of the present owner, J. Spaulding Morrison.

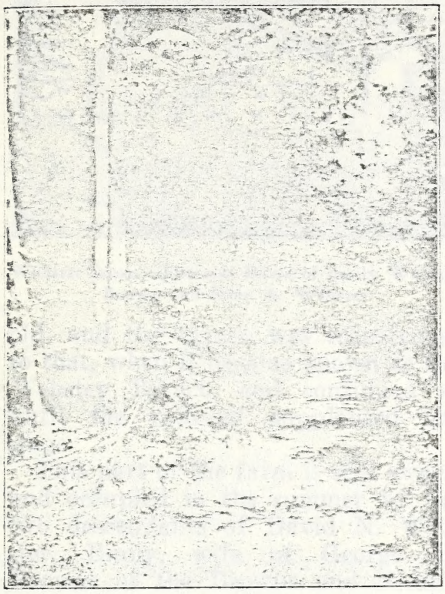
Here, too, in the Pemigewassett Valley, bordered on the east by the river, and extending west to the tops of what are known as Peter's Head and Noah's Shoulder, and covering a square mile, are the Webster farms.



Bellevue Grove Farm—Home of J. Spaulding Morrison and Son

Here about the year 1782, William Pingry came from Rowley, Mass., and settled. That there had previously been a settlement here is shown by evidences of some seventeen cellar holes on the place, and in the deeds of

some small farms which Mr. Pingry added to his original purchase, the boundaries are marked by such movable points as "John Thurston's corn field."

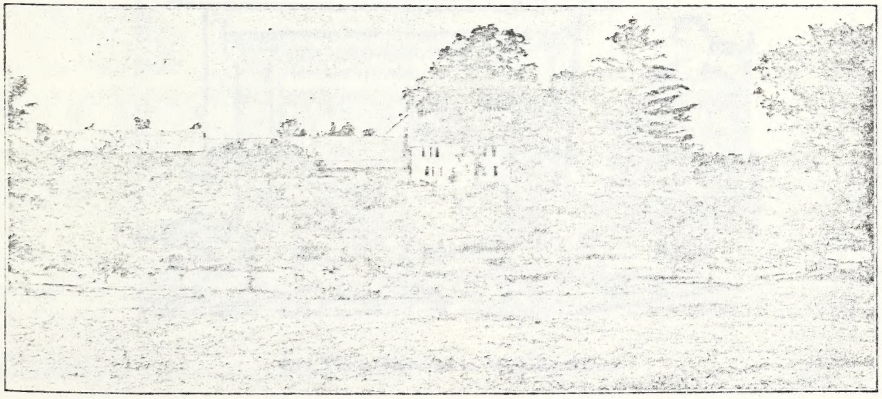


Road Leading to Webster Farms

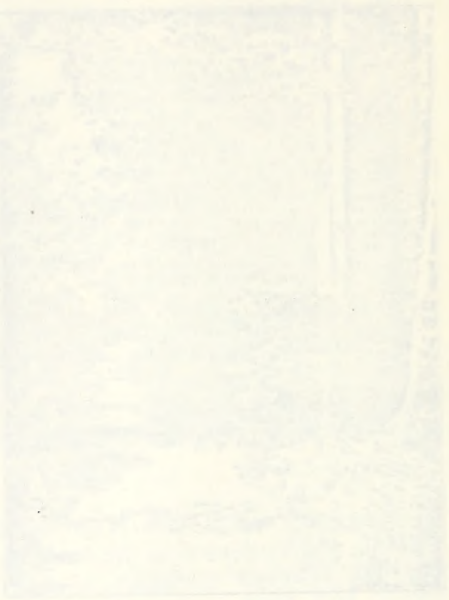
William Pingry's daughter, Betsy, married Walter Raleigh Webster and the whole estate eventually fell into their hands and has since been known as Webster Farms. Walter Raleigh Webster was grandson of Col. David Webster, an officer in the Revolutionary army, who was one of the first settlers of Plymouth, whither he came by bridle path from Salisbury, Mass. Legend says that his wife, following him a short time later accompanied by a trusty slave, "Ciscow," and her infant son, David, was overtaken by darkness about a mile north of Webster Farms. Fastening the horses near the river, they crept for safety from the Indians to a cave a short distance away.

What was their horror to be awakened in the night by an Indian powwow on top of the cliff just above their heads, and as the story goes, the poor child was strangled nearly to death, in their efforts to prevent his crying. The cave can still be seen from the river road.

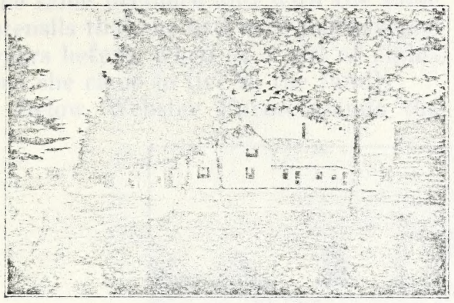
At the death of Betsy Pingry Webster the farm was divided among the three sons, Walter, Humphrey and David. When the Walter Webster heirs moved to Newton Highlands twenty-three years ago, the part belonging to them was sold to George W. Atwood, who with his wife and sons, David T. and Everett E. Atwood, still occupies it and keeps up the old tradition of honesty, industry and sobriety. Here stood the original farmhouse, remodeled about forty years ago. When the stage began to run between Concord and Plymouth, this was a natural stopping



Webster Farms—Home of George W. Atwood



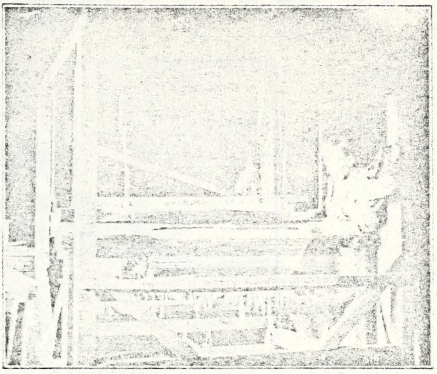
place and became a popular tavern. At Betsy's marriage in 1806, a new house was built for her close by the



Webster Farms—Summer Home of Emily Webster Brown and Ellen A. Webster

old, and the tavern was transferred to that, when it became known as the Webster Tavern, and continued so until the railroad supplanted the stage.

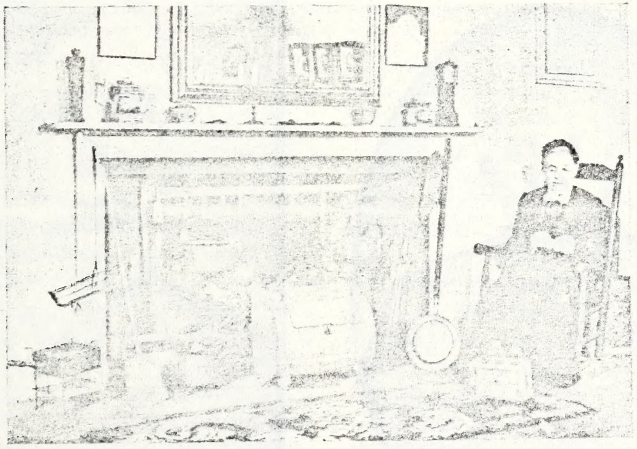
This part of the farm is still owned and occupied in the summer by the two descendants of David N. Webster, Emily, wife of George H. Browne of the Browne and Nichols School for Boys in Cambridge, Mass., and Ellen A., who has a private school in Cambridge. This is one of the few old places in Bridgewater which is still owned and cherished by its original family. Many evidences of its old tavern days are visible,—the sign bearing the date 1818, the bar-room, still intact, and the dance hall with its fiddlers' bench, where a few people still living remember to have tripped "the light fantastic."



Original Webster Loom

The house contains the eight original fireplaces with many of the old-time cooking utensils, which, together with the spinning wheels and the old loom on which the yearly family web was woven, tell tales of a generation and a mode of life fast passing from the knowledge of the present day.

But here last summer old times were truly revived, when Eliza Dow Marston, now in her eighty-ninth



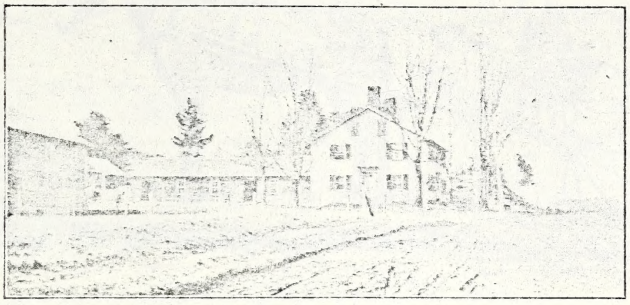
Old Times Revived at Webster Farms



year and a life-long friend of the family, came on a visit to the farm, and cooked an old-fashioned dinner before the same fireplace and with the same utensils that she had used just seventy years before, when as a girl of eighteen she came to live in the family.

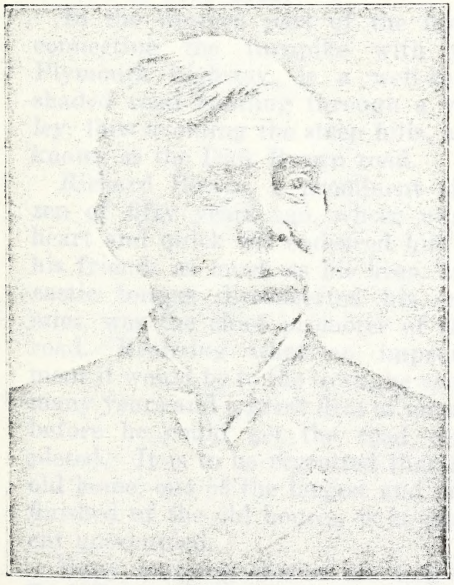
Below Webster Farms stands the man farm, the home of a large family, three of whom have become well-known dentists.

This house was the early boyhood home of Gen. John H. Brown, well known as postmaster at Concord, and of Manson S. Brown, now of Plymouth.



Homestead of Wesley B. Cass

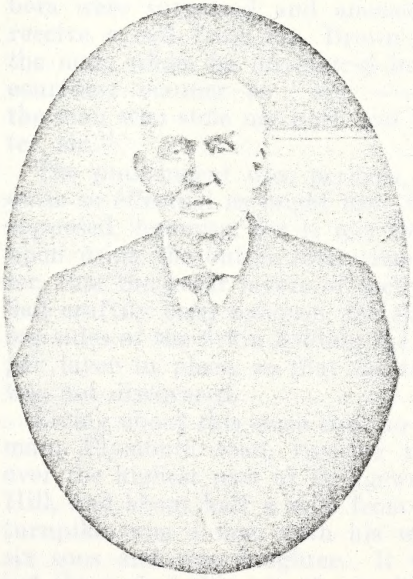
large farmhouse of Wesley B. Cass, a farmer and lumber dealer, who moved here with his family from La-



Gen. John H. Brown
Postmaster, Concord, N. H. — Born, Bridgewater
May 20, 1850

conia a few years ago. For many years this was known as the Wood-

When the Civil War broke out, Manson Brown enlisted in the Thirteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. He was a skillful musician and was duly promoted until at the fall of Richmond he led the



Manson S. Brown

bands of the First Brigade in the entrance to that city, April 3, 1865.



The Good Old Times

After the war he located in Plymouth, removing in 1881 to the farm he now occupies. For many years he held the office of high sheriff and was state senator in 1885–1886.

In the western part of the town, connecting the turnpike with the Plymouth highway, is a well-kept, shaded road running through a valley, thus avoiding the steep hills, and known as the Dick Brown road.

Richard Brown, a prominent citizen of fifty years ago, whose warm heart and quick wit endeared him to his friends as much as his keen, sarcastic tongue disconcerted his enemies, was the chief promoter of this road. Realizing what an improvement it would be to the town, he spent many years and a great deal of money before he could get the road completed. It is to be regretted that his old home, one of the largest and best finished of the old houses, is at present unoccupied.

Many amusing stories are told of Dick Brown. At one time a man who lived for a short time near him, was found guilty of stealing his pork and butter. The man returned the stolen articles, after some argument, but Mr. Brown felt that he needed a lesson as well. He did not want the man's large family to suffer, so he told him he might either serve his sentence in jail, or ride with him around town and be introduced as the man who stole. He chose the latter punishment, and a few days later the neighbors were surprised and amused to receive a call from Mr. Brown and the man, whom he introduced in his courtliest manner as "Mr. ———, the man who stole my pork and butter, sir."

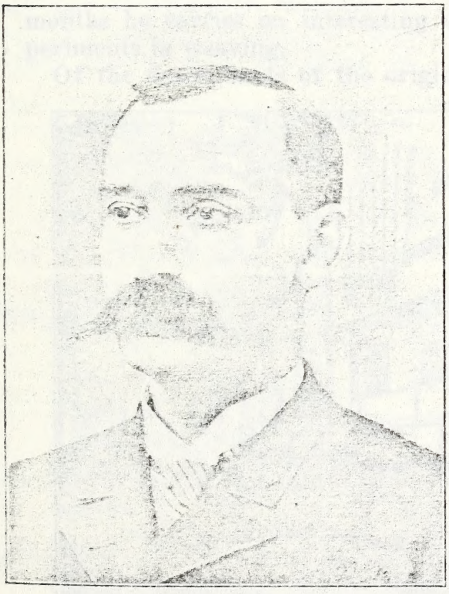
The punishment was, perhaps, not quite so effectual as might have been supposed, however, for it was found upon using the butter some time after, that the lower layers of each tub had craftily been removed, the slanting sides of the firkin holding the upper layer in place, so that the trick was not discovered.

Living about this same time on the main Plymouth road, running then over the highest part of Bridgewater Hill, and about half a mile from the turnpike, was a man with his wife, six sons and one daughter. It was not the easiest thing in the world in those days to bring up and educate a large family, but "Uncle Jerry" Johnson, as everybody used to call



Summer Home of Charles W. Johnson

him, was a hard worker and taught his boys the same "art." In the winter, with a full sleigh of his own and several of the neighbors' children hanging on behind, he would



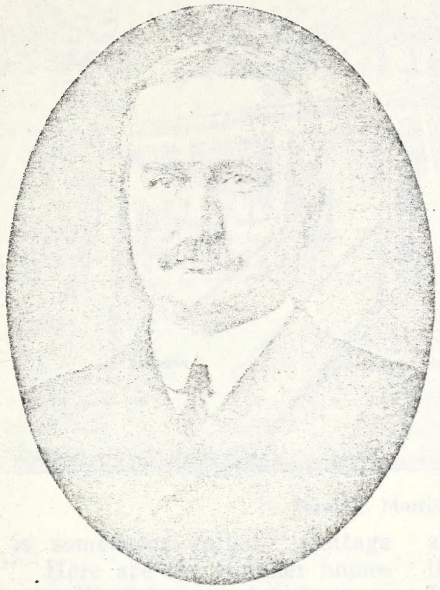
Charles W. Johnson

carry them to the "little red schoolhouse" by the lake, returning at night for his load.

There was not a vacant house along the road and the schoolhouse was filled to overflowing. The Johnsons were considered good "spellers," and many a warm contest was won by some one of the family in the home district, or in neighboring districts or nearby towns. The change in this farm and family is no greater than in many another. Some years since, lightning struck the barn and all the buildings were burned to the ground, and have never been rebuilt. Charles W. Johnson of Boston, the youngest of the boys, has a charming summer residence on the shore of the lake, where he, with his family, spends all the time possible in the vacation season, enjoying it immensely. Mr. Johnson takes a great interest in the town and unless unavoidably kept away, takes a prominent part in the Old Home Day proceedings, and for several years has given an original poem, usually written for the occasion.

On the same road as the old Johnson homestead is the Horace Brown farm, rechristened "Green Pastures" by its present owner, Willard F. Poole, a high school teacher of Fall River. In the large attic of the house Mr. Poole has set up an old-fashioned

hand-loom, together with the old-time swifts, reels and other necessary equipment, and through the vacation



Ora A. Brown

months he carries on interesting experiments in weaving.

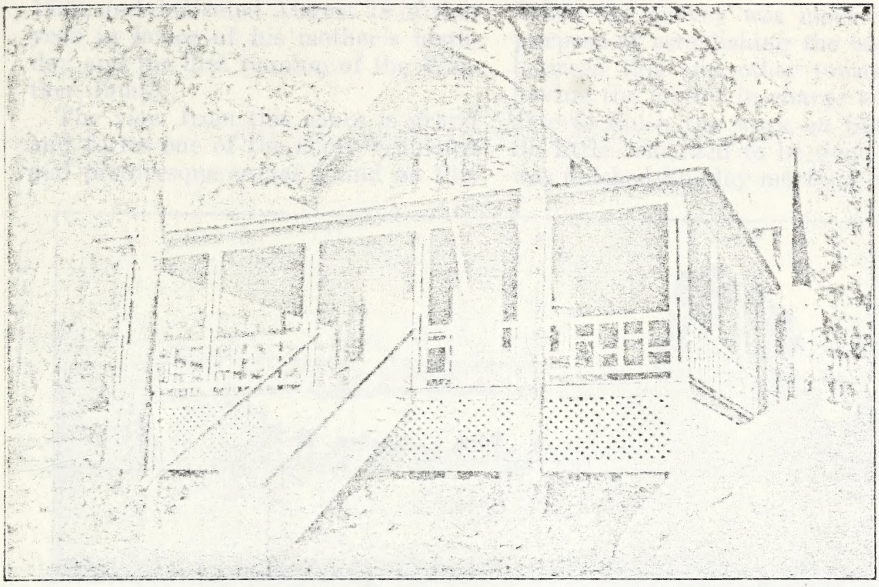
Of the descendants of the original owners of this place, Ora A. Brown is well known as a merchant in Ashland. He was born in Bridgewater in 1864, the son of Horace and Mary (Fletcher) Brown. His paternal grandfather, two generations back, was the second white male child born in the town of Plymouth. Mr. Brown is connected with many outside business enterprises, being at the present time treasurer and managing director of the Asquam Transportation Company, a corporation which operates a line of steamers on Squam Lakes, and director of the White Mountain Telephone and Telegraph Company. He has been county treasurer since 1903 and holds many important town offices.

The Mayhew turnpike was one of the first roads built in town, about 1805. It was for many years a stage route, a four-horse coach passing daily over it from the north and another from the south. There are now numerous summer cottages and hotels along the old turnpike, people being attracted here by the beautiful body of water known as Newfound Lake.

Close to the shore of the lake and sheltered by a grove of trees from the highway, so that their presence is scarcely suspected by the passer-by, is a group of fine summer residences.

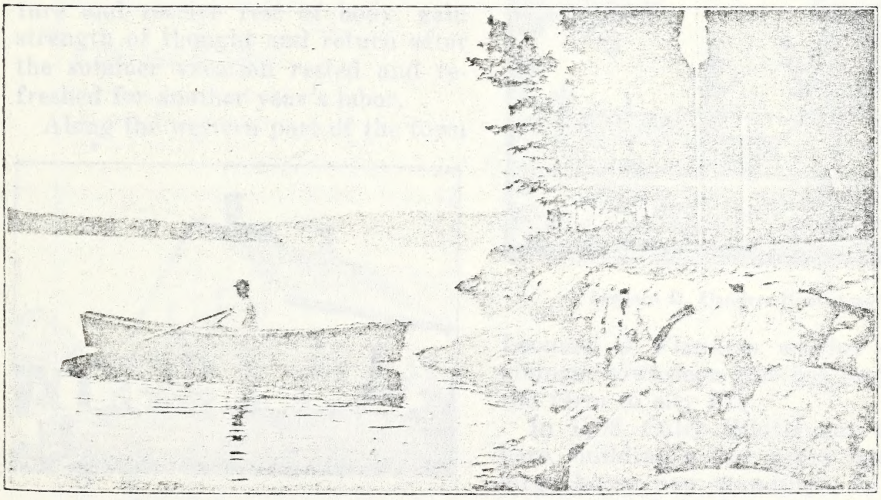


Summer Home of Hon. Albert P. Worthen



Frank P. Morrill's Cottage

This is sometimes called "Cottage City." Here are the summer homes of Charles W. Johnson, already mentioned, and of Albert P. Worthen, a well-known lawyer of Boston. The Worthen family was prominent in another large and distinguished family, the Prescotts. The Rev. Lucien Prescott, now of Warren, makes the yearly pilgrimage to his native town each Old Home Day, usually giving an interesting address.



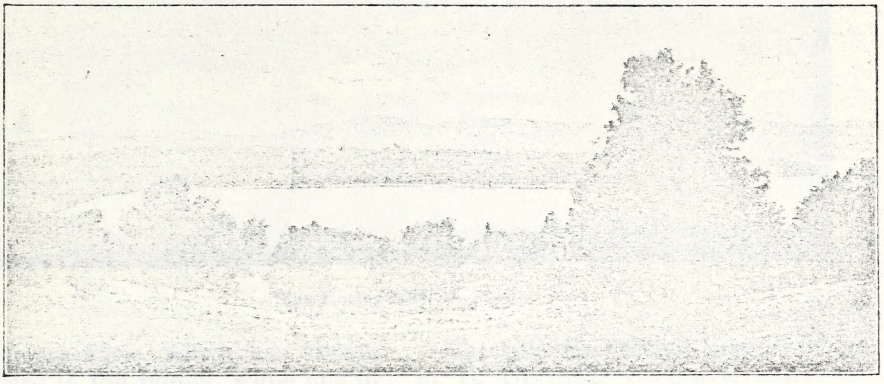
Newfound Lake from Frank P. Morrill's Cottage

Bridgewater's early history, occupying for many years one of its oldest homesteads. The farm adjoining the old Worthen place was occupied by

One of the first cottages to be erected on the easterly shore of Cottage City, is the one owned by Frank P. Morrill of New Hampton, built in

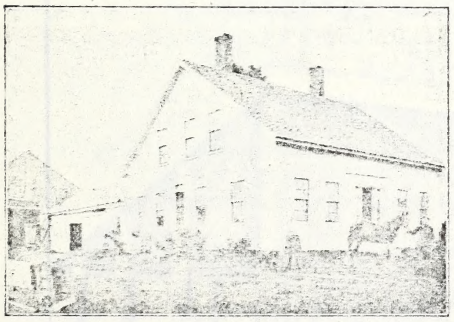
1887, and dedicated August 28 of that year in honor of his mother's birthday and the first reunion of the Worthen family.

The view from this shore is grand and forms one of the many beautiful and picturesque scenes found on this lake. Looking in any direction, one is surrounded by a chain of green hills, with grand old Cardigan towering in the western sky. Owning and occupying a cottage on the shores of this lake, one can meditate upon Nature and receive rest of body, gain strength of thought and return after the summer vacation rested and refreshed for another year's labor.



The Northern Extremity of Whittemore's Point

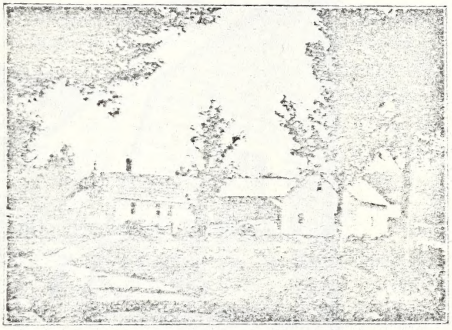
Along the western part of the town



Frank Bailey Homestead

is an especially beautiful point of land projecting into Newfound Lake, and known as Whittemore's Point. When the survey was made for the purpose of establishing the boundary between this and other towns, those having the matter in charge were unable to finish the work on Saturday. So little remained to be done that it was finished Sunday morning, and for some years the land was known as Sunday Point.

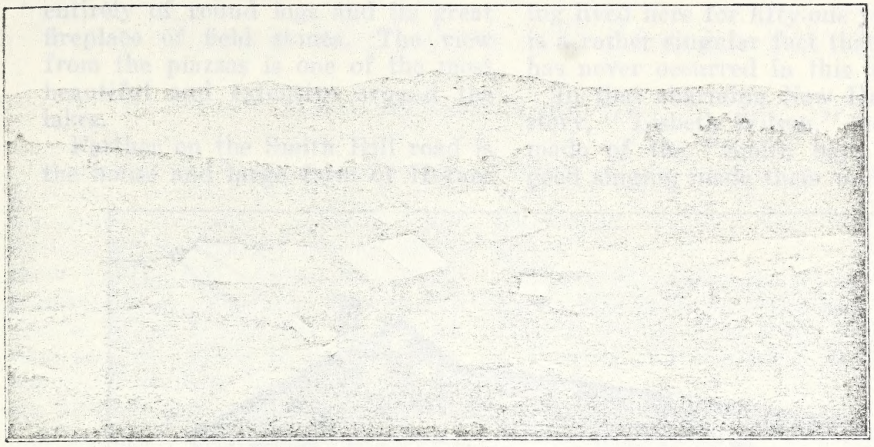
Near the postoffice is the home of



Leonard D. Flanders Homestead

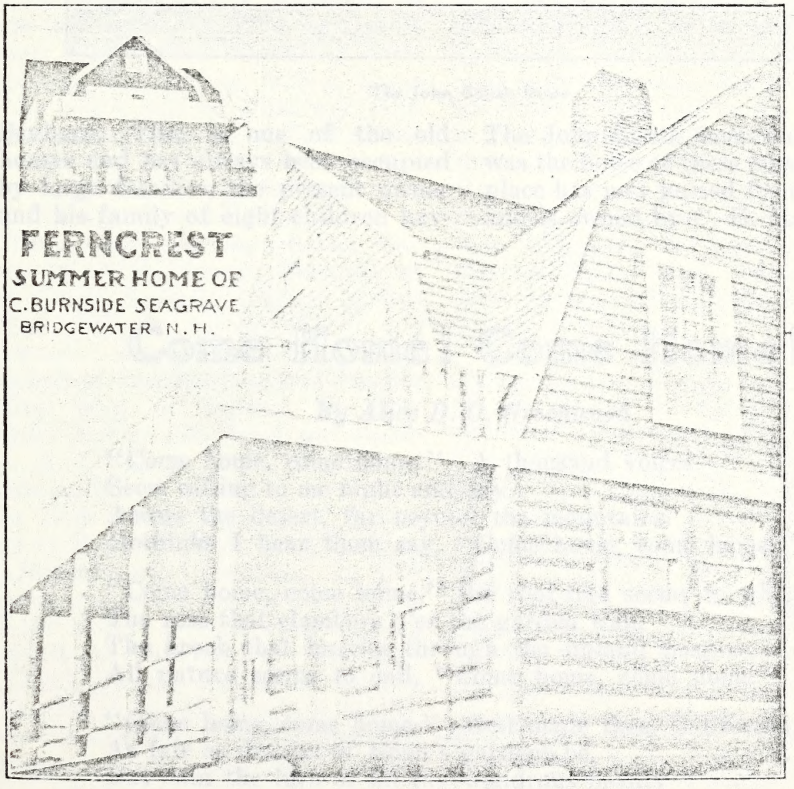
Leonard D. Flanders, another of the younger townsmen who has preferred the farm to city life.

In 1808, Caleb Whittemore settled here, building a few years later the large house now standing. In after years most of the farms here were occupied by members of this family, which gave the point its present name. Mrs. Elizabeth Whittemore, with a son and a daughter, live on the Caleb



The Horace Sanborn Place

Whittemore farm, which has always been kept in the family, while one of the other Whittemore farms is owned by Frank Bailey.



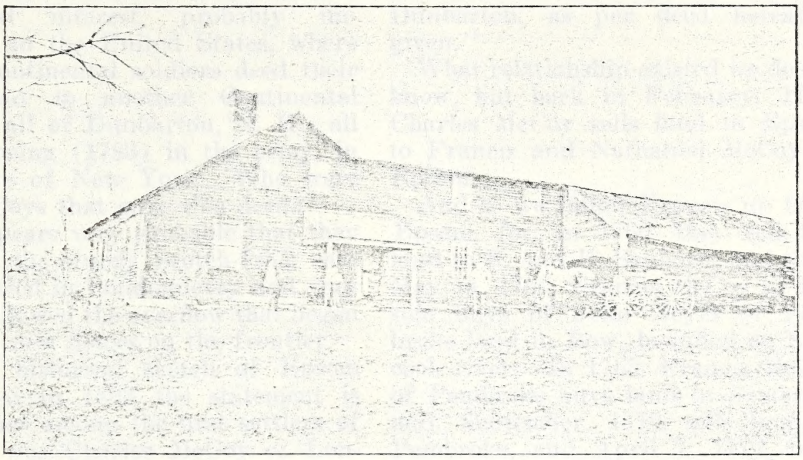
The recently erected summer home of C. Burnside Seagrave, editor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, is especially interesting, with its lower story made



entirely of round logs and its great fireplace of field stones. The view from the piazzas is one of the most beautiful and extensive around the lakes.

Farther on the Smith Hill road is the house and large farm of Horace Sanborn. This is one of the old houses and has always been occupied by large families, the present owner and his family of eight children having lived here for fifty-one years. It is a rather singular fact that a death has never occurred in this house.

In that charming New Hampshire story, "'Lisbeth Wilson," mention is made of the "Smith boys," whose good singing made them well known. The John Smith farm on Smith Hill was the home of these musicians. The place has now passed from the family and is owned by C. H. Marston.



The John Smith Place

Come Home! Come Home!

By Alice D. O. Greenwood

"Come home, come home." A thousand voices
Seem calling to me night and day
Across the desert, far beyond the mountains.
Methinks I hear them say, "Come home, come home."

"Come home, come home," the roof-tree seems to whisper,
The rose that clambers o'er the garden wall,
The brook that hurries through the upland pasture,
All nature seems to call, "Come home, come home."

"Come home, come home." God made thee, California,
As fair as dreams of Eden's gardens be,
But vain the lure of all thy wondrous beauty
When gray hills call to me, "Come home, come home."

Elmhurst, California.

The Three McCoys and James Moore

By Byron Moore

A research at the registry of deeds, at Nashua, revealed an unique deed of historical interest, probably unequaled in the United States, where three Continental soldiers deed their homestead to another Continental soldier, all of Dunbarton, N. H.; all then serving (1783) in the army, in the state of New York. Who were the McCoys that gave this deed?

It appears very probable that they were of the sturdy Scotch-Irish race that settled in Londonderry and very early followed the overflow that began to make new homes on the frontier.

In a historical sketch of Epsom published in 1823 the statement is made that among the first settlers of Epsom was Charles McCoy of Londonderry, and that he built a house on the north side of what was then (1823) called Sanborn's hill, and that on Aug. 21, 1747, Mrs. McCoy was taken prisoner by the Indians; also they had a son named John.

This is verified by the records. October 29, 1735, Joseph Simpson of New Castle deeds to Charles McCoy of Ipsam land in township in 2d and 3d ranges. January 26, 1742, Joshua Brackett of Greenland sells to Charles McCoy land in Epsom. In 1757 Charles McCoy sells land and buildings in Epsom to Nat'h Mendun of Portsmouth.

In 1760 Charles McCoy of Epsom buys of Robert Bunton land in Chester, Suncook and Pembroke. In 1761 Charles and Mary McCoy of Chester sell the Robert Bunton land to John Leonard of Allenstown. February 24, 1762, Charles McCoy of Chester buys land of Patrick Gault in Starkstown (Dunbarton) alias Suncook, and December 3, 1762, sells same to John Noyes of Pembroke. In September, 1772, Charles McCoy, then of Dunbarton, sells to Francis McCoy of Allenstown "land on the Merrimack in Dunbarton, as per deed hereafter given."

What relationship existed we do not know, but back in February, 1752, Charles McCoy sells land in Epsom to Francis and Nathaniel McCoy of Epsom.

And so we follow Francis up from Epsom, for, in 1760, they sell this land to R. and E. Sanborn, and then, May 14, 1760, Francis McCoy of Epsom buys of John Noyes of Pembroke land in Bow, bounded on Suncook river. In 1765, Francis McCoy of Pembroke buys land in Pembroke and, September, 1770, sells land in Pembroke, and April 7, 1772, buys land in Allenstown. Then, evidently, he removes that fall across the river to Dunbarton, or that portion thereof that is now included in the town of Hooksett, the transcript of deed, hereafter following, giving description, occupying the lands bought of Charles McCoy and Nathan Noyes, near the bend of the river by Isle au Hooksett falls.

Know all Men by these Prefents that I Charles McCoy of Dunbarton in the County of Hillsborough and Province of New Hampshire Yeoman—For and in Consideration of the sum of eighty three pounds six shillings lawful Money To me in Hand before the Delivery hereof well and truly paid by Francis McCoy of Allenstown so called in the County of Rockingham & Province aforesaid—yeoman—The receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge—Have given, granted bargained and by these Prefents Do give, grant bargain fell alien enfeof Convey and Confirm unto the said Francis McCoy his heirs & assigns forever a Certain Tract or parcel of land lying in Dunbarton begining at William Browns South East Corner at Merrimack River then Running Down said River about ninety three rods to a white pine marked then running West then be-

ginning at said Browns Corner before mentioned & Running North sixty eight Degrees West Forty five rods & three quarters, then northerly about nineteen rods & three quarters then north Fifty two degrees West, then southerly sufficient to Comprehend one hundred acres—To have and to hold the faid Granted Premises with all the Privileges and Appertenances to the same appertaining to him the said Francis McCoy his heirs and Affigns to their only proper Use and Benefit forever. And I the faid Charles McCoy for me my heirs executors and Administrators do hereby Covenant grant and agree to and with the faid Francis his heirs and Affigns that until the Delivery hereof I am the lawful owner of the said Premises & am lawfully feised and poffeffed thereof in my own Right in Fee fimple; and have full power and lawful Authority to grant and Convey the fame in Manner aforesaid.

That the said Premises are free and clear of all and every incumbrance whatever and that I the said Charles McCoy my Heirs Executors and Administrators fhall and will warrent the fame to him the said Francis McCoy, his heirs & Affigns against the lawful Claims and Demands of any Perfon or Perfons whom soever.

In Witnefs whereof we have hereunto set our hands & seals this Twenty eight day of Septemr in the 13th year of his Majestys Reign Anno Dom. 1772

Signed sealed & delivered in the presence of us

his
Richard Bartlett Charles X McCoy.
mark

her
Benjn Noyes— Mary X McCoy.
mark

Sept 28, 1772 then the within named Charles McCoy and Mary his wife perfonally appeared & acknowledged the within to be their free act & Deed

Coram me Ebenz Harnded Gofs
Just Pace.

Rec & Recorded
Jany 28. 1774 & Examined
Saml Hobart, Roc'd.

Vol 3 Page 151

Del. Mrs. Harry Hibbard, Bath, N. H.

Dunbarton October Ye 10th Day 1772.

Know all Men by these presents that I Nathan Noyes of Dunbarton in the Province of New Hampshire in the County of Hillsborough Husbandman do in the Consideration of Three pounds well & truly paid by Francis McCoy of Allenstown in the Province aforesaid & County of Rockingham Yeoman do grant bargain & sell & do by these presents forever quit in right Interest or demand in & unto a certain peice of Land laying as followeth begining at the head of Isle hookset falls so called in Dunbarton then running westerly to the laid out road then southerly as far as said McCoys fence & then to the River taking the land in the Turn of the River & by these presents do Bind myself my heirs & assigns so that neither I or she shall ever molest or disturbe the said Francis McCoy but that May Peasably improve the same. in Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand & seal this tenth day of October in the thirteenth year of his Majestys Reign—In presence of

[SEAL]

Thomas Cochran Nathan Noyes.
James McCoy.

Recd & Recorded Jany 28
1774 & examd
Saml Hobart.

Know all men by these presents that we Jonathan McCoy, Daniel McCoy & Stephen McCoy all in the Continental Army—Yeomans—For and in consideration of ye sum of Two hundred Pounds lawful money to us in hand paid by James Moore of Dunbarton now in the Continental Army—Yeoman—Have sold conveyed and confirmed unto the said James Moor his heirs and assigns—All our Right Title and Interest in and of our Honourd Father Francis McCoys Estate late of Dunbarton in the County of Hillsborough State of New Hampshire Husbandman deceased. Furthermore we the said Jonathan McCoy Daniel McCoy and Stephen McCoy for ourselves heirs assigns forever quit claim unto the said James Moor his heirs and assigns All our Right Title and Interest in our Father Francis McCoys Estate which Estate lying and being in Dunbarton in the County of Hillsborough State of New Hampshire aforesd To have and to Hold The aforesd granted premisfes with all the privileges and Appurtenances to the same appertaining unto him the said James Moor his heirs and assigns forever. And we the said Jonathan Daniel and Stephen McCoys Do Covenant to and with the said James Moor his heirs & assigns that we will warrant the above granted premises and that the said premises shall be a good Estate of Inheritance to him his heirs forever—And that the premises are free and clear from all incumbrances whatever and that the said James Moor his heirs and assigns shall from time to time and all times enjoy possess and occupy the above named premises without any molestation whatsoever—And that we Jonathan Daniel and Stephen McCoys will warrant and Defend said granted premises from all lawful claims or Demands of all Per-

sons whomsoever In Witness whereof We have set to our Hands and Seals this twenty fourth Day of April one thousand seven hundred and eighty three

his
Jonathan X McCoy
mark
his
Daniel X McCoy
mark
his
Stephen X McCoy
mark

Signed sealed and
delivered in presence of us
Nathaniel Gilmor.
Moses Chandler.

State New York Ulster County

Be it remembered that on the twenty ninth day of April in the Year of our Lord 1783 personally appeared before me Abel Belknap Esq one of the peoples Justices of the pease for said County—Jonathan McCoy—Daniel McCoy and Stephen McCoy Partys to the within Deed who acknowledges that they signed and delivered the same as their Voluntary Act and deed for the use therein Mentioned And I having Inspected the same and finding no Material Rasure or Interneation therein

Abel Belknap

Recd & Recorded 19 June 1783
& Exam

Moses Nichols R D th

The evidence by deeds and other records shows that Jonathan, Daniel and Stephen McCoy (the three McCoys were bona fide residents of the town of Dunbarton), yet at one time claimed as quota of Dunbarton, were really enlisted to fill the quotas of Deerfield and Bow. (See Revolutionary war rolls, vol. 3, page 634—

DUNBARTON.

"Return of the number of men in Army of the United States in the line of N Hampshire and their names with the times they are engaged for, to serve for Dunbarton During the War —John Dorman Jonathan McCoy, Dan[l] McCoy John Morgan Stephen McCoy, Bow hired in 1779, which receipt was produced. Moses Heath Nicolas Dodge engaged in Feby 1781 for three years.

"Dated Dunbarton July ye 10 1781
"Eben[r] Hackett—James Clement
"Selectmen for Dunbarton.
"To the Committee on Claims,

"if it should be made appear thet ye 3 McCoys above mentioned engaged after the Commencement of year 1778 and hired by the towns that claim them shall not dispute the matter.

"Deerfield hired Daniel & Jonathan McCoy*"

BOW.

Page 580—

" return of the mens names that are Ingaged in the service During the War for the town of Bow—

"Benj Cotton Ellifer Reed James Bowles Stephen McCoy—

"Dated at Bow July ye 18, 1781
"Edward Russell
"Benj Noyes
"John Brown
"Selectmen for Bow."

Page 499—

"Record of town returns

"Benj Cotton Alpheus Reed—deserted Stephen McCoy, Benj Jennings—6 mo[s]

"Jany 10 1778
"1782 James Moore
"Moses Moore
by E Frye."

REVOLUTIONARY ROLLS.

Vol. 1, page 605—

"Daniel McCoy belonged to Dunbarton—Engaged for Deerfield

"Stephen McCoy belonged to Dunbarton—Engaged for Bow."

Page 468—

"Jon[a]. McCoy—Bow."

I find no records of the three McCoys after they gave deed in 1783. The United States census of 1790 does not name them, either in Dunbarton or Bow; neither are they taxed in 1823 as of Hooksett.

JAMES MOORE.

Who was the Continental soldier to whom the three McCoys deeded their deceased father's property in Dunbarton? Perhaps the solution may come through the record given on

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*These sentences are in handwriting of one of the committee on claims.—Ed.

margin of book of records at Nashua, viz.: "Del to Mrs Harry Hibbard—Bath N. H.," as some of the Bow Moores removed to Monroe or Lyman in the early days.

"In Dunbarton Charter is reserved 25 acres of land beginning at Martyn's Brook and running up river 260 rods, and running back westerly to take in improvements by James Moore."

In town charter, vol. 4, page 190—

"James Moore on Petition Masonian Propr Nov. 3, 1748, for land on Westerly side of Merrimack River below Bow Line. The land is within Gorham. Dec. 1, 1748 granted land to run back westerly from ye River to make it up beginning Martin's brook & so running."

The Bow records show that James Moore was surveyor in 1767; that in June, 1775, James Moore was on a committee of safety; also that James Moore, fifer, of Bow, enlisted in Capt. Daniel Moore's company.

"In 1781 Bow voted that Lieut Moor have the benefit of his son James in the war and that James Moor have the services of his son Ephraim. James Moor & Moses enlisted for three years July 15, 1782."

June 11, 1782, on petition for a ferry, of the inhabitants near Isle au Hooksett Falls, on Merrimack River, was the name of James Moore.

THE AFTERWORD.

To those who visited the centennial exhibition, 1876, at Philadelphia, no more impressive object lesson of patriotism was seen than that magnificent picture, "The Spirit of 1776, the Fifer and Drummers." To the New Hampshire people it brought back the memory of the martial tunes heard during the old fashioned musters, the political gatherings at the Capital City prior to the Civil War, when the fife and drum was the music that entranced the crowd.

England and every Englishman in the world is proud of the famous order of Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar Bay, 1805, "England expects every man to do his duty," yet there is a traditional saying antedating this by a quarter of a century of a New Hampshire lad that excels it in patriotic sentiment. The one the order of a famous officer, the other the saying of only a private. It is related that in the General Sullivan expedition in 1779 against the Indians in New York state that a detail was ordered from Colonel Cilley's New Hampshire regiment for a dangerous scouting party that required courage and physical endurance. A lad was stood aside as too young and frail to bear the fatigue and danger, but the plea from his lips, "If I am left behind the people of New Hampshire will think I am a coward," brought him the opportunity to go with the detail and it is said he made the best soldier of all.

The second famous saying of a New Hampshire soldier comes also from the Revolution, when General Stark in 1777, at the battle of Bennington, said: "There they are, boys; we beat them today or Molly Stark's a widow." And Colonel Baum said they fought more like hell hounds than soldiers.

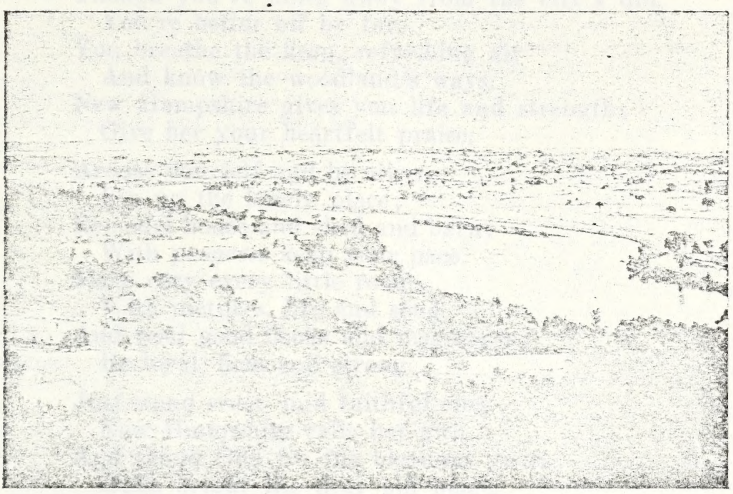
Another famous military saying of a New Hampshire man comes in the War of 1812, when at the battle of Lundy Lane the success of America depended on the capture of a British battery. "Can you take it?" asked General Scott. Came the answer from Col. James Miller, "I will try."

And then in the Civil War the world famous order of our General Dix (also of New Hampshire): "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

Since the valuable and interesting history of Dunbarton by Caleb Stark, published in 1860, has occurred the Civil War and the need of a new history to give the meed of praise and full history of the soldiers of that

war is apparent, also should be rescued from the past as far as possible a full genealogy of the early settlers, the legends and folklore.

If the historian that is to do this work will stand on the pinnacle (which was once Dunbarton land), he will behold one of the fairest scenes of the Merrimack Valley when he gazes over where was once the homestead of the "Three McCoys and ye fifer James Moor of ye Continental army" at the bend of the river near Isle au Hooksett falls.



Merrimack Valley, Looking North from Hooksett Pinnacle—*(Courtesy B. & M. R. R.)*

The Farm

By Dana Smith Temple

I know the house has been built for years
And is with ivy grown,
But still 'tis the fairest place in the world
For you to call your home!
I know 'tis not painted up so bright
As those in the city grand,
Though a New Hampshire farm is a lovely place,
Right here in your native land!

You say the walls are dingy and dull
And the rooms are dark and low,
And the windows small and old-fashioned like;
To the city you want to go;
That the land is poor and help is high,
And people are moving away;
'Tis a dull, hard life, the one you lead,
And farming doesn't pay.

You say that John is sick of the farm,
In fact, *more* so than you;
That he's all tired out with the dull, hard life
And discouraged through and through;



That the crops were poor and everything
Has gone for the worst, you say,
And your're tired to death of the lonely place
And want to hasten away.

Now, John, cheer up and just be glad
And happy where you are;
Though you're miles away from the city's din,
You're better off by far.
You breathe the keen, refreshing air
And know the woodland's ways.
New Hampshire gives you life and strength;
Give her your heartfelt praise.

Arouse yourself and be alive;
Fix up the lonely place;
Remodel house and shed and barn;
With *progress* keep your pace.
Make cozy every little room
With pictures, life and song,
And read good books and magazines;
Be loyal, firm and strong.

Just stand erect 'mid faithful ones
New Hampshire calls her own,
And thank God for the blessings yours;
Make bright the dear old home.
Just bask in faith and sweet content
And do the best you can,
And sometime you'll be proud to say:
I'm a New Hampshire man!

Dartmouth

By Harry B. Metcalf

" 'Tis small, but there are those who love it,"
Webster pleaded long ago,
When the skies were dark above it
And the storm was bending low.

Now 'tis great and thousands render
Tender tribute to its name;
Now its cause needs no defender,
Yet its mission is the same.

True to its ideals keeping,
Sure and pure its purpose runs,
Strong as its own spirit, leaping
In the pulses of its sons.

Bearing high the torch of learning
Northland's granite hills above,
Dartmouth's bread is e'er returning
Ten-fold in a people's love!

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. GEORGE P. LITTLE.

George Peabody Little, born in Pembroke, N. Y., June 20, 1834, died at his home in Pembroke, N. H., April 15, 1908.

He was a son of Elbridge Gerry and Sophronia Phelps (Peabody) Little, of the eighth generation from George Little, who settled at Newbury, Mass., in 1640. His mother was a sister of George Peabody, the noted banker and philanthropist. He came to Pembroke, N. H., with his mother when thirteen years of age, and there attended the Academy and Military Institute. He taught school at eighteen and the year following went to Portland, Me., where he was in business several years, going to Palmyra, N. Y., where he was engaged for ten years in business as a photographer, serving there, also, as U. S. Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue. In 1868 he returned to Pembroke, where he ever after had his home, and was extensively engaged as a farmer and fancy stock raiser, registered Jerseys being his specialty.

He was active in politics, as a Republican, and prominent in public life, serving as town treasurer, selectman, three times as representative in the legislature, county treasurer, state senator and twice as a delegate to the constitutional convention. In religion he was a Congregationalist, and had been clerk, treasurer and deacon of the Pembroke Congregational Church. He was prominent in Masonry, an Odd Fellow, and a charter member and the first Overseer of Pembroke Grange, P. of H. He was also a member of the N. H. Historical Society, of the New Hampshire Club and the Congregational Club, and a trustee of the Union Guarantee Savings Bank of Concord.

August 22, 1854, Mr. Little was united in marriage with Elizabeth Mary Knox, who survives him, as also do six children, Hon. Clarence B. Little of Bismarck, N. D., Mrs. James E. Odlin of Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Lester F. Thurber of Nashua, Mrs. Frank E. Shepard of Concord, Mrs. Dr. Charles S. Gilman of Boston and Mrs. Harmon S. Salt of New York.

HON. AMOS HADLEY.

Amos Hadley, born in Dunbarton, May 14, 1825, died in Concord, May 6, 1908.

He was educated at Pembroke Academy, the Concord Literary Institute and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1844, at the age of nineteen years. He taught school, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1848, but practised only a short time. He was a joint editor and publisher with Cyrus Barton, of the *State Capital Reporter* from 1853 to 1857, and of the *Independent Democrat*, with George G. Fogg, from 1857 to 1867. He represented Bow in the legislature in 1850 and 1851; was clerk of the Concord Common Council from 1853 to 1867; trustee of the city library, 1857–1872; state superintendent of public instruction, 1867–1869; state printer, 1854, 1855, 1856; member of the superintending school committee of Union District, 1855–1858, and of the board of education, 1867 to 1874; superintendent of schools, 1874; trustee of the state library, 1886–1889; member of the constitutional convention, 1889; trustee of the state normal school, 1870; associate principal of the school, 1871–1873; reporter of the supreme court decisions, 1865–1871; recording secretary of the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1874–1890, and president of the society, 1893–1895.

For the last thirty years of his life he conducted a private school in Concord, fitting large numbers of young men for college, and for the active duties of life. His last important literary work was the production of the general chapters of the history of Concord. He leaves a daughter, Miss M. Agnes Hadley of Concord.

EZEKIEL MORRILL, M. D.

Dr. Ezekiel Morrill, one of Concord's best known physicians, died at his home on South Spring Street, April 18, 1908.

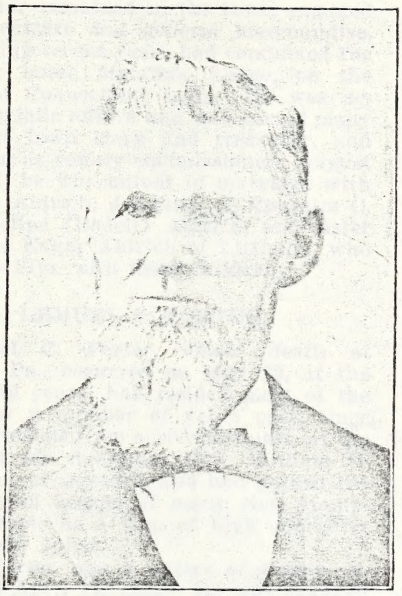
He was a son of Dr. Alpheus and Hannah (Baker) Morrill, born in Chester, Ohio, July 29, 1832, but removed with his parents to Concord when ten years of age. He attended Hopkinton Academy and the seminary at Northfield, now Tilton Seminary, in youth, studied medicine with his father in Concord, attended medical lectures at Dartmouth, graduated from the Castleton, Vt., Medical College, and from the Homeopathic Medical College at Cleveland, Ohio. He commenced practice at Brattleboro, Vt., but after the civil war broke out he entered the Union service as assistant surgeon in the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was afterward surgeon of the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, and served as brigade surgeon with headquarters at Washington. He practised for eight years after the war at Salem, Mass., and located in Concord in 1874, since which time he had been here in continuous and successful practice, greatly endearing himself not only to his numerous patients but to the general public. Dr. Morrill was a Republican, but never active in politics, though

he was chosen to the legislature from Ward Six in 1905, serving efficiently as a member of the Committee on Public Health. In 1863 he married Ellen Rebecca Bryant, by whom he is survived, with one son, Dr. Alpheus Baker Morrill of Concord.

ENOCH R. WEEKS.

Enoch R. Weeks, born in Warren, April 13, 1831, died at North Haverhill May 8, 1908.

He was the son of Enoch R. and Sally (Merrill) Weeks, was educated in the public schools and at Newbury (Vt.) Seminary, and commenced active life as a farmer in Warren, which pursuit he followed many years, later engaging in mercantile business. Politically he was an earnest and loyal Democrat. He was chosen a member of the Warren board of selectmen at 22 years of age; was chairman of the board for many years, the last year receiving every vote cast. While residing in Warren he also served four years as treasurer of Grafton County. In December, 1872, he removed to North Haverhill, where he ever after resided, being there engaged in trade for several years, and later pursuing other lines of business. The first year after becoming a voter in Haverhill he was chosen town clerk and held the office continuously for twenty-one years. He was also for fourteen years town treasurer, served many years as a member of the Haverhill board of education, and had long been a trustee of Haverhill Academy. In every position and in every relation of life Mr. Weeks was faithful to duty, winning the respect of all with whom he came in contact.



Enoch R. Weeks

October 5, 1854, he united in marriage with Mary Melissa, daughter of the late Stephen Metcalf, long a leading citizen of Haverhill, who survives him, with three daughters—Lizzie W., wife of Charles P. Page of Haverhill; Mary W., wife of Samuel J. Mattocks of Kansas City, Mo., and Emma W., wife of Frank E. Oliver of Malden, Mass.

JOHN H. ROWELL.

John Hiram Rowell, born in Franklin, November 27, 1820, died in that city April 15, 1908.

In early life Mr. Rowell was a clerk in a store in Franklin, and at eighteen became partner in the firm of T. R. White & Co., there. In 1847 he engaged in the tinware business, and continued the same for forty-five years. He also had tinshops at Tilton and at Wells River, Vt., and for a time ran a dry goods store in Tilton. He was also engaged for some time in lumbering.

While interested in general public affairs, Mr. Rowell was best known by his active and prominent membership in various fraternal organizations. He was a charter member and the first Noble Grand of Merrimack Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Franklin. He was conspicuous in the Masonic order and the oldest living Grand Master in the state at the time of his death, having filled the office in 1862. He had served as Grand Chief Templar of the I. O. G. T. of the state, and as Supreme Governor of the U. O. P. F. He had also been an interested member of Franklin and Merrimack County Pomona Granges. He is survived by two daughters, Misses Clara E. and Mary A. Rowell, both residing at the paternal home.

EDWARD R. KENT.

Edward R. Kent, born in Lancaster, February 1, 1840, died in that town April 20, 1908.

He was a son of the late Richard P. and Emily Oakes (Mann) Kent, and a brother of Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster. He was educated in the public schools and in Lancaster and St. Johnsbury academies. He commenced active life as a clerk in his father's store and continued the business for many years after the latter's decease. He was conspicuous in Masonry, having been Grand Commander of Knights Templar in 1888, and had served many years on the Lancaster board of education. He was also,

for a long time, chief of the fire department. Politically he was a Republican until the Greeley campaign in 1872, after which he acted with the Democrats and was a member of the staff of Governor Weston in 1874. He married, January 16, 1862, Addie D. Burton of Guildhall, Vt., who survives him, with five daughters, three of whom are married.

JUSTUS W. BALDWIN.

Justus W. Baldwin, born in Barnston, P. Q., February 6, 1848, died in Pittsburg, N. H., March 26, 1908.

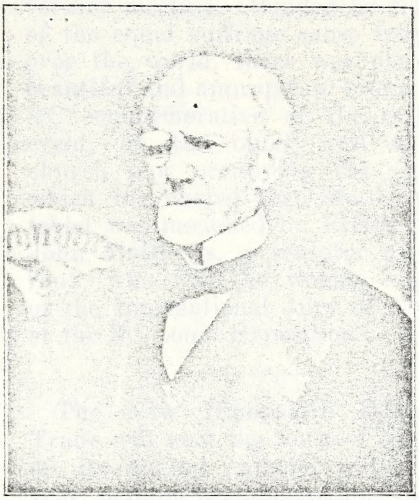
He was of staunch New England stock, being descended from John Baldwin of Bucks County, England, who settled in Milford, Conn., in 1639. He removed with his parents to Pittsburg in infancy, and ever after remained in the town, engaged in agriculture and general merchandise, but during recent years had conducted the summer hotel, Metallak Lodge, on the shore of Connecticut Lake. He was active in public affairs and had served many years as town clerk and treasurer, and one term as county commissioner. August 22, 1872, he was united in marriage with Isabelle Aldrich, daughter of Ephraim C. and Adeline (Bedell) Aldrich, and sister of Judge Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, who survives him, with three children.

LEMUEL C. PORTER.

Lemuel C. Porter, whose death at Athens, Pa., occurred on May 23, at the age of 86 years, had resided most of the time, for a number of years past, since his retirement from active business, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William D. Chandler, of Concord, and had gained the respect and esteem of many New Hampshire people as a man of high character and kindly spirit.

Mr. Porter was a native of Scipio, N. Y., born April 14, 1823. He was engaged for a time in mercantile business in Moravia, N. Y., but in 1856 removed to the West, finally locating in Winona, Minn., where he engaged in lumber manufacture, but soon erected a large grain warehouse, and finally a large number of storehouses and elevators, in Minnesota and Dakota. In 1874 he erected a steam flouring mill at Winona, where he manufactured the first roller process flour produced in this country, starting at a capacity of 250 barrels per day and increasing till 1,600 barrels per day were produced. The only roller flour exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, was from this establishment.

Mr. Porter was also a pioneer in the banking business in the great Northwest, becoming president of the Bank of Southern Minnesota upon its organization in 1862, and continuing in active direction



Lemuel C. Porter

of its affairs for thirty years, during which time it merged with the National Bank of Winona, he remaining at its head.

Mr. Porter married, March 3, 1852, Miss Adele Horton of Niles, N. Y., by whom he is survived, with three children—C. Horton Porter of Albany, N. Y., Adelbert Porter of Winona, Minn., and Mrs. Lillian M. Chandler of Concord, N. H.

NATHAN W. C. JAMESON.

Nathan W. C. Jameson, born in Antrim, July 19, 1818, died in that town May 11, 1908.

Although for many years in business in Boston, he had been a resident of his native town for the last fifty years and more, where he was active in its business life, had served as deputy assessor of the internal revenue in Lincoln's administration, and was appointed postmaster in 1878. Among his six surviving children is Hon. Nathan C. Jameson, the last Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

A beautiful brochure, containing over fifty pages, illustrated by sixty-six fine pictures of persons, buildings and scenery familiar to the present and past residents of the old town of Acworth, and prepared as a souvenir of "Old Home Day" in that town, August 21, 1907, by Dr. Charles E. Woodbury, president of the day on that occasion, and recently sent out, serves as a reminder of the fact that "Old Home Week" for 1908 is fast approaching and that the patriotic and public-spirited residents of the many towns in the old Granite State, in which this grand reunion festival is fittingly observed from year to year, will soon be busy in their preparations for welcoming home the absent sons and daughters. The week comes in this year on Saturday, August 15, and its advent will be signalized that evening by bonfires upon a hundred hills. The city of Concord will lead off in the observances of the week by an appropriate union religious service on Sunday, and a grand civic celebration on Monday, with old-time music by the city's united choirs and addresses by distinguished sons of New Hampshire from abroad, the leading address to be given by Col. Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College.

The sixtieth anniversary of the first organized meeting in the world's history held by women for the purpose of demanding equal political rights with men was observed at Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 26, 27 and 28. The meeting there, in 1848, was called by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott, and was held in the Wesleyan Chapel. At the recent anniversary meeting, attended by friends of the equal suffrage cause from all over the world, there was placed a beautiful and appropriate bronze tablet, commemorative of the original event, on the outer wall of the church now occupying the site on which the chapel then stood, which tablet was modelled by Elizabeth St. John Matthews, a sculptor of high rank, who was the woman member of the International Jury of Awards at the St. Louis Exposition.

The New Hampshire Board of Trade will visit the town of Newport on its annual summer outing this year, making headquarters at the elegant new Newport House, where the party will arrive on the afternoon of June 30. A public meeting will be held in the opera house in the evening and on the following morning a ride will be taken through the celebrated Corbin's Park. On the return trip to Concord in the afternoon a stop will be made at Sunapee Lake for a steamer ride over the waters of that gem of New Hampshire lakes.

GRANITE MONTHLY patrons who have not yet paid their subscription up through the current year should do so without further delay, in their own interest and that of the publisher. By taking note of the date on the address label on the wrapper or cover of each number, any subscriber may readily determine whether he is in arrears or not, and if so how much.

VOL. XL, No. 7 JULY, 1908 New Series, Vol. III, No. 7

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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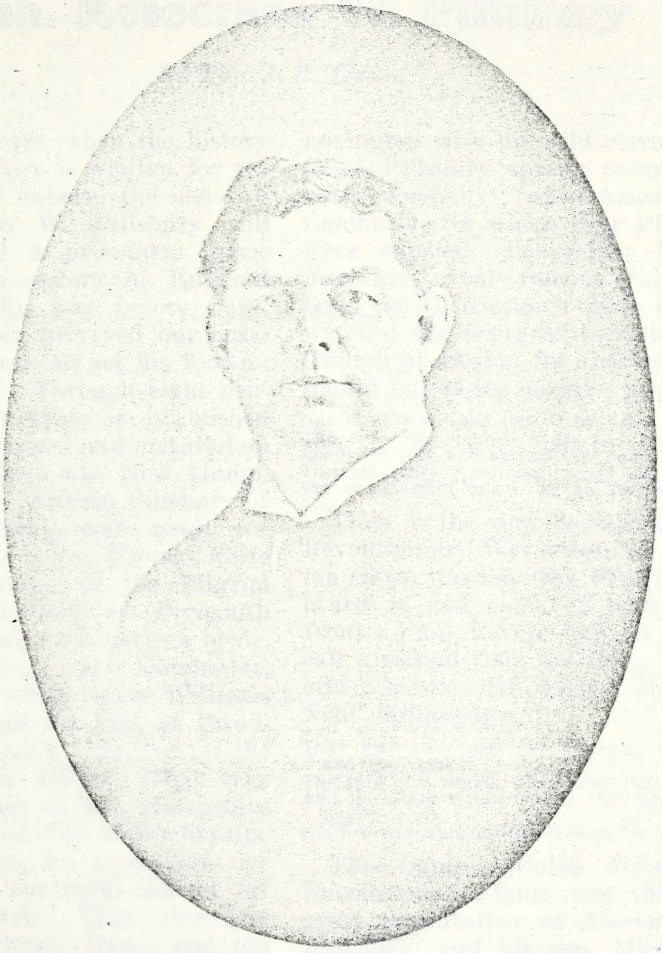
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Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury

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Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury

By Rev. J. B. Lemon

In coming years, when the history of New Hampshire is written for the generations yet unborn, the name of Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury will rightfully hold a prominent place therein. His ancestors in England were looking this way before Capt. John Smith ever surveyed our coast or the first European set his foot on this sacred soil. Through eight generations his genealogy is established as a family developed and matured on New England soil and New Hampshire territory. William Pillsbury of England was being made ready for American shores before Thomas Rolfe married Pocahontas or the Pilgrim Fathers had landed at Plymouth Rock. He found his American bride, Dorothy Crosbey, at Dorchester, Mass., in 1641, while Roger Williams was mapping out the city of Providence and obtaining a charter for the state of Rhode Island. That very year the province of New Hampshire had voted to unite with Massachusetts, since there was no protection nor boundary lines nor royal charter for the Granite state. They therefore settled at Newbury, Mass., and ten children were born to them before the northern boundary of Massachusetts was fixed, or ever the royal commission had established a government in New Hampshire.

When the Revolutionary War came on, the Pillsburys were found loyal to their country and in the front line of battle. When Paul Revere dashed through the country on his way to Lexington with his wild alarm, Capt. Caleb Pillsbury sprang to arms and led a company from Amesbury to Cambridge, in which four Pillsburys were enlisted. Longfellow has immortalized that famous ride when from the Charlestown shore the hero watched the tower of the Old North Church of Boston for the lights that should tell of the enemy's approach,

One if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Thus in the very beginning of the Revolutionary War, when the Lexington alarm was sounded, the Pillsburys heard it and came at once to the front. Paul Revere had no need to call a second time for them, and for other heroes like them. His steed went dashing by.

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

This Captain Caleb Pillsbury of Revolutionary fame was the great, great grandfather of Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, and his son, Micajah, as soon as the Revolutionary War was over and New Hampshire became a sovereign state, moved out of Massachusetts into New Hampshire while Washington was president of the United States, and afterward died in Sutton in 1801. This Micajah, like the Old Testament prophet from whom he was named, saw clearly that New Hampshire was to be the choice

state of New England, and from his day to this, it has been the home of his descendants. They have been proud of their state and their record is such that the state has every reason to feel proud of them. From the days of George Washington to the present time they have been prominently identified with the affairs of government and the manufacturing industries. One of them, Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, the grandfather of Rosecrans W., was a Baptist preacher and died in Londonderry. His son, Col. William Stoughton Pillsbury, the father of Rosecrans W., still lives in Londonderry, where he was engaged in the manufacture of shoes until the need of larger buildings induced him to move his machinery to Derry Depot. Like his brave ancestors, when the call came for soldiers to defend the Union in a great Civil War, he answered the call and went to the front. He enlisted in the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment and left for the seat of war in September, 1861, as first lieutenant of Company I. He was appointed recruiting officer for the Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and was commissioned first lieutenant of Company A, and fought in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He resigned because of a severe illness, but as soon as his health was restored went out a third time as first lieutenant of Company D, unattached artillery.

He has been a life long Republican and has filled various offices of trust and honor. He has served as moderator of town meetings for nineteen years, has represented his town in the legislature, was elected to the state Senate in 1901, and served as a member of Governor Goodell's council.

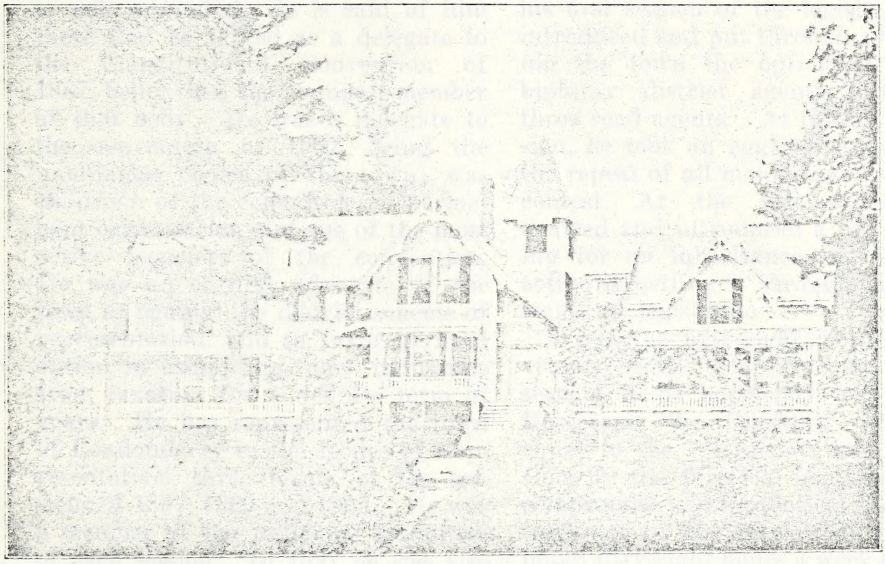
With such an inheritance one would naturally expect the Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury to be a loyal American, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, a cultured citizen, thoroughly interested in all the affairs of state, and competent to handle them with a masterly grip. He is the eldest son and third child of Col. William S. and Sarah A. (Crowell) Pillsbury, and was born in Londonderry, September 18, 1863. He is now, therefore, in his prime and may be counted on as a power in New Hampshire for many years to come; for he has had a training in addition to his inheritance which qualifies him for valuable service. He attended the town schools of Londonderry, Pinkerton Academy, the Manchester High School, and Dartmouth College. He studied law in the Boston Law School and in the office of Judge Robert J. Peaslee in Manchester. In 1890 he was admitted to the bar. During all this time of fitting for admission to the bar, he owned and managed a box factory in West Derry, making both paper and wooden boxes for the shoe trade.

He inherited the manufacturing instinct so effectually that for many years he has given more attention to industrial than to professional activities. He is the junior member of, and manager of the shoe firm of W. S. and R. W. Pillsbury in Derry, which is the oldest shoe firm in the state. They were jobbers and manufacturers and, under his management, it was necessary several times to enlarge their buildings to meet the demands made upon their business by the American and foreign trade. In the spring of 1908 the firm disposed of the manufacturing part of its business, but still continues the jobbing department to fine advantage.

Mr. Pillsbury is a large man, physically and intellectually. He has a large heart, a large build, and delights to do things in a large way. He owns and personally manages the farm of three hundred acres upon which he lives in Londonderry, about a mile distant from the village of West Derry. Here he cuts about one hundred and fifty tons of hay annually, all of which, with other field crops, is fed upon the place. He is one of the largest milk producers in that section.

He has extensive orchards and a large poultry yard.

When he became president of the Magnet Publishing Company, with headquarters in West Derry, he fitted up one of the best equipped plants for job printing in the state and published *The Magnet,* a monthly magazine which had a circulation exceeding one hundred thousand copies a month. He sold this magazine in October, 1906, and purchased an interest in the Union Publishing Company of Manchester, whereby he became the chief stockholder of that corporation and the manager of the *Manchester Daily Union,* the leading journal of the state. At once the paper started upon a new career of usefulness and influence which makes it easily the most powerful agent in the Granite state for shaping the destinies, moral and political, of the whole population.



Residence of Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Londonderry

Mr. Pillsbury, however, is not dependent upon a newspaper to present his views. He is one of the finest platform speakers in New Hampshire. He has an attractive personal appearance, a splendid oratorical voice, which can easily be heard under the galleries of an auditorium seating thousands of people. His words come to him eloquently without manuscript, and he speaks readily and fearlessly out of the depths of a soul filled with convictions. He has the ability to move an audience with tremendous power, a rare gift of great value. When he chooses to meet his opponents on the public platform his antagonists will have more reason to fear him than through the columns of the press, where a skillful pen is ever in his hand.

Mr. Pillsbury has a forgiving nature. He does not hold grudges long. He fights hard, but when the battle is ended, he is ready to seize the hand of his antagonist with the grip of renewed friendship. There is no more magnanimous man of prominence in our state than Mr. Pillsbury. In business circles he is highly esteemed. He has served as a director of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, one of the largest mining companies of its kind in the world. He is also a director of the Shoe and



Leather Association of Boston, has served two terms as president of the Boot and Shoe Club of that city, for eighteen years past has been a director of the Manchester National Bank, and is president of the First National Bank of Derry, and treasurer of the Nutfield Savings Bank.

The only town office he has ever held is that of moderator, which place he has filled for the last twenty years. In the "Genealogical and Family History of New Hampshire," recently issued, his splendid service for the state is well presented. It is said of him there that he served as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1887, being then the youngest member of that body. He was a delegate to the convention of 1902, being the unanimous choice of the town; was chairman of the committee on permanent organization and one of the most active members of the convention. He was an earnest advocate of the town as against the district scheme of representation, and in favor of local option in exempting new industries from taxation for a definite term of years. He has represented the town of Londonderry in the House of Representatives three terms, at the sessions of 1897, 1899 and 1905. He was a member of the judiciary committee of each session. In 1897 he was also a member of the committee on liquor laws; in 1899, on national affairs; and in 1905, chairman of the committee on retrenchment and reform, heading a movement to procure a readjustment of the state system of taxation and expenditures, and other reforms.

In 1899, he was chairman of a special committee to investigate the subject of the cost of state printing. This committee held several hearings and recommended the abolishment of the office of state printer. This recommendation was adopted. This recommendation cost Mr. Pillsbury the friendship of a number of parties whose gains would be materially lessened thereby. But by this change it is estimated that an average of at least ten thousand dollars a year has been saved to the state treasury. It is also claimed that this is the only important and conspicuous act of retrenchment adopted in this state by legislative act for many years.

The platform on which Mr. Pillsbury has stood asks for the largest measure of local self-government and local option consistent with a just conduct of state affairs, and with the least practicable expense to those who bear the burdens of government. At his first session of the legislature, he introduced and put through a bill giving the town the option of having highway district agents, instead of three road agents. At the second session, he took an aggressive stand for the repeal of all moieties and won the contest. At the last session, he drafted and introduced a bill providing for an inheritance tax and was active in getting it through the latter stages of legislation.

When the fifty-eight hour bill developed such complications that it seemed to be hopelessly lost, it was Rosecrans W. Pillsbury who was equal to the emergency, and, taking time by the forelock, suggested as a compromise and a practical test of the workings of the plan, that the proposed fifty-eight hours a week be made to apply to the months of July and August only. The bill in that form finally passed, after the House understood what the attitude of the Senate was toward it.

Mr. Pillsbury's record in the legislature is that of a forceful debater, never hesitating to let his position on a measure be well known. The more important or hotly contested the subject, the more eager was he to take part in its settlement, and in the way that seemed to him for the best interests of the public. No other debater in the House was given so much applause as the masterly eloquence of Mr. Pillsbury evoked at that session.

In 1905, near the close of the ses-

sion, a resolution was unanimously adopted instructing his committee on retrenchment and reform to make inquiries and report by bill wherein there might be reduction in state expenses without detriment to the state's interests. He accepted the command in good faith. His committee was called together at once, and early reported a measure providing that no bill of a state officer or employé for services or expenses, except salaries provided by statute, shall be approved by the governor and council, or paid by the state treasurer unless it is accompanied by a certificate, under oath of said officer or employé, that the service has been actually performed and the expenses actually incurred; and another taking from the councilors mileage, but increasing their per diem pay. Both these measures became laws without opposition.

A Senate bill to require the purchase of supplies for state institutions in the open market would have been quietly dropped in the House in the last days of the session, but for the insistence of Mr. Pillsbury that it be carried to a vote.

Having displayed such splendid courage and ability it was natural that his personal friends should begin to think of him as admirably qualified to be the chief executive of the state. With his usual zeal he entered into the campaign as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in 1906. Like his military ancestors he fought long and hard. He stormed this fort and besieged the other, but there were other generals in the field, brave men, battle-scarred veterans, heroes of high rank. A galaxy of brave and able generals met in this contest. And when they went into the nominating convention and several ballots had been taken with no choice, it became evident that a nomination without bitter strife was impossible. He therefore came forward to the platform and in the interests of harmony in the party ranks withdrew his name, announcing his purpose as a delegate of voting for Charles M. Floyd, who was straightway honored with the nomination.

In 1892, Mr. Pillsbury was an alternate delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention at Minneapolis which nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency. In 1904 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention in Chicago, and a member of the committee to notify Mr. Roosevelt of his nomination. He is serving his fourth term as trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. He is popular among the alumni because of the active interest which he has always taken in all those things that appeal to the student body.

Mr. Pillsbury, while dignified in bearing, is easy of approach, kindly disposed, genial and generous. His public spirit prompted him quickly to offer one thousand dollars in contribution to a fund to have New Hampshire's attractions and natural resources fittingly represented at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. He has contributed more largely, perhaps, than any other citizen towards making Derry one of the most prosperous towns in the state. He gave the valuable site for the Adams memorial building and one thousand dollars in cash for the use of the public library. No movement of a public nature can be advanced there without every one feeling that he can be safely counted on for substantial support.

Mr. Pillsbury married at Manchester, in 1885, Annie E. Watts, who was born in that city August 7, 1862. She is the daughter of Horace P. and Mona (Boyd) Watts of Manchester. She has been to him an helpmeet and inspiration. They have three children: Maria, who graduated from the Abbott Academy last year; Horace Watts, a special student at Annapolis under a nomination for naval cadet-

ship by Congressman Sulloway; and Dorothy, who is at home.

Mr. Pillsbury was initiated into the Masonic Order in 1885 and is a member of the following bodies: St. Mark's Lodge, Trinity Commandery, Edward A. Raymond Consistory, and has attained the thirty-second degree, Scottish Rite. He is also a noble of Aleppo Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, having been the first master of Nutfield Grange. He is also a member of the New Hampshire Club, the Derryfield Club and the Calumet Club.

Among the Lilies

By Elizabeth Thompson Ordway

She walked among the lilies tall and fair;
The night was in her eyes and in her hair.

The whiteness of the flowers seemed to fade
Beside the peerless whiteness of the maid.

Now and again she bent her stately head
To touch a blossom with her lips so red.

And ever after that same blossom grew
The color of the lips whose kiss it knew.

She walked among the lilies proud and still
Till passion of their beauty made her thrill;

Then low they bowed their heads in tender grace,
Obsequent to the beauty in her face.

And all the garden felt a mighty stir
By reason of the passion born in her.

162 Grove Street, Auburndale, Mass.

My Best

By Stewart Everett Rowe

And once more, once more a day has come and gone
  And night again has dropped her curtain dark;
  And soon upon sleep's sea I'll launch my bark,
Thereon to sail in silence till the morn.
Throughout the day just dead I've done my best
  In each and ev'ry task I had to do,
  So now tonight when my day's work is through
I can lie down to sweet and peaceful rest.

I know not whether on the topmost crest
  Of that wave named "Success" at last I'll sail;
I know not whether 'neath that wave I'll sink;
But this I know: I know that I'll be blest
  For working with the thought that, win or fail,
I'll do my best, whate'er the world may think.

Concord in 1776

By Joseph B. Walker

The year 1746 was the saddest which the little town of Rumford (now Concord, N. H.)[1] had experienced in its brief life. It was twenty years old, dating from the issue of its plantation grant by the General Court of Massachusetts. During this period, it had grown from a simple proprietary to a well organized town. Its people had cleared of the forest cover about one hundred good farms. It had built saw mills and grist mills. It had exchanged most of its log dwellings for framed houses. It had erected "a convenient house for the public worship of God," settled "a learned orthodox minister," organized a "Church of Christ" and made provision "for the use of the School forever." It had also attained a population of some four to five hundred inhabitants. These were now called upon to encounter two important trials which involved the fortunes of their municipality and of their private estates.

I. The first was due to their transfer from the jurisdiction of their native colony of Massachusetts to the province of New Hampshire, by the king's determination of their common boundary lines. This subjected them to the rule of an unfriendly government, which ignored their town charter, took away their municipal government, made their territory a part of an unorganized "district," and encouraged an influential company of land speculators in a persistent attempt to wrest from them the little estates which they had carved from the wilderness, upon which they and their families were dependent for support.[2]

II. It is a well known fact that when England and France were at war with one another, their American colonies became involved in their hostilities. To these the inhabitants of New Hampshire were particularly exposed, wedged in as this province was between the territory of the Abenaki Indians on the east and that of the St. Francis and other tribes on the west and north.

At this time the frontier of civilized life, starting at Rochester, ran southwesterly along a line embracing the towns of Barrington, Rumford, Boscawen, Hopkinton, Hillsborough, Peterborough, Keene, Swanzey, Winchester to Hinsdale; thence northward up Connecticut River to Charlestown. Beyond this, the smoke of no white man's dwelling rose to the sky until the French settlements of Canada were reached. One dense, primeval forest covered this vast intervening territory, concealing the hostile trails of the Indians and the less unfriendly lairs of wild beasts.

To Indian incursions Rumford was particularly exposed, situated as it was on the main route from Canada to the ocean, and had been, until a

[1]Concord has had, from first to last, an unusual number of names and forms of government. It was first granted, January 17, 1726, by the General Court of Massachusetts, as the *"Plantation of Penny Cook,"* to a colony of one hundred carefully selected settlers. Seven years later, February 22, 1733, it was incorporated by the same body as the *"Town of Rumford."* In 1742, having been adjudged as being within the limits of New Hampshire, its town charter was ignored by the government of that province and made a part of the unorganized *"District of Rumford."* In 1749 the District act expired by limitation and it was left in a chaotic state until 1765, when the General Court of New Hampshire incorporated it as the *"Parish of Concord."* Such it remained until January 2, 1784, when it became a fully endowed town and continued such until March 10, 1853, when, under a new charter, it became the *"City of Concord."* In the town records there is a vacuum extending from the 29th of March, 1749, to the 21st of January, 1766.

[2]This controversy waged in the New Hampshire and English courts and popularly designated as the "Bow Controversy" was a serious annoyance to the inhabitants of Rumford for forty years and was not fully terminated in their favor until 1764.

time then quite recent, the headquarters of the Penny Cook Indians.[1] Such, too, was his thirst for fighting that the savage needed but slight inducements to enter upon expeditions of cruelty and blood, as shown by the war known as Lovell's War, which was begun and prosecuted when the mother countries were at peace, and lasting some four years, until the Indians, substantially exhausted, signed the Falmouth treaty of peace on the sixth day of August, 1726, the very year in which the grant of this township was made and but eight months after its issue.

From this time on, for nearly twenty years, the people of the New England colonies lived in peace with their French and Indian neighbors, but such was the uncertainty of its continuance that the years were years of more or less anxiety. Indeed, in 1739, such disquieting rumors reached the people of Rumford as led them to consider the propriety of acquiring means of defense in the event of its rupture. In a town meeting, called in part for that purpose and holden on the 7th day of November, 1739, it was

"Voted That, there shall be a good and Sufficient Garrison build around the Rev.d M.r Timothy Walker's dwelling House as soon as may be Conveniently at the Town's Cost."

It was also then and there "Voted, That Five Pounds be granted to M.r Barachias Farnum, to enable him to build a flanker in Order to defend his Mills, provided the said Farnum shall give security to the Town that, in case he shall not keep a Garrison at his dwelling House, the Town shall have Liberty to take said Flanker and Convert it to their own Use."[2]

In 1744 war again broke out between England and France. The fierce yell of the Indian was heard anew along the line of the New Hampshire frontier, and the danger which they had feared became a reality. Mr. Whiton remarks (Hist. N. Hamp., p. 88), "The people * * * could hardly venture out to milk their cows; the Indians destroyed their crops by breaking down the fences and laying open the fields and their horses and cattle were killed. In Westmoreland and Keene * * * a few persons were killed."

But the pioneers of New Hampshire, few as they were, rose to the exigencies of the occasion and Rumford, like other New Hampshire towns, not only contributed her share of men to the Louisburg Expedition, but, mindful of her own exposure, took means for her own protection. At a meeting of her inhabitants, holden on the 28th day of February, 1744, it was

"Voted That Benjamin Rolfe Esq.r, be hereby desired and impowered, in the Name and behalf of said Inhabitants, to represent to the General Assembly of the Province of New Hampshire the deplorable Circumstances we are in, upon the Account of Our being exposed to imminent Danger both from the French and Indian Enemy, and to Request of them such Aids, both with Respect to Men and Military Stores, as to their great Wisdom may seem meet and which may be sufficient to enable us with a Divine Blessing vigorously to repel all attempt of our said Enemies."[3]

In compliance with this action, Col. Benjamin Rolfe went to Portsmouth and presented to the provincial authorities an earnest petition for military aid, dated June 27, 1744. This was reinforced by a plain state-

[1]Of the former occupants of their township, the Rev. John Barnard of Andover, Mass., thus reminded the inhabitants of Rumford in his sermon (p. 39) preached at the organization of the Church of Christ there and the ordination of its first pastor, Rev. Timothy Walker, November 18, 1730:

"There is this *peculiar Circumstance* in your Settlement, that it is in a Place, where *Satan*, some years ago, had his Seat, and the *Devil* was wont to be *Incorated* by forsaken *Salvages:* A Place, which was the *Rendevous* and *Headquarters* of our *Indian Enemies.*"

[2]These mills were on Turkey River, at the falls now surrounded by the buildings of St. Paul's School.

[3]Town Records, printed vol., p. 78.

June 14th 1744

We, the Subscribers, Inhabitants of ye town of Rumford Apprehending ourselves greatly exposed to imminent danger both from ye French & Indian Enemy, & being in no capality to make a proper stand in case of an attack from them, do therefore Constitute & appoint Col. Benjamin Rolfe as our delegate requesting him in the first capacity forthwith to repair to Portsmouth & to represent our deplorable case to his Excellency our Capt. General & ye Generall Assembly & to request of them our releif & such aids both with respect of men & military Stores as to their great wisdom may seem meet & which may be sufficient to enable us with ye divine Blessing vigorously to repell all attempts of our sd Enemies against us

Timothy Walker
John Chandler
Jason Webster
Timothy Bedley
Samuell Bradley
Joseph Bridney
Jonathan Bradley
Isaac Walker
Abiell Chandler

Barrachias Farnum
Jeremiah Slickney
Eleazr Flemens
Jona Abbott
Edward Abbott
James Abbott junr
David Crudler
Joseph Farnum
Nathaniel Abbott
Ephraim Farnum
Timothy Clements
Edward Grant
Ebenezer Eastman
Ebenezer Evans
Ezra Carter
Philip Eastman
Jeremiah Fressy
Benjamin Foster
Jacob Pillsbery
Judah Dudley
Ebenezer Eastman jr
Philip Kimball
Jeremiah Eastman
Nathaniel Smith
Nathan Sanger
Nathaniell Eastman
Joseph Eastman
Abraham Bidley

Isaac Walker
Jacob Hutt
Nathaniel Rolfe
William Walker
Timothy Walker junr
Saml Bridney
Lt Colbe
Jerd. Woodward
Zebedia Farnum
John Bridney
Samson Colbern
Jeremiah Eastman
Matthew Stunde
Daniell Chase
Joseph Eastman
James Eastman
Joseph Hall
Isaac Webster
Johnnerill
George Abbott
David Kimball
Stephen Farrington
Abraham Kimball
Richard Haseltine
Benjamin Abbott
James Osgood
Thad. Hoyt

Facsimile of Petition for Aid, 1744

ment, dated June 14, 1744, of their deplorable situation, bearing the autograph signatures of sixty-four of his fellow townsmen. While most of these indicate a greater familiarity with the plow handle than the pen, they show no signs of faint-heartedness, being clearly and boldly traced. No one signed with a cross. The signatures are all, evidently, those of courageous and intelligent American freemen, who, having planted themselves upon a dangerous frontier, proposed, with God's help, to stay there. This remarkable paper, in the handwriting of their minister, whose name heads the list, attests the stalwart character of Concord's earliest settlers. It has been preserved and may be seen at the library of the N. H. Historical Society. It reads as follows:

"June 14, 1744.

"We the subscribers, Inhabitants of ye town of Rumford, apprehending ourselves greatly exposed to Imminent Danger, both from ye French & Indian Enemy, & being in no capacity to make a proper stand in case of an attack from them, doe therefore Constitute & appoint Coll. Benjamin Rolfe as our Delegate, requesting him, in the s^d^ capacity, forthwith to repair to Portsmouth and to represent our deplorable case to his Excellency, our Capt General, & ye General Assembly & to request of them on our behalf such aids, both with respect to men & military stores, as to their great wisdom may seem meet & which may be sufficient to enable us with ye Divine Blessing vigorously to repel all attempts of our said enemies against us."

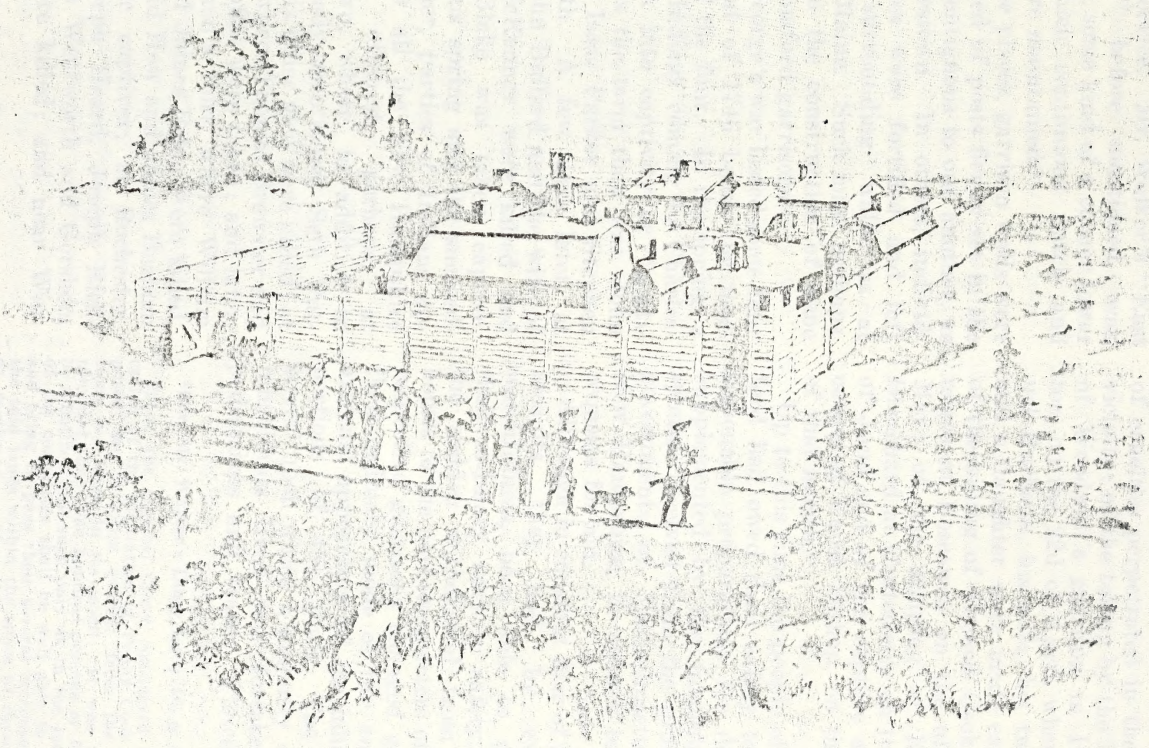
For the three successive years of 1744, 1745 and 1746, like aid was sought of the provincial governments of Massachusetts or New Hampshire or of both. But, as before remarked, the brave little town did not restrict itself to seeking assistance from without. Her people proceeded to the erection of no less than twelve garrisons for their protection. These were so located as to best accommodate them in their work, nine being placed along the highway now known as Main Street; one at West Concord; one at East Concord and one on the Hopkinton Road, near St. Paul's School. To the three last named, and to four others on Main Street, ninety-eight men and their families were assigned on the 15th day of May, 1746, by "A Commitee of Militia for settling the Garrisons in the frontier towns and Plantations, in the Sixth Regiment of Militia."[1] When and by whom the other five were occupied does not appear.

More or less of these garrisons, sometimes called "forts," consisted of inclosures of wood erected around dwelling houses, including areas of sufficient extent to allow the building thereon of as many others of a temporary character as the number of families to occupy them required. To the Rev. Timothy Walker's garrison were assigned with their families, Capt. John Chandler, Abraham Bradley, Samuel Bradley, John Webster, Nathaniel Rolfe, Joseph Pudney, Isaac Walker, Jr., commonly called "Tailor Walker," from his occupation, and Obadiah Foster.

From Mr. Walker's diary for 1746, it seems that the garrison around his house was built in the first half of that year. He remarks January 28th, "Began to haul Fort Timber." March 26th, "Began to hew timber for my East Battery." May 23d and 24th, "Joseph Pudney & als. built their chimnies." May 28th, "Joseph Pudney and Ob^h^ Foster moved into ye houses." June 23d, "Built ye Tailor's chimney."

The walls of Mr. Walker's garrison were constructed of logs, hewn smooth on their upper and lower sides, and laid horizontally one upon another. They were held in position by the insertion of their tenoned ends into the perpendicular grooves of white oak

[1] Bouton's Hist. Concord, pp. 154-156.



Garrison of Rev. Timothy Walker

posts firmly planted in the ground. The writer well remembers a portion of one of these, from which canes were manufactured as souvenirs of its former service. Mr. Walker's "East Battery," before mentioned, was, probably, some kind of a corner tower upon which continuous watch and ward were maintained.[1]

In some places, garrison walls were constructed of posts firmly set in the ground contiguous to one another, as at Charlestown. In others, individual houses were fortified and left without surrounding walls, as at York in Maine. Such may, perhaps, have been the construction of some of the Rumford garrisons.

King George's war lasted some four years, that of 1746 being the most doleful of the four. In the spring, a body of Indians coming to Charlestown took into captivity or "captivated," as the term then was, John Spofford, Isaac Parker and Stephen Farnsworth. A few days later, at Keene, John Bullard and the wife of Daniel McKenney were killed and Nathan Blake was taken captive. During this spring and the succeeding summer, parties of Indians appeared on all the New Hampshire frontiers, oftenest, perhaps, at Charlestown, where, in addition to those already mentioned, Seth Putnam and six other men were killed; at Swanzey, where Thomas Brewster and Robert Moffat were taken; and later, at Bridgman's Fort, where William Robins and James Baker were killed, while David How and James Beaman were made captives; at Rochester, where Joseph Heard, Joseph Richards, John Wentworth and Gershom Downs were killed; and near Winchester, where Joseph Rawson lost his life.

But particularly distressing to the people of Rumford were the reports of cruelties perpetrated in their own vicinity; of the taking by the Indians of Woodwell's garrison in Hopkinton, on the 22d of April, when Samuel Burbank, his wife, his two sons and a daughter were made captives; of the killing of Thomas Cook and a negro at Boscawen on the ninth of May; of the scalping of Richard Blanchard at Canterbury on the 11th of June and of the capture at Boscawen of Enock Bishop, on the 25th of that month.[2]

Up to this time the people of Rumford had owed their safety to their seasonable preparations for defense, supplemented by the favorable responses received from the provincial governments of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in answer to their requests for aid.

Although in constant fear of hostile assaults, they had, by extreme watchfulness, been able to pursue their ordinary work in safety. But the sudden withdrawal from their homes to the narrow quarters of their respective garrisons changed greatly their ordinary mode of life and the external appearance of the inhabited portions of the town. The long street[3] upon which a majority of the inhabitants lived was forsaken by pedestrians and teams. Closed and

[1]Parts of but two of these garrisons have been preserved to this time, the house of the Rev. Timothy Walker, one of the buildings within his garrison, now numbered 276 North Main St., and the Edward Abbot house, now used as a stable, near the dwelling on the south corner of Main and Montgomery streets. The Henry Lovejoy house, around which the West Concord garrison was built, stood upon the present site of the new schoolhouse until 1906, when it was taken down.

[2]Rev. Mr. Walker's Diary for 1746, p. 4.

[3]That the General Court considered the location of the plantation of Penny Cook an exposed one is quite evident from the conditions set forth in its grant. It was therein provided that "one hundred persons or families be admitted and such only as in the judgment of the committee shall be well able to pursue and bring to pass their several settlements on the said lands within the space of three years at farthest." Also that the several houses "shall be erected on their home lots, not above twenty rods the one from the other, when the land will possibly admit thereof, in the most regular and defensible manner."

In compliance with this provision, one hundred and three house lots were laid out; seventy-one on Main Street and thirty-two near the north end of it. The same number of tillage lots were also laid out, as near as practicable to the foregoing, on the interval, in "a regular & defensible manner."

posts firmly planted in the ground. The writer well remembers a portion of one of these, from which cows were manufactured as souvenirs of its former service. Mr. Walker's "East Battery," before mentioned, was, probably, some kind of a corner tower upon which continuous watch and ward were maintained.

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King George's war lasted some four years, that of 1744 being the most doleful of the four. In the spring a body of Indians coming to Charlestown took into captivity or "captivated," as the term then was, John Spofford, Isaac Farley and Stephen Farnsworth. A few days later, at Keene, John Hulbard and the wife of Daniel McKenney were killed and Nathan Hale was taken captive. During this spring and the succeeding summer, parties of Indians appeared on all the New Hampshire frontiers, offering, perhaps, at Charlestown, where, in addition to those already mentioned, Seth Putnam and six other men were killed; at Swanzey, where Thomas Brewster and Robert Nesbit were taken; and later, at Bridgman's Fort, where William Robins and James Hale were killed, while David Hoe and James Beeman were made captives; at Rochester, where Joseph Hurd, Joseph Hurd, Jr., John Wentworth and Gershom Downs were killed; and near Win-

unoccupied also were the houses ranged upon it. The latter, with more or less of their contents, were left without protection. So, too, were the cattle and other domestic animals, which were allowed to roam at large in the woods, and, not unlikely, to furnish food to the wily enemy into whose clutches they were liable to fall. There was a frequent going out and coming in of scouting parties, of the arrival and departure of small bands of soldiers employed in helping to man the garrisons and the constant watchfulness of sentinels to guard against surprises by the enemy. The work in the fields was performed by small bands of armed men, who, like the forces under Nehemiah, while repairing the walls of Jerusalem, wrought upon their work with their muskets within reach; ever ready to assail an approaching foe or retire to their respective garrisons, as directed by the signal from that of their minister.[1]

Inconvenient, irksome and unsanitary as was this garrison life to all parties, it was particularly so to women and children, who, being noncombatants, could not venture unprotected, outside of their fortress walls. The tedium of protracted confinement in restricted quarters was exceedingly trying to their health and spirits. Especially so was it during the close, hot atmosphere of summer, when thus deprived of the refreshing breezes to be enjoyed without.

Accompanying these depressing conditions was a painful sense of isolation. Their neighbors at Hopkinton, Boscawen and Canterbury were some eight or nine miles away, and too few to render aid in time of need. They missed also the satisfaction which comes from frequent reports of events transpiring elsewhere. No newspapers were then published in New Hampshire and few from elsewhere penetrated to its interior. Their little knowledge of outside occurrences came to them but occasionally and by channels not always reliable.

To one whose general knowledge of this period of our history enables him to read between the lines, the minister's diary of daily events gives a reliable and accurate view of the condition of things at Rumford during the weary months of this doleful year. He says:

"Jan. 10, D. Cleared up very cold. Capt Goffe dined at our house.

"March 3, D. Capt Goffe was at our house.

"March 20 Day. Went over ye River upon ye ice. It grew rotten. Capt. Stevens[2] came up and lodged at our house.

"March 21 D. I settled accounts with him for boarding soldiers to the 25th of Feb. past. N. B. ye week past has been cold for ye season.

"March 28 D. Capt. Stevens set out home.

"April 22. D. Y^e^ Indians took Woodwell's Garrison.

"April 25, D. Went to Boston to carry news of ye Indian Mischief.

"May 4, D. Preached all day at home. Jos. Eastman Tertius owned ye covenant. In the night, we had tidings of mischief being done about sunset at Contoocook[3] by ye Indians. Thomas Cook & als. killed.

"May 13, D. Col. Blanchard & als. came up.

"May 14 D. They dined here.

"May 15 D. Returned to Suncook.[4]

"June 2 D. Capt. Melvin came

[1]This was the report of three guns fired in immediate succession.

[2]Capt. Phineas Stevens of Charlestown was a celebrated Indian fighter. With thirty men he took possession of the stockade of that town on the 27th of March, 1747. Some ten days later, April 7, it was attacked by a French and Indian force many times the superior in numbers of his command. The assault was continued, night and day, until the seventh, when, evidently discouraged, the enemy withdrew. In 1746 he seems to have had some charge, more or less, of some of the soldiers posted upon the New Hampshire frontier.

[3]Boscawen.

[4]Pembroke.

up and brought news of an expedition to Canada.

"June 11 D. Cleared up. Benj[n] Blanchard, of Canterbury, was scalped by y[e] Indians.

"June 12, D. Our Town was universally alarmed by y[e] hearing some guns discharged in y[e] woods. At night, Col. Rolfe returned from Boston.

"June 17 D. We heard abundance of great guns at Portsmouth at night. Married Eben Hall to Dorcas Abbot.

"June 19 D. Capt. Stevens came up.

"June 24, D. Wm. Stickney brought up my new gun, and my mare from Andover.

"June 28 D. Showery. N. B. Bishop was captivated by y[e] Indians.

"June 30, D. An alarm over y[e] River on account of Indians being seen.

"July 1, D. News from Newbury of Admiral Warren's arrival. Dorcas Hall saw an Indian at night. George Hall lay abroad and saw six Indians.

"August 11, D. Jon[a] Bradley and als. were killed by Indians.

"August 16, D. Got over all my English corn—Andover men came up to guard us[1].

"August 30, D. Put in a petition for help against y[e] Indians.

"Sept. 3, D. Went to Boston to obtain a grant of 20 men.

"Sept. 16, D. Capt. Stevens arrived here with news of a French Fleet.

"Sept. 18, D. Went into y[e] woods a scouting[2].

"Sept. 22, D. Y[e] news of a French invasion revived.

"Sept. 23, D. Went out with Capt. Stevens to Hales Town.

"Sept. 30, D. Visited over y[e] River with Capt Stevens. N. B. Capt. Stevens came to board here y[e] 17 D.

"October 20, D. Burt came here as a soldier. Visited over y[e] River. The snow began to run away.

"November 10, D. Received of Abraham Bradshaw £300 old ten[r] of w[c] see vacant p. of this Almanack.

"10. Y[e] Indians killed ——— Estabrook.

"November 21 & 22, Day. Moderate weather. 22, D. Some of Capt. Goffe's men arrived at Penicook.

"November 28, D. Capt. Goffe's men went away and carried 5 days provisions.

"December 1, D. Heard y[e] news of a cessation of hostilities."

It is an interesting fact that, during the entire period of King George's war (1744–1748), the inhabitants of Rumford manifested no inclination to withdraw from their perilous position. Their records show that they held their municipal meetings with regularity, annually elected their executive officers, made provision for yearly wants and recorded with exactness their proceedings.

This diary also shows that public religious service was held on every Sunday of this distracting year except four, when their minister was absent in Massachusetts, in furtherance of his people's interests.

[1]It should be remembered that the security of Massachusetts was dependent upon the maintenance of the N. H. frontier.

[2]The hostilities to which the people of New Hampshire Historical Society, pp. 201–314. wars were very largely waged by small bands of Indians, whose methods of warfare were cruel and stealthy. These were sometimes commanded by French officers and at others by leaders of their own race. To guard against their incursions, small bodies of soldiers and armed privates were employed to patrol the woods of the frontier, watch their movements and defend the people from their barbarous assaults. These were called *scouts*. The soldiers sent to the frontier by the inland communities were employed partly in this service, partly in helping man the garrisons and partly in protecting the people while at work in their fields. A perusal of the journal of Abner Clough, the clerk of Capt. Ladd's company, in 1746, gives a clear statement of their varied duties. A copy of this may be found in the 4th volume of the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, pp. 201–214.

A *ranger*, whose duties were much like those of a scout, belonged to a larger and regularly organized body of uniformed men.

A *coureur de bois* was a simple hunter and trapper and had no military character.

But these garrison days were grim days. On Sunday, the 10th day of August, 1746, such persons as could be spared from other duties assembled as usual for worship in their log sanctuary beside the brook[1], whose rude seats matched its rough walls. The minister, in close companionship with his "new gun" beside him in his pulpit, read from the Bible the lesson of the day; invoked upon his people the divine blessing and delivered to them the message with which God inspired him. Meanwhile the sturdy men of his congregation, with their muskets within reach, and their wives and children nearby, listened with ears attent to the service, and ready, should it come, to hear unintimidated the war whoop of the savage.

It was subsequently learned that during this meeting little Abigail Carter saw an Indian outside the building, but failed to mention the fact. Later, and from other sources, it was also learned that a considerable body of savages had lain concealed in the bushes near the house. These probably finding more formidable preparations for their reception than they cared to encounter, had quietly withdrawn without being discovered.

The next morning Lieut. John Bradley, with a small band of soldiers, was sent to the garrison of Jonathan Eastman, some two miles out on the Hopkinton road. Upon reaching the brook which crosses the highway, a little to the west of the monument erected a hundred years later to commemorate the event, they encountered a body of Indians, variously reported to have been from sixty to one hundred, and a bloody skirmish ensued. Of this the following narrative of Mr. Rueben Abbot, who was on the ground shortly afterwards, gives a graphic account. He says:

"I, with Abiel Chandler, was at work in the Fan, near Sugar Ball, making hay on Monday morning, August 11, 1746, then in my twenty-fourth year. We heard three guns fired at Parson Walker's fort, which were the appointed signal of alarm at the approach or apprehension of the Indians. On hearing the alarm guns, we ran up to the garrison and found the soldiers who were stationed there and such men as could be spared were gone to where the men were killed. . . . When we arrived near the brook that runs through the farm formerly owned by ——— Mitchell, on the east side of the brook, we found *Samuel Bradley*, stripped and naked, scalped and lying on his face in the road within half a rod of the bridge over that brook. He was shot through his body and supposed through his lungs; the ball struck and spoiled his powder horn, which the Indians left. He was not otherwise wounded by the Indians than shot and scalped. *Jonathan Bradley* lay about ten feet out of the road, on the south side, and about two rods east of the brook. He was lieutenant in Capt. Ladd's company, from Exeter, and a number of years older than Samuel. He was not wounded by the Indians in their fire, and immediately after the Indians had first fired, he ordered his men to fight them. As but few of the Indians fired the first time, Jonathan supposed that he and his six men could manage them and they fired at the few who had risen up from their ambush. Immediately the whole body of the Indians, about one hundred in number, rose up and fired. Jonathan see their number and receiving their fire, ordered his men to run and take care of themselves. By this time *Obadiah Peters, John Bean, John Lufkin* and *Samuel Bradley* were killed. The Indians then rushed upon Jonathan Bradley, William Stickney and Alexander Roberts—took Stickney and Roberts prisoners and offered Jonathan Bradley good quarter. But he refused to receive quarter and fought with his gun against that cloud of Indians until

[1]At the northwest corner of Main and Chapel streets.

they struck him on the face repeatedly with their tomahawks, cut a number of gashes in his face, one large gash running obliquely across his forehead and nose down between his eyes; another on the side of his head and one on the back part of his head which entered his skull and brought him to the ground. The Indians then dispatched him, took off his scalp and stripped him nearly naked. Obadiah Peters we found shot through the head. Bean and Lufkin were shot and ran from the brook towards the main road about six rods, and fell within a rod of each other, on the north side of the road as now travelled[1]. Four of the Indians were killed and two wounded, who were carried away on biers.

"The soldiers of the garrison were too late to avenge the lives of these brave men. Before their approach the Indians fled like cowards, leaving many of their packs and various things which the soldiers took."

Mr. Abbot further stated that when the bodies of the slain had been placed in a cart sent out for them, as no one cared to assume the sad duty, he drove the team to the garrison of James Osgood, then standing upon the site of the First National Bank. Here the gruesome sight was witnessed in mournful silence.

On the morrow the mutilated remains of these five men were taken to the northwest section of the Old North Cemetery and interred in two graves; the Bradley brothers in one and Peters, Bean and Lufkin in the other.

These five brave men sacrificed their lives in the defense of Rumford and their province. The latter in recognition of this fact, made pecuniary grants to their families thus deprived of their society and support. Later, on the centennial anniversary of this bloody contest, the citizens of Concord united with a kinsman of the Bradleys in consecrating to their memory the granite shaft which he had raised upon the site of their prowess. Their graves hallow our old cemetery, the most ancient of any in central New Hampshire. Family affection long ago indicated by a marble slab that of the Bradley brothers. To this generation remains the duty of suitably marking that of Peters, Bean and Lufkin.

That such honor, too long deferred, is due to these heroic men goes without saying. In those disastrous days the maintenance of the frontier was the protection of the interior. No statute of limitations excuses the payment of such a debt. No true sense of justice allows its longer delay. Their posterity honors itself by discharging it.

With stalwart fortitude the Rev. Mr. Walker thus prefaces, for ready reference, his diary with this terse summary of the barbarities suffered at Rumford and the adjoining towns of Boscawen, Canterbury and Hopkinton during this disastrous year.

"1746.

"Woodwell's Garrison was taken April 22.

"Thomas Cook & als. killed May ye 9.

"Richard Blanchard scalped June 11.

"Bishop was captivated June 25.

"Jon^a^ Bradley & als. killed Aug: 11.

"Esterbrook killed Novr 10.

"Killed 8. Captivated 12. Died of his wounds 1.

"1746. Jon^a^ Bradley & als. killed Aug. 11."

Terse and brief is the minister's record of this baptism of blood.

The war known in this country as King George's war, was most impor-

[1]At the time of the massacre, Abraham Bradley and his son, Samuel, were "stated at" the Rev. Mr. Walker's garrison. The latter was twenty-one years old and his brother, Jonathan, was twenty-nine and a resident of Exeter.

Obadiah Peters was the son of Seaborn Peters, who settled in Rumford in 1729. He lived on the Hopkinton Road, near St. Paul's School. His son, Obadiah, had seen service the year before at Cape Breton, as a member of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman's company.

John Bean was of Brentwood and John Lufkin of Kingston.

tant as being one of the five French and Indian wars which, beginning in 1689, occupied in the aggregate a period of about thirty-five years. With intervals of peace between them, they lasted from 1689 on to 1763.

Their importance was continental, for they involved the religious and largely the future political policy of the people of North America, and were to this country what the Thirty Years' War was to Germany. Upon their result depended the vital question whether it should be French and Catholic or English and Protestant; and, whether its government should be imperial or republican. Surprising is it that France should have surrendered to England her great domain, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf and from the Appalachian Range to the Mississippi, and forty years later, her still larger territory on the west of that river. So surprising is it that one staggers at the fact which he can account for only upon the supposition that the finger of God was in it; and that the future rule of this continent was to be Anglo-Saxon rather than Gallic.

The subsequent issues of the Revolutionary war, which broke out ten years later, were in such close touch with the popular sentiment then and since prevailing, that the earlier contests of the Colonial period have received less than their due attention. A moment's reflection, however, shows that, but for these preliminary struggles, the success of the later war would have been impossible.

The Bell of Zamora

By Frederick Myron Colby

O'er field and highway glows the sun above the Murcian Hills,
Where sleeps Zamora in its vale begirt by flashing rills.
A dreamy, still old Spanish town, with memories running o'er
Of siege and fight and foray grim in storied days of yore.
Upon the heights its convent stands a ruin old and gray,
Whose belfry overlooks the town where dusky shadows stray.
Within the belfry hangs a bell between its wooden piers,
Whose iron tongue has silent been for o'er a hundred years.
With bated breath the children listen as their grandsires tell
Of brave young Gomez Reno, who was last to ring the bell.

* * * * *

The summer sun's warm splendor in its ruddy glow shone down
O'er harvests, fields and vineyards girt around the little town.
A peaceful scene and busy one as ever eye might see:
Sleek cattle grazing in the mead—light smoke-wreaths floating free.
'Mid vibrant bells' low tinkle on the necks of moving kine,
The swarthy peasants harvested their corn and purple wine.
Sequestered from the village square where tawny children played,
One youthful watcher for the town up in the church tower stayed.
The cripple Gomez Reno sat, his mother's only child,
And in the belfry faithfully watched fruitful field and wild,
Lest fierce Morena from the hills, the terror of the land,
Should swoop upon the hamlet with his murderous robber band.

The chieftain, months ago, had sent his bandit challenge down
That e'er the crops were garnered he would sack the peaceful town.
And in Zamora's hamlet, while fair wives and maidens prayed,
A watchman from the convent's belfry, brave and undismayed,
At morn and noon and evening kept his guardian vigil there
To peal, if danger threatened them, its warning on the air.
A signal for its citizens to rally fast and stand,
And from Zamora's homesteads beat Morena's robber band.
So in the waning glory Gomez all the roadways scanned,
To north and south and east he glanced o'er leagues of fertile land;
And watched the lengthening shadows, dreaming, half and half awake,
And thought on all the danger and the lives that were at stake.
He saw his mother's cottage bowered down the narrow street;
He heard, or dreaming, thought he heard the stir of childish feet,
When through the darkening doorway's gloom the sound of weapons rang,
And fierce Morena's panther tread upon the threshold sprang.

"Now seize him!" cried the bandit. "Haste and bear the youth below.
Zamora's treasures shall be ours before the shadows go."
They bore the frightened cripple down to where the bell rope hung,
And, bound and helpless, he upon a stool was rudely flung.
The bell rope then they fastened in a noose and slipped it tight
Around his young and slender neck; it was a cruel sight.
So poised, his slightest movement would project his form in air;
His life the forfeit he must pay should he step down from there.
Then heartlessly Morena cried: "The fool can't run away.
For slaughter and for pillage now! No bell will ring today."

Lost seemed the town Zamora then, as in exulting line,
Morena and his bandits rushed down o'er the steep incline;
But e'er they reached the market place their savage feet were stayed;
The tocsin of the convent bell clanged through the gathering shade.
His life young Gomez had given to save Zamora's town.
His slender body's precious weight had pulled the bell rope down.
To warn the town and ring the bell his feet he outward threw.
What though the twining cord each stroke to strangling tightness drew.
So bravely swinging out in space his lurching body flung;
Its weight swung from the bell rope and the warning accents rung.
No braver deed has history's recorded page to tell
Than of the hero cripple boy who rung Zamora's bell.
Clang! Clang! The warning peals swept o'er the valley far and wide
And called the laboring burghers there to stem the robber tide.
Clang! backward turned the bandits then before the raging crowd;
A rain of shots, a skirmish, then a wild cheer long and loud.

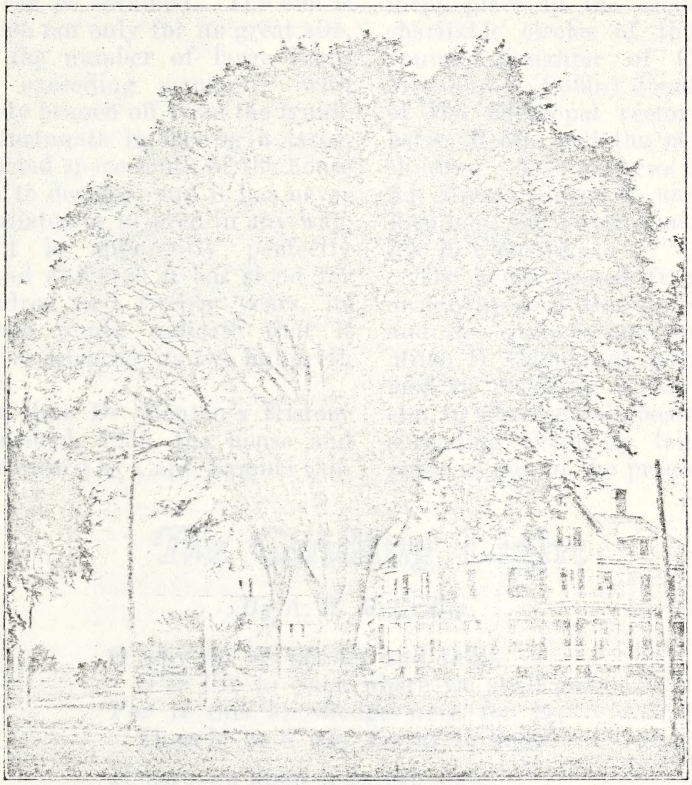
The convent bell tolled fainter as they rushed to belfry tower,
And there a sight surprised their eyes that made the bravest cower.
Young Gomez' quivering body hung suspended in the air,
His steadfast eyes fast glazing and his white lips locked in prayer.
Vainly they tried to bring back life; vainly their tears were shed.
The bell had rung to save the town, but Gomez swung there—dead.

No more Zamora's bell is tolled; no touch profanes the rope.
As mute as Gomez' own, its tongue rests in its silent throat.

The Coffin Elm

By Frances M. Abbott

The Merrimack Valley has long been famous for the beauty of its elms. The meadows of Plymouth, New Hampshire, dotted by this noble tree, inspired the pen of Starr King many years ago; and as the river makes its progress to the sea, it flows by fair towns whose principal streets are bordered by leafy monarchs which have shaded several generations of the inhabitants. The capital of the state is especially renowned for fine specimens of this stateliest of shade trees; but there is one which surpasses all others. At the historic North End, within a stone's throw of the site of the famous First Church, now occupied by the Walker schoolhouse, stands an elm, which for size and symmetry is famous throughout the region. Many visitors come to gaze at it, and by a happy chance the street cars have a siding almost underneath its majestic branches.



The Coffin Elm

The Coffin elm, as it is generally known, was set out about the year 1782, according to Bouton's History, by Capt. Enoch Coffin and his brother, Col. John Coffin. In 1855, the year that the history was pub-



lished, the elm was of sufficient importance to be referred to in that work, and it holds a prominent place in the picture of the Coffin house on page 548. At that time the circumference of the tree was sixteen feet at a height of three feet from the ground. A recent measurement shows the circumference to be twenty-three feet at a height of eighteen inches above the ground, from which a fair idea of the growth of half a century can be obtained. The elm is remarkable not only for its great size, but for the number of large limbs and the exceeding symmetry with which they branch off from the trunk. It was fortunate in having a large, unobstructed space south of the house in which to develop, and it has never been mutilated or injured in any way. Today it is apparently perfectly sound, and although it has stood for one hundred and twenty years, its appearance would indicate that it may live to celebrate its two hundreth birthday.

At the time Dr. Bouton's History was published, 1855, the house and elm were owned by Capt. Samuel Coffin, son of Capt. Enoch Coffin, who set out the tree. Capt. Samuel Coffin was born October 27, 1793, and is well remembered by the older residents of Concord as one of the most able and influential men of his day. The name has disappeared from town, though the family is worthily represented by a granddaugher, Mrs. Harry M. Cavis, the only surviving child of George B. and Elvira (Coffin) Chandler, who occupies a prominent place in the social, club and charitable circles of the city. The younger daughter of Capt. Coffin, Mrs. Sarah (Coffin) Jones, is the wife of the Episcopal rector at Wilkesbarre, Penn., and the mother of five children. Two nephews of Capt. Coffin, Messrs. Edson C. and Samuel C. Eastman, the latter a namesake, also live in Concord.

The house passed from the Coffin ownership some twenty-five years ago, and the estate is now owned by Mr. Milon D. Cummings, who has built a modern residence under the ancient elm, in whose stately beauty and wide-spreading shade he takes as much pride as any of the preceding owners.

The Guiding Light

By A. H. McCrillis

O why do we ponder and think
O'er life to come where we shall go?
For if this knowledge were for us,
There'd be a way for us to know.

If here we knew a future state
Where goodness is repaid by bliss,
We selfishly and blind might work
And lose all joy of good in this.

One thing we know and know it well—
That we've a faithful guide within,
And if we trust and follow that,
We shall be free from every sin.

A wisdom infinite and good
Has placed us here to make our way,
And given us this guiding light
To be our help from day to day.

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

THIS IS MY SONG

This is my song:
The heart its voice will lend the day,
My soul goes singing on its way;
What if one sigh,
Or one doth ply
His thought with smiles to hear my lay?
Each note hath mission, grave or gay,—
This is my song.

A trifling bird
Breathes forth its music in the flow
Of inborn zest for weal or woe;
To spring 'tis glad,
In fall the sad,
Sweet tones recite farewell, while blow
Soft winds that bear from haunts of snow
A trifling bird.

This song of mine,
Slight, parting tribute of the breast,
In tender moods will find a rest;
And one will weep,
While one will keep
With rippling joy the treasure blest:
Adieu! I loose, to love addressed,
This song of mine.

HANNAH DUSTIN

Canto I

How fair is spring when all the world awakes
To warmth and luster of the patient sun
That kindly merges from the wintry deep
Of snows and frosty glooms and icy frowns,
And slowly yet full surely reassumes
The path to pleasure and the pride of things
In vernal morn delighted. Time withdraws
The pallid shroud of nature, and a smile
Creeps forth from each blest nook, where goodness held
Some counsel of sweet hope in days of dark,
And kept the year's bright promise, and the face

Of the sad earth illumes with gladness free.
The little buds revive, the leaves put forth,
The rills run blithfully; the brooks increase
Their wealth of waters, and the rivers swell
In floods tumultuous, and all the scene
In light and liveliness the aspect wears
Of joy exuberant, aspiring, bent
On heights triumphant, and anon a bird
Sings the apt measure that the whole inspires
To boundless eminence of transport gay.

Such is the spring that after winter thrives,
And such indeed is sign and symbol rare
Of blither rapture in the human breast.
When sorrow crowned with joy evokes the babe
That nestles on the bosom of the dame,
Who thrills with blessedness she cannot speak,
And only lapses in the arms of bliss
Immeasurable, while, in fancy light,
Buds, leaves, rills, brooks and rivers join their zest
With hers exulting, while the tuneful bird
That warbles by her window breathes the strain
To which her heart's pulsations, and the world's
Great throbs unisonant, how blissful rise
And fall, two springs ecstatic thus in love
Found one, life's cup in nameless fullness poured!
Thus on her couch fair Hannah Dustin lay,
In the glad springtime.[1] Light reflection held
Her mind in cheerful bonds and in her heart
She mused in happiness. Upon her breast
Reposed her helpless babe—more sweet and choice
For such dependence on pure, holy love,
That wrought existence in its tender frame
And cherished innocence, in hope full strong,
Within the bosom of this gift of God,
A bud untried and blossom yet unborn.
Five days she lay and thought of blest reward
Of patient virtue, and anon the babe
Looked up and smiled, and then aloft her soul
Flew on the wings of joy to blissful heights,
Till time seemed naught but rapture and the day
The brightness of all things in one conceit
Of life transported. Then the gentle eve
With pleasant calmness, comforting and kind,
Its curtain slowly drew, and as the shade
Crept noiselessly upon the drowzy world,
Brave Thomas Dustin,[2] husband, father, friend,
Came to his humble roof, from toil released
In distant paths of labor, and he sought
The blessing of his home, his wife, his babe,

1. The exact time was March 9, 1697, when the daughter, Martha, was born.

2. Thomas Dustin married Hannah, daughter of Michael Emerson and Hannah Webster, who was born December 23, 1657, and married December 3, 1677.

His children counting years, and thrilled within
While outwardly he smiled and spoke with zest
And bright assurance of the day's award.
Then he, sire newly blest, turned to his babe,
And Mary Neff,[3] kind nurse and faithful aid
To thrift domestic, raised the darling child
And bore her to the face paternal, proud,
The while the cheek of infancy was pressed
With kisses oft repeated. Next a band
Of brothers, sisters, in abounding zeal
Of rare discernment, joined with pleasure vast,
Drew near and chatted of the features found
Of father, mother, or of older son
Or daughter, in the aspect, oft endeared,
Of the new treasure, as they fondly marked
The lustrous eyes, the ruby lips, the chin
Of dimpled loveliness, and told each sign
Of loyal blood ancestral. Then the meal,
That in the twilight paid time's honest meed
Of labor diligent and prudence just,
Was spread in plain abundance; and, refreshed
And thankful, when petition true had breathed
The heart's devotion, all the household sank
To silent slumber, and the deep, dark night
Held counsel of the future bliss or bane.

BLOSSOMING

I muse on treasures vast and rare,
  My thought goes out where wealth resides
In nameless bounty, lustrous, fair,
  Yet oft my heart in zest abides
With instincts swift that fondly cling
To some quick bud just blossoming.

My pride that seeks a gift to place
  In royal hands—my zeal that proves
Devotion fast—on gems apace
  Turns oft, and then, while fancy moves
In golden flight on buoyant wing,
Plucks a bright bud just blossoming.

O mystery! Time's sphere delights
  In things unransomed from the deeps,
And oft a theme my soul invites—
  The inwrought sense—the cause that keeps
Each modest worth in endless spring,
Like a sweet bud just blossoming.

Canto II

The morning dawns in light, and luster fills
The waking world, but when one takes the path

3. Mary, daughter of George Corliss, was the widow of William Neff, an American Colonial soldier who died at Pemaquid, Maine, in February, 1688.

To sunlit duty e'er a shadow stalks
Close by his side—the stern, unchanging gloom
That haunts all life that breathes, and moves, and feels.
Earth has no blessing potent to escape
The bane that frowns upon it. He who lives
In some exemption straight assumes the bond
That waits upon it. In the chosen land
Of households venturesome upon the verge
Of civil culture, where contentment bides
With nature bounteous and slight demands
Of arts conventional and rules austere,
There ever lurks a stealthy foe to glide
Perchance each moment from the unseen realm
Of dark uncertainty to glut its ire.
In early days, when staunch New England hearts
Their valor tested in the rustic paths
Of rural plainness, tempting, charming, kind,
Upon the borders of a realm redeemed
From the rude wilderness, there brooded foes,
And fears, and fierce affliction, till the soul
Oft sank in depths unmeasured of dark doom.
In such a plight, though half unminded still
By strong, brave natures, Thomas Dustin rose
One early morn and cheerfully assumed
The day's plain duty.[4] It was sunny March,
When the great sun had turned the wintry tide
Of the dull frost's dominion, and the spring
Came smiling up the south with light and warmth
Beneficent, to dwell and reign in love
And peace, and blessedness, in fancy's theme.
That day, the sixth since first the precious babe
Had tasted life, the thankful sire had cause
To toil in distance from his happy home;
And there great sorrow met him, as alarm
Rung in his ears the knell of dismal woe.
Of savage redmen swiftly came a band
From the north wilderness, with hate intense
To men of English blood and zeal inspired
Of social sympathy with Frenchmen bent
On English desolation[5]; and they bore
Straight on to Dustin's home, the first to feel
The stroke of their displeasure. As they thronged
Around the humble dwelling, Mary Neff,
In thoughtful tenderness, the helpless babe
Seized quickly, and anon with speed she took
The rearward path for safety, but the foe
Was there too vigilant, and nurse and child

4. Thomas Dustin lived in Haverhill, Mass., where he is thought to have come from Dover, N. H., his Haverhill home being in the western part of the town.

5. In the historic wars between England and France, in which the English and French colonies in America were involved, the American Indians predominantly sympathized with the French, killing or making prisoners of many English colonists. The prisoners were often conveyed to Canada and sold to the French. See note 9.

Became his captives, victims of his zeal
For cruel enmity that zest might crave.
Within the door next stepped the redmen fierce
And Hannah Dustin bade arise and wait
The issue of her doom. With strange recourse
Of energy unsought, she straight obeyed,
And, by indulgence, in the chimney sat,[6]
To see her dwelling rifled of its dear
Yet simple treasures, though her loving heart
And struggling mind most on her babe were bent
In anxiousness maternal. As the foe
Wrought plunder, e'en the just and patient loom
Its fragment yielded of the kindly web
To claims barbaric; and at length the flame
Received the naked tribute of the rage
That worth no longer sought in wish unpaid.

In that sad hour came Thomas Dustin, swift,
Impetuous and bold, upon his steed,
His faithful gun in rest, in sooth to seek
The issue of the peril. As he rode
In haste intense and anxious, first he spied
The rising flame that fast his home enwrapped
With hot destruction. Then, with faces pale,
With wild concern and frightful, straight he met
His darling children eight[7]—fair, blooming youth
And budding infancy—on mission bent
For safety yet uncertain. Then the man
And father for his offspring gave his quest,
Of all things else despairing, though his care
Still struggled with a doubt as for an arm
Inadequate each precious one to save
From danger terrible. The redmen fierce
Him thus espied, and hastily their steps,
With shrieks demonic, on him bent for prize
Of savage valor, and one moment then
His heart grew partial, as he thought within,
"If I one child embrace in happy flight
And safety sure, I may have comfort yet
Of one life rescued from the depths of doom,
The rest to God surrendered, having done
My all and best." Then quickly loyal love
In ardor limitless, his mood reversed
To resolution perfect, and he thought,
"As One who died but once and yet for all,
So shall this day prove fate for me and mine;
Not one life held the less nor one the more,—
To Him who rules the world I give the hour
And take my stand!" His children nearer drew

6. In early New England dwellings, the customary immense fire-place often afforded a space in which one could sit and even look up the chimney.

7. The following were their names and approximate ages: Hannah, 19; Elizabeth, 17; Thomas, 14; Nathaniel, 12; Sarah, 9; Abagail, 7; Jonathan, 5; Timothy, 3.

And cried in tearfulness, "What shall we do?"
And he said, "Flee! Take fast the certain way
To yonder garrison upon the hill![8]
I on this horse will follow, and the foe
That comes too near will meet the deadly fate
That this good gun makes certain!" Onward rushed
The young and sad procession, and the sire
To promise true rode after, and when once
A savage warrior in his onset swift
Of mad pursuit too ardently displayed
His zestful purpose, Dustin's gun returned
The deadly salutation, and the brave
So furious fell down and wallowed there,
His blood the fresh earth staining. Once again,
And still once more, a leaden missive sent
Both backward and unerring to its goal,
Made death's doom certain to some redman fired
By zeal presumptuous, pursuing, proud.
The dreadful march held on, and soon the feet
Of youth grew weary and young childhood's steps
Half halted, and anon a feebler child
Tripped and fell prone, and one his garment cast
And fain looked backward for the treasure lost.
The while the father shouted, "Keep straight on!
Stay not for aught! The fort alone seek fast!"
And then his gun spoke to the startled air,
A savage knell reciting. Lastly, when
Each fleeing youthful breath came short and faint,
And each escaping childish foot failed hard,
Great Wisdom proved compassion, and the door
Of the kind fortress oped and took them in—
The young, the fair, the helpless—and their hearts
In comfort gave deep thanks despite love's tears.

Brave Dustin rested not, but homeward turned
With speed to gain such knowledge as might bear
The message of sweet hope of her and them
Who made the measure of his care complete
For his loved household. At the smoking site
Where was his blissful home, black fragments lay
Of the blest structure, wife and babe and nurse—
Souls of uncertain fate—unseen and gone.
It was the spring, but Dustin felt no glow
Of the bright season. Smiling green the earth
Was slowly carpeting, but he no sign
Of joy renewed took notice. Just away
A little space, a babbling rillet clear
Ran laughingly, but Dustin heard it not;
And when a bird piped out a gladsome lay
His ear was all untouched, for grief was great.

(To be continued.)

8. This is believed to have been the garrison of Onisephorus Marsh on Pecker's Hill.

Of Such Is Life

By Frank Monroe Beverly

It was autumn!

Bernard Monrovia sat near the door of his mountain cabin. The pale sunshine of the evening fell about the steps. A lone cicada sang from the nearby somewhere, and its song was borne out upon the October air. Somehow this reminded Bernard of other days. Three girls were in the road above the house, chatting in subdued voices. Once, and once only, did he hear a slight laugh among the trio, and that sounded to him as if half suppressed, he thought, in order to be in keeping with the state of his surroundings. To him everything wore an aspect of sadness.

Bernard's young wife, pale and emaciated, lay upon an humble bed in a corner of the house near a small window, through which she now and then cast a longing look and shuddered visibly.

"Bernard."

The man quickly rose from his seat to answer his wife's call.

"What is it, Zitella?"

"The flowers are dying, dear."

"Yes, dearest, they are nearly all dead. The air has chilled them."

"The air is chilly; it affects me."

Bernard and Zitella had been married only a few months. The girl's family had opposed their union, and their marriage vows had been taken after an elopement. Zitella's parents had never forgiven her. Bernard was poor, and being poor often makes a man unworthy—in the eyes of some people. Bernard had taken his young wife and the small sum of money he could raise and gone to the mountains of Virginia, near the Kentucky border. There he had purchased a small piece of wild land, built a cabin and cleared a few acres of ground around it. He had grown some corn, and the brown shocks stood here and there about the premises.

Zitella had contracted a fever in the latter part of August. The mountain doctor, whose medicines consisted chiefly of herbs which he gathered from the woods, attended her. She seemed to be losing ground, despite his efforts to restore her. The neighborhood was sparsely peopled, and but few came to visit the sick woman.

Bernard was sitting beside his wife. She seemed to have dropped into an easy sleep. As she lay upon the bed he could not help contrasting in his mind's eye her thin, wan features with her sweet face and rosy cheeks of a few months before.

Bang!

The clear, shrill report of a gun startled the stillness of the evening air, and Zitella was awake.

"What was it, Bernard?"

"Only some one shooting at a squirrel, Zitella."

"Bring me a little water, Bernard."

The woman drank the water, and the conversation between the two continued.

"Bernard, we should have been happy, could I have lived, couldn't we?"

"Yes, dearest, but I hope you'll recover, and that we shall yet be happy."

"No, Bernard, I must go."

His heart sank and tears started to his eyes.

"I will gather some wood and kindle a little fire, for it is chilly."

"Well," she said sadly.

He went out into the woods and

gathered some fagots with which to kindle a fire upon the hearth. The blazing fagots sent out a genial warmth, but the light, he thought, gave the little room a weird appearance, for it was then growing dark.

Nobody came to watch with him by the bedside of his sick wife, and he felt a deep sense of his loneliness. He lighted a small lamp which he set upon a little table near the bed. As he did so, she turned her face toward him and said:

"I want some water, Bernard."

"The water is out, dearest, but I'll go to the spring and bring a pitcherful."

When he brought the water he gave her a glassful which she drank, and then said:

"Now I will sleep."

"Yes, a little sleep will help you."

She lay still for awhile, but breathed heavily. Then she talked incoherently. The lugubrious note of a wood owl rang from a nearby tree. The noise died away and left a painful stillness. The woman sprang up frantically, uttered a wild cry and sank back upon the bed. She was still. Bernard listened, but could not hear her breathe. He felt for her pulse; it was still.

O God!

He wandered out into the night. The myriad stars looked down upon him pityingly. His heart was broken but the fountain of his tears had run dry.

Freeling, Virginia.

When *the* Corn is Growing

By Georgiana A. Prescott

When the corn is growing on many a hillside
Earth seems an Eden. Life is at its high tide.
What a glorious sight under the August skies!
'Tis a scene to gladden e'en an angel's eyes.
Rejoice, O man and beast and bird, as the corn grows,
Dispenser of cheer! Hunger's foe, as all the world knows;
Plenty's cohorts all agleam in green and gold.
The story of your birth, O Maize, you never told.
From the far past on and on through the ages
You have puzzled oft times the world's great sages.
Tell us, O Maize, from whence did you come? Whisper it
In your sweet rustling speech. When the earth was sunlit
Were you down-dropped from above within the earth?
Are you a manna plant of Heavenly birth?
On lowland and mountain fair flowers are spread.
Marvels of beauty, but man's first need is bread.
What grace and comeliness in the growing corn!
Stately and grand like its Chief at our nation's morn.
Forever wave thy pennants from hillsides and vales,
Mingle thy harmonies sweet with the summer gales,
Forever wave like our flag over our land
Without a peer upon Columbia's strand.

gathered some facots with which to kindle a fire upon the hearth. The blazing flagots sent out a genial warmth, but the light, he thought, gave the little room a weird appearance, for it was then growing dusk.

Nobody came to watch with him by the bedside of his sick wife, and he felt a deep sense of his loneliness. He lighted a small lamp which he set upon a little table near the bed. As he did so, she turned her face toward him and said:

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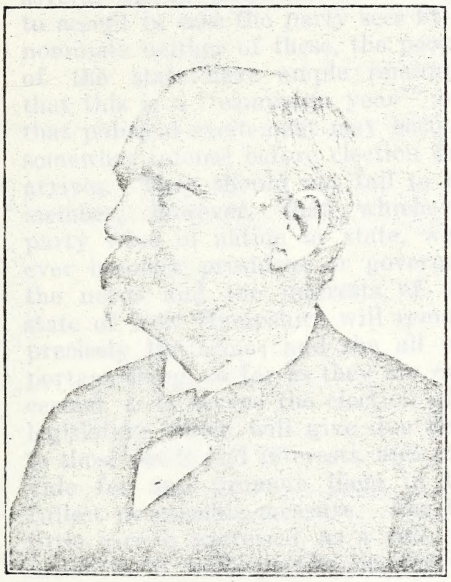
"Now I will sleep."

New Hampshire Necrology

HORACE E. CHAMBERLIN

Horace Elliott Chamberlin, long prominent in New England railroad life, died at his home in Concord June 4, 1908.

Mr. Chamberlin was a native of Newbury, Vt., born November 30, 1834. He was educated at Bradford Academy and Newbury Seminary and commenced his active career as a railroad man at Littleton, going there as station agent upon



Horace E. Chamberlin

the opening of the White Mountain Railroad to that place in 1856. Here he remained about seven years, when he went to Burlington, Vt., as agent of the Rutland Railroad, serving subsequently as general freight agent of the latter corporation for several years. In 1871 he came to Concord to take the position of superintendent of the Concord Railroad, which he filled with distinguished ability for about twenty years, till the union of the Concord with the Boston & Maine. A year later he was appointed superintendent of the Concord Division of the Boston & Maine, serving in that capacity until his resignation on account of ill health, about eight years ago. Mr. Chamberlin was one of the most efficient practical railroad men in New England and was widely popular. In politics he was a Democrat, and in religion a Unitarian. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and funeral honors were rendered him by Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. T., of Concord. March 31, 1880, he was united in marriage with Nellie M., daughter of the late Perley Putnam of Laconia, by whom he is survived.

FRED P. VIRGIN

Fred Peaslee Virgin, senior member of the well-known wholesale grocery firm of Martin L. Hall & Co., of Boston, died at the Parker House, in that city, May 29, from heart disease.

Mr. Virgin was born in East Concord, in this state, January 28, 1853, a son of Rufus and Mary A. (Stevens) Virgin. He attended the academies at Penacook and Derry, and in early youth entered the employ of Martin L. Hall & Co., of Boston, with which firm he remained connected through life, having been general manager and head of the firm for several years past. He was prominently identified with the business world throughout New England, was vice-president of the Cary Maple Sugar Co., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a vice-president of the Boston Wholesale Grocers' Association, a member of the executive committee of the New England Wholesale Grocers' Association, and a director of the Faneuil Hall National Bank. His home had always been retained in Concord, where he was widely popular. Politically he was an earnest Democrat. June 13, 1876, he married Ada L. Batchelder of Concord, by whom he is survived, with two children, a son and daughter.

HON. WILLIAM H. PARKER

Hon. William H. Parker, of Deadwood, South Dakota, Representative in Congress from that state, born in Keene, N. H., May 5, 1847, died June 26, 1908.

Mr. Parker served in the Union Army during the civil war. June 27, 1867, he married Clara E. Thomas of Washington, by whom he is survived, with eight children. He graduated from the law department of the Columbian University at Washington in 1868. In 1874 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for Colorado, and in 1876 became U. S. District Attorney for the same territory. In 1877 he removed to South Dakota, where he served in both branches of the legislature and as state's attorney and was elected to the Sixtieth Congress in 1906.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

The national convention of one of the great parties having recently completed its work, and that of the other being just about to assemble, and a lively contest being already in progress between two prominent members of the dominant party for the gubernatorial nomination, with several others mentioned as willing to accept in case the party sees fit to nominate neither of these, the people of the state have ample reminder that this is a "campaign year" and that political excitement may become somewhat intense before election day arrives. They should not fail to remember, however, that whichever party wins in nation or state, whoever becomes president or governor, the needs and the interests of the state of New Hampshire will remain precisely the same; and the all important thing, so far as they are concerned, is to secure the election of a legislature which will give due heed to those needs and interests, and provide for and promote them in the fullest practicable measure. Far too little care is exercised, as a rule, by members of both parties, in the selection of the men who are to make up the legislature of the state, in the two branches. Not "whose turn is it to go," or who has worked most zealously for "the party," should be the question in mind in making selection, but who will best serve the state if elected. The further improvement of our schools and highways, the conservation of our forests, the better development of our natural resources, the enactment of such measures as will promote the physical, mental and moral well being of the people, and make New Hampshire not only a more attractive state for the summer resident, but a more desirable permanent home for all, are the prime objects that should be held in mind in selecting the men who are to enact our laws.

There is a revival of interest in the long considered project for an electric railway line from Concord to Dover, through Northwood. The Northwood Improvement Club has taken up the matter and is endeavoring to interest enterprising capitalists in the project. Should it be carried through it will bring quite an attractive section of the state, now without transportation facilities, into close connection with the outside world, and will be particularly promotive of the development of the summer business of the state. Whether the enterprise will pay as a direct business investment for the first ten years is a somewhat doubtful question perhaps; but it would be of vast advantage to Concord and Dover and the intervening towns, and all can well afford to extend substantial material aid in carrying it through.

Mr. Herbert Myrick, editor of the *New England Homestead,* of Springfield, has conceived a good many Utopian schemes that have failed of practical development, but he has one now under way that seems not only practicable, but in the highest degree conducive to the welfare of New England, if actually carried out. He proposes the holding of a New England Development Congress, or conference, to be called by the governors of the six New England states, acting in unison, to consider and promote measures for the greater and better development of this important section of the country, through united and harmonious action on the part of all the states. The scheme is a commendable one and should be heartily encouraged by every New Englander.

VOL. XL, No. 8 AUGUST, 1908 New Series, Vol. III, No. 8

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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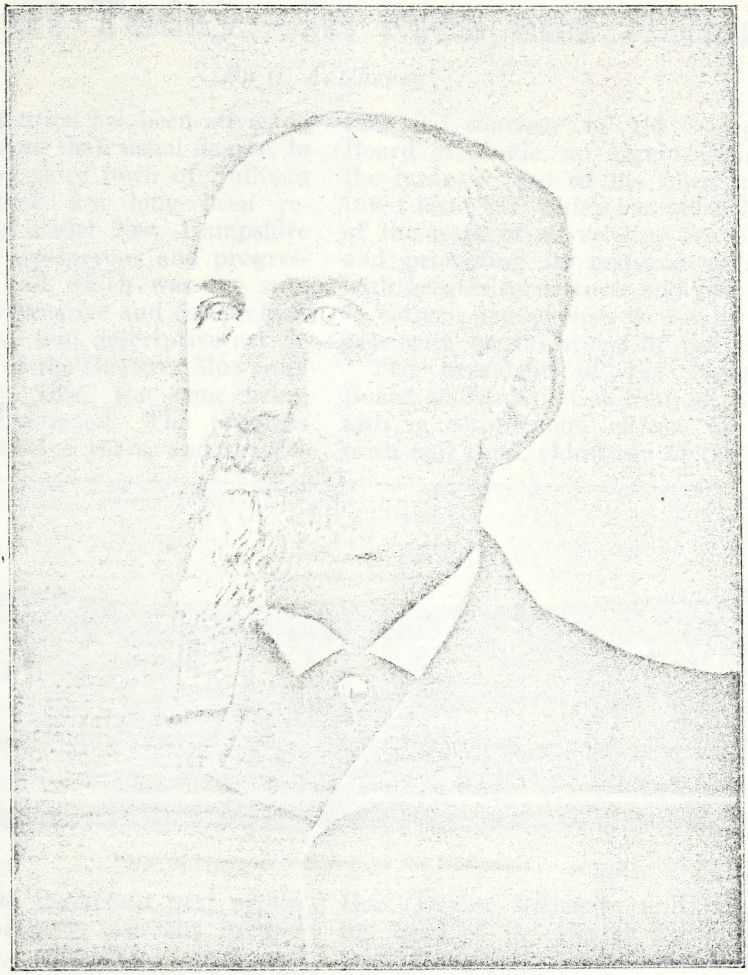
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

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CONCORD, N. H., 1908

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DANIEL C. CORBIN
Spokane, Wash.
President Spokane and International Railway

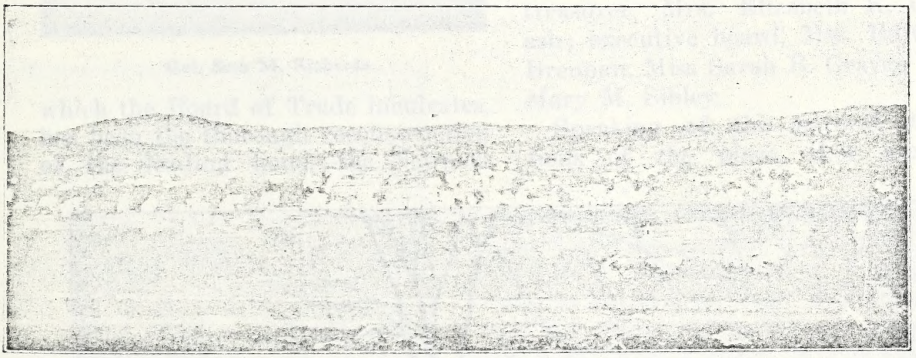
THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XL, No. 8. AUGUST, 1908. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, No. 8.

Newport Today—Its Men and Affairs

By G. A. Cheney

Public attention has been attracted of late, in more than usual degree, to Newport, the shire town of Sullivan County, which has long been regarded as a model New Hampshire town of the prosperous and progressive order, and which was the subject of an exhaustive and comprehensive historical and descriptive article in the issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1896, the same being profusely illustrated. The progress of the last twelve years, and the developments of the recent past within its limits, properly warrant further reference to this wide awake and flourishing town—its men and affairs at this time.



View of Newport Village from the Northwest

Among the events that have made Newport particularly conspicuous of late is the visit of the New Hampshire Board of Trade, on the occasion of its recent summer outing, June 30–July 1, when an unusually large attendance was commanded, and the occasion made unusually enjoyable, through the solicitous attention and courtesy of the Newport Board of Trade, an organization of the business men of the town instituted last year, which has taken hold of the work of advertising the place and promoting its material welfare with greater earnestness and zeal and to better purpose than is usually the case with organizations of the kind.

The president of the Newport Board of Trade is Col. Seth M. Richards, a conspicuous citizen of the town and state, eldest son of the late Hon. Dexter Richards, and managing head of the Dexter Richards & Sons Company, flannel manufacturers, whose establishment has been for more than half a century the leading industry of Newport. Colonel Richards and this manufactory were the subject of an illustrated article in the GRANITE MONTHLY of May, 1900. The vice-presidents are P. A. Johnson, O. H. Chase and F. O. Chellis, and the secretary, Herbert F. Barry.

A marked improvement completed during the past year, the result of

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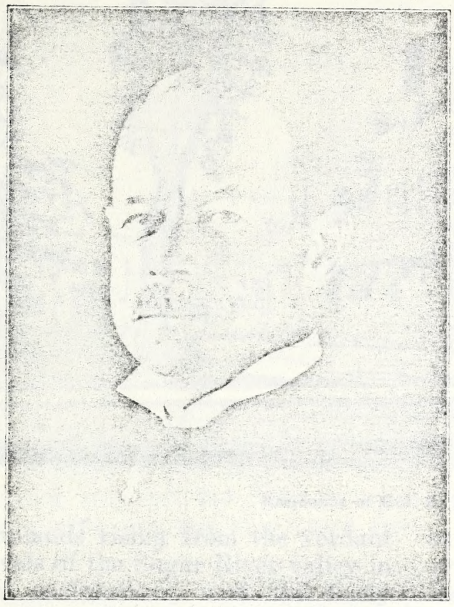
View of Newport Village from the Northeast

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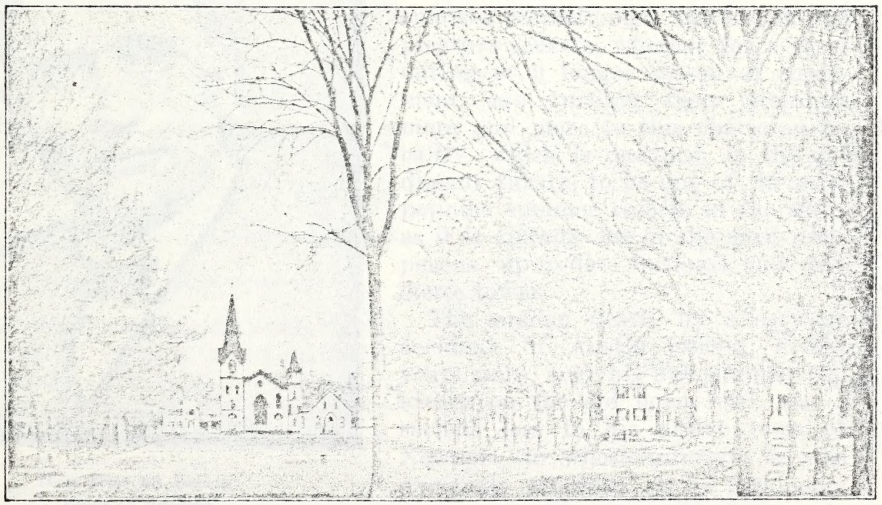
individual enterprise in which Colonel Richards was a leading factor, stimulated by the "Newport spirit"



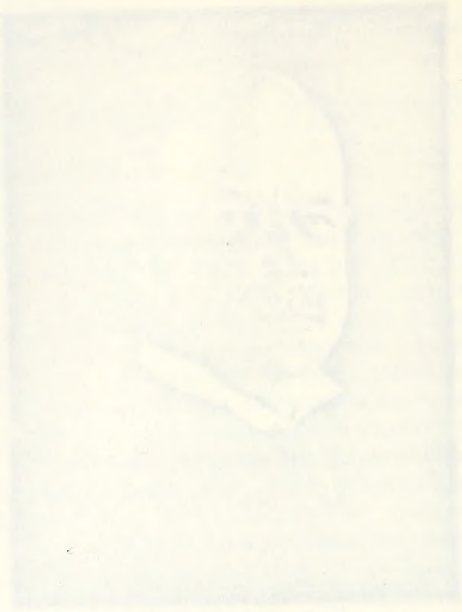
Col. Seth M. Richards

which the Board of Trade inculcates, has been the thorough reconstruction of the leading hotel—the Newport House—which is now one of the most elegantly finished and thoroughly equipped hotels in New England outside of the large cities. It is the presence of such a hotel as this, along with the natural attractions of the town, that is making Newport the resort of such representative bodies as the State Board of Trade, the New Hampshire Pharmaceutical Association, which held its annual meeting here a few weeks since, and the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which will hold its fall field meeting here the last of next month, upon invitation of the Newport Woman's Club, which latter organization, by the way, is of comparatively recent origin, having been organized Jan. 10, 1905. This club has a present membership of 70. It holds meetings twice a month and is officered for the present year as follows: President, Mrs. Mary M. Sibley; vice-presidents, Mrs. Gertrude Claggett, Mrs. Edith J. Viles; secretary, Mrs. Edith J. Richards; treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Gamash; executive board, Mrs. Edith J. Brennan, Miss Sarah B. Graves, Mrs. Mary M. Sibley.

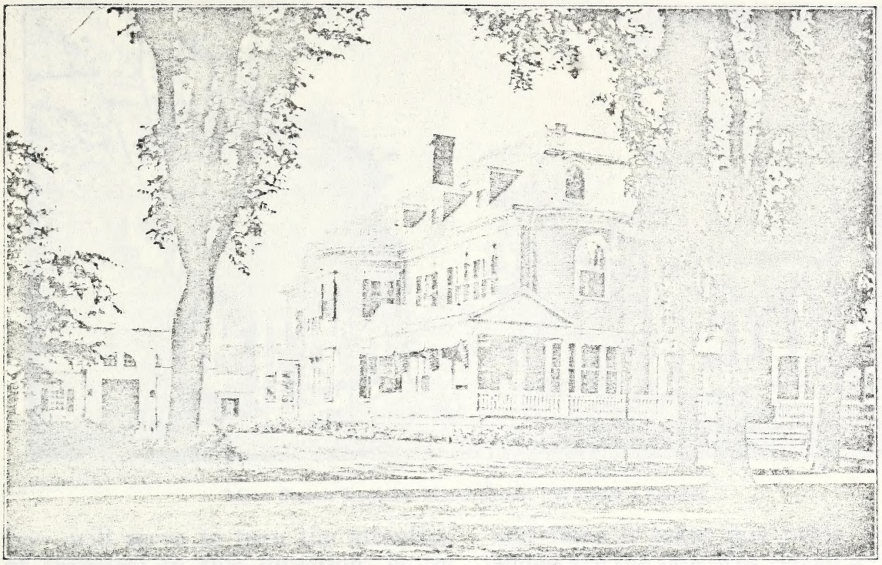
Speaking of the natural attractions of the place, they are indeed of a superior order. The immediate scenery is rarely beautiful,



The "Common" and Baptist Church

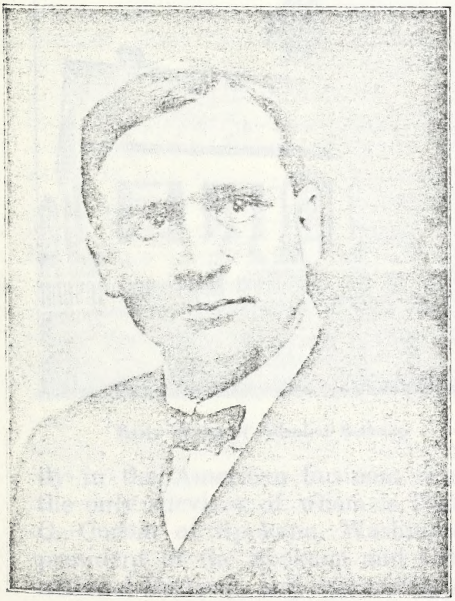






Residence of Col. S. M. Richards

the uplands rising from the verdant intervals of the Sugar River valley in gentle undulations, with the finely



Hon. Jesse M. Barton
Judge of Probate

wooded hills in the background, and old Croydon Mountain, now the central feature of the famous Corbin's, or Blue Mountain, park, rising up grandly in the distance. With romantic Lake Sunapee, a thousand feet above the sea level, but six miles away on the one hand, and this magnificent park of 27,000 acres of mountain forest—the largest private park in America—on the other, it is not to be wondered that nature lovers, summer recreationists and health and pleasure seekers, whether for a short outing or a longer season of enjoyment, are turning their attention more and more to this charming locality, which is destined, in the not distant future, to be one of the most popular summer resorts in the state, as it is already one of the most prosperous, up-to-date business and residence towns.

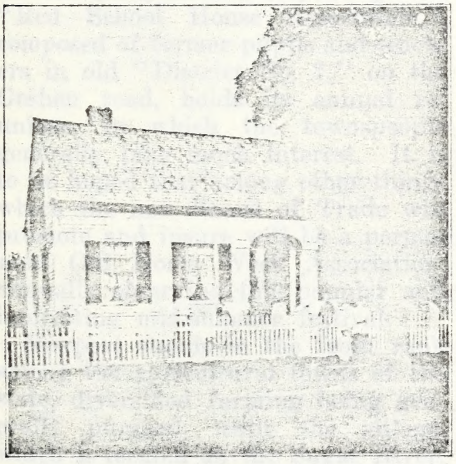
The sudden death, by a carriage accident, of Austin Corbin, a few years since, near his fine summer residence on the old homestead, was a serious loss to his native town of Newport, to whose interests he was devotedly attached, as he had many projected improvements in mind; but the unique enterprise of the park, above mentioned, with its great herd of buffalo—the largest in the coun-





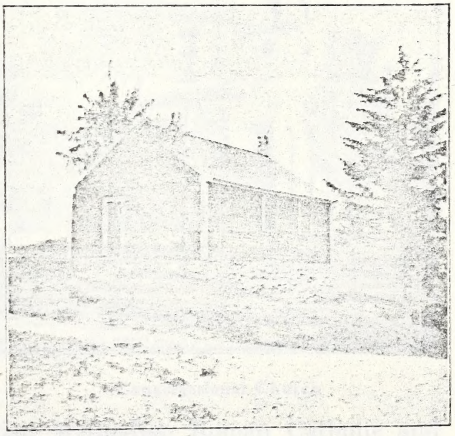
Main Street, Looking North from "Wheeler's Corner"

try—will serve to turn the attention of travelers in this direction, in increasing numbers for years to come. Mr. Corbin was one of a noted fam-



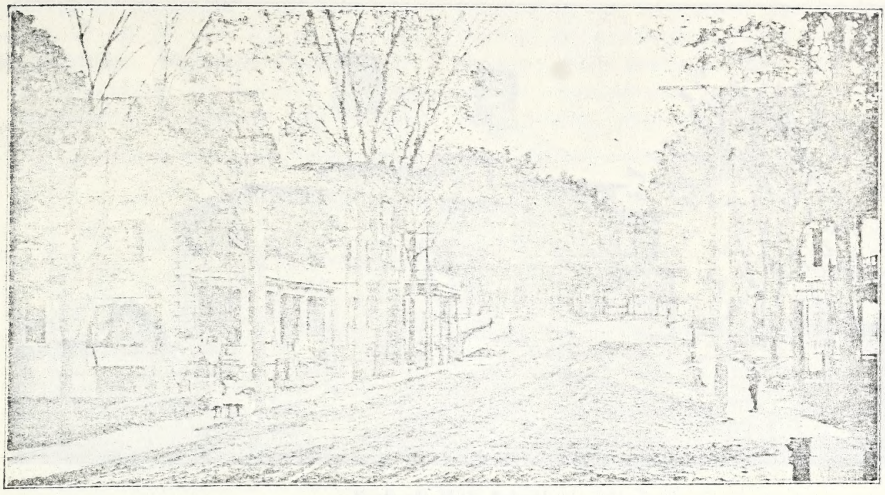
Early Home of Admiral Belknap

ily in the American business world, the only survivor of whom is Daniel C. Corbin of Spokane, Washington, president of the Spokane and International Railway, and extensively engaged in various other enterprises, who may safely be counted as Newport's most successful living son. And here it may be noted that the town has given birth to many persons of distinction in whose names and fame it takes due pride, among whom are the late Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author and editor, Hon. Edwin O. Stannard, president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce and ex-Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, Marion McGregor Christopher, long the famous organist of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, and the late Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, one of the most accomplished officers of the American navy, whose boyhood home still stands in the village.



The "Red School House"

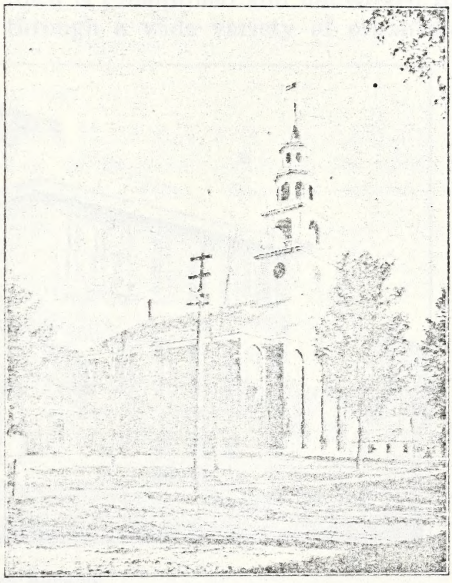
When "Old Home Week" was instituted in 1899, Newport had an elaborate celebration, inviting home



South Main Street

the wandering children of the town from all over the land, but since that year this festival has not been observed in a general sense, though the "Red School House Association," composed of former pupils and teachers in old "District No. 7," on the Goshen road, holds its annual reunions, in which the townspeople generally take much interest. It is to be hoped that among other things which the new Board of Trade will promote and insure will be a permanent Old Home Week Association, annually observing this popular and interesting mid-summer festival.

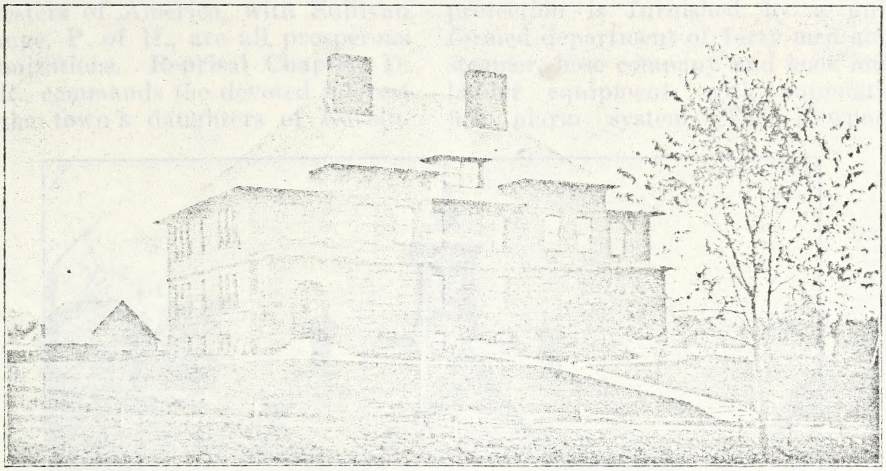
Newport stands in the front rank among the agricultural towns of the state, diversified farming being generally pursued, while the village, which is located on the Sugar River, near the confluence of the main stream (the outlet of Lake Sunapee) with the Goshen branch, is a lively manufacturing, commercial and business center. The population of the town, which was 3,100 in 1900, is now not far from 4,000. Its valuation for taxation purposes is $1,627,740. The village streets are well kept and the highways of the town are generally excellent—among the best in the state. The village has a good sewerage system, a superior water-service and an excellent electric-lighting plant. It has five churches, well maintained—Congregationalist, Bap-



Congregational Church

tist, Methodist, Roman Catholic and Episcopal, the latter, the Church, or Mission, of the Epiphany, established two years since.

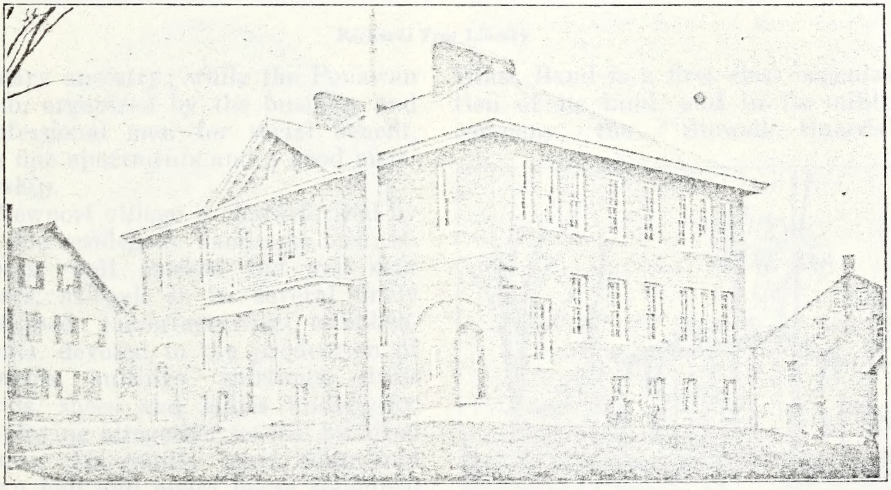
The schools of the town are well



Richards High School

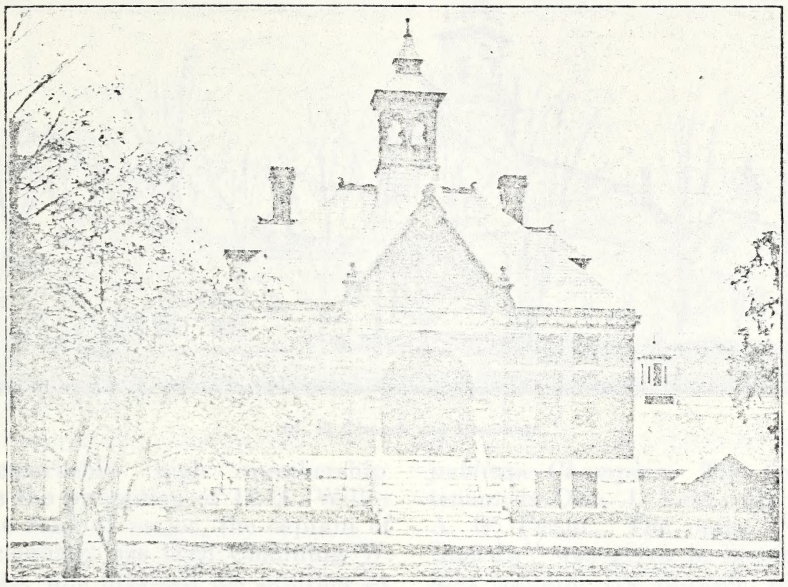
managed and well housed, this town and Sunapee constituting a supervisory district, under expert management. The Richards High School and the new primary school building are among the best school edifices in the state. The former was a gift to the town by the late Hon. Dexter Richards, as was the elegant and costly Richards Free Library building, wherein are shelved 8,000 volumes with room for 5,000 more. It has two spacious reading rooms and a fine museum in the basement with various interesting collections. The librarian, Miss Annie Parmelee, fills her position with rare skill and intelligence.

The social and fraternal life of the town is exemplified and ministered to through a wide variety of organizations. Mt. Vernon Lodge, Chapter of the Tabernacle, and Aurora Chapter of the Eastern Star, in Masonry; Sugar River Lodge, Stony Brook Encampment, and Hopeful Rebekah Lodge, in Odd Fellowship; Newport Lodge, K. of P., and Court Newport,



Primary School Building

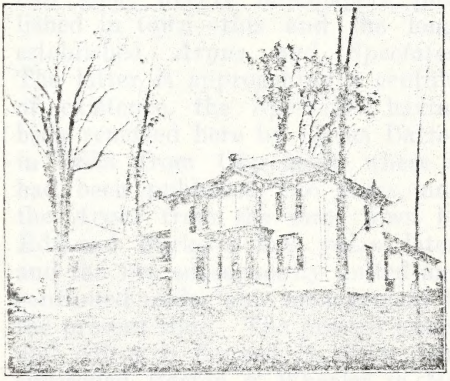
Foresters of America, with Sullivan Grange, P. of H., are all prosperous organizations. Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., commands the devoted interest of the town's daughters of Revolu-



Richards Free Library

tionary ancestry; while the Penawan Club, organized by the business and professional men for social benefit, has fine apartments and a good membership.

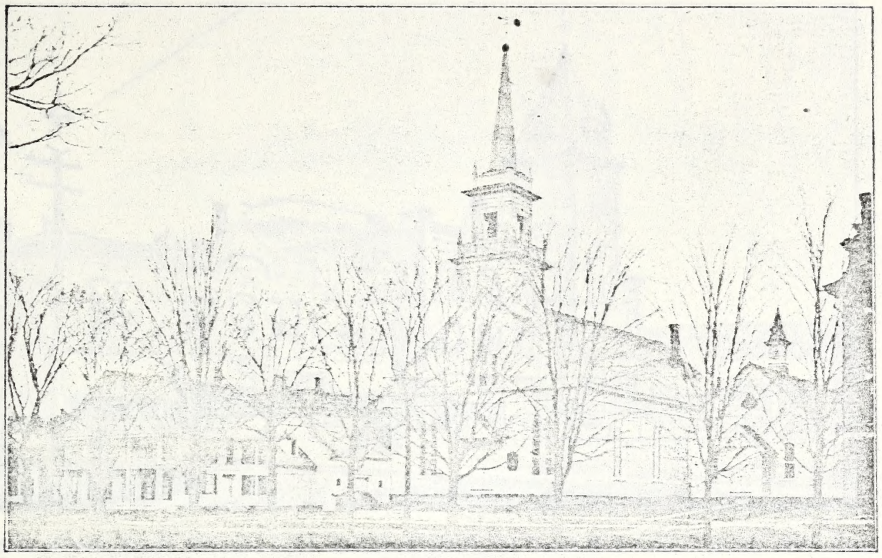
Newport village is characterized by its fine residences, handsome business blocks, well stocked and well kept stores, as well as its several finely equipped manufacturing establishments, devoted to the production of flannels, suitings, shirtings, dress goods, shoes and ladies underwear, employing altogether several hundred hands. Its county court house and town hall and opera house combined is one of the best public buildings in the state, and the opera house among the best appointed. Two national banks—the First National and the Citizens, and two savings banks—the Newport and the Sugar River—accommodate the financial interests of the town and vicinity. Superior fire protection is furnished by a uniformed department of forty men and steamer, hose company and hook and ladder equipment, with automatic fire alarm system. The Newport Brass Band is a first class organization of its kind, and in its militia company, the "Stowell Guards"



Sullivan County Jail

(Company M, Second Regiment, N. H. N. G.), the town takes special pride. This company has long maintained a high grade of efficiency, and





M. E. Church and Parsonage

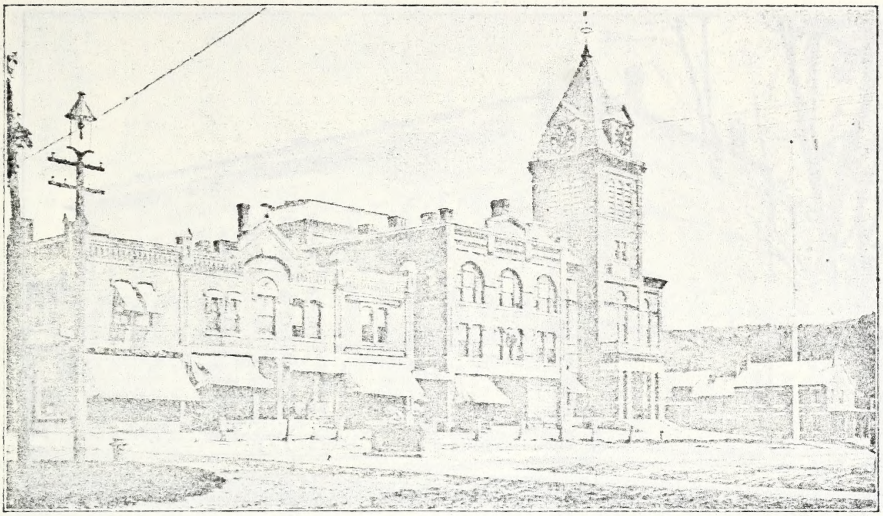
a remarkably high membership. Since the promotion of H. A. Willey to the rank of major, the captain of the company has been Channing W. Barnes, who attained his position by



Capt. Channing W. Barnes

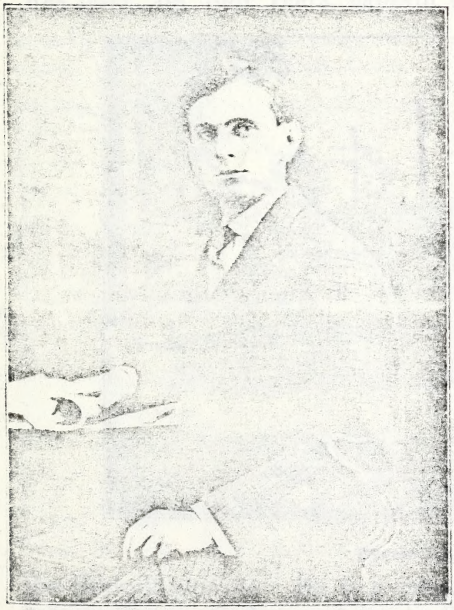
successive steps from the ranks. Captain Barnes is a newspaper man and at present employed on the *Republican Champion*. The first lieutenant is Olin J. Lear; the second, A. G. Pecoir. The name, "Stowell Guards," was given in honor of the first captain, Ira Stowell, who died while in command of the company during its service in the Spanish-American War.

Speaking of the *Republican Champion* recalls the fact that there are two good weekly newspapers published in town—this and the long-established *Argus and Spectator*. The latter is approaching a century of existence, the *Spectator* having been removed here by Cyrus Barton in 1825 from Claremont, where it had been published two years, and the *Argus* from the same town by Edmund Burke a few years later, and the two subsequently united and continued under able management to the present time. The present owner and editor is Samuel H. Edes, who succeeded Barton & Wheeler in November last. Mr. Edes is a native of Newport and a member of one of its old time families, and is finely equipped by nature, inclination and training for newspaper work. Politically he is an earnest Democrat



East Side of Main Street, Showing Lewis Buildings, Opera and Court House and Citizens' New Hampshire Bank

and continues the paper in that line of faith, and is otherwise active in the work and counsels of his party.



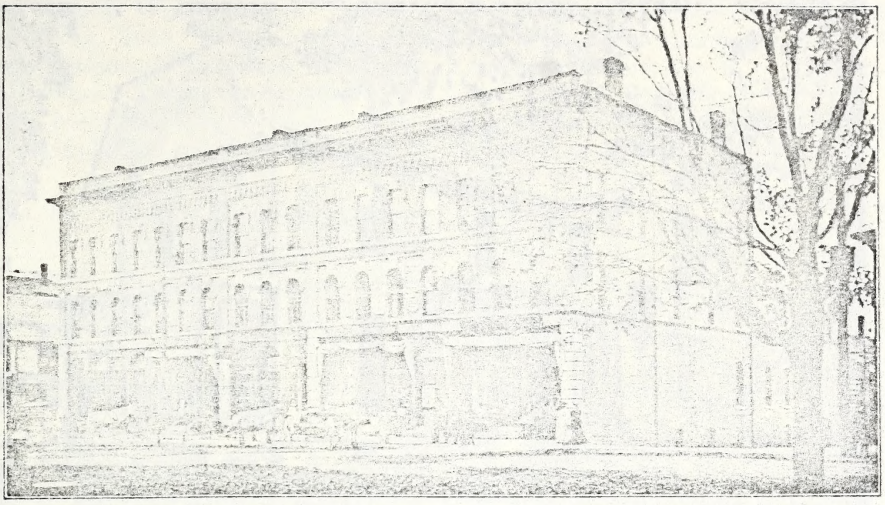
Samuel H. Edes

The *Republican Champion,* politically Republican, as its name indicates, was established here in 1891 and now, and since 1904, owned and edited by Olin H. Chase, who flung from his office a Taft and Sherman flag in less than half an hour after news of the completion of the Chicago ticket



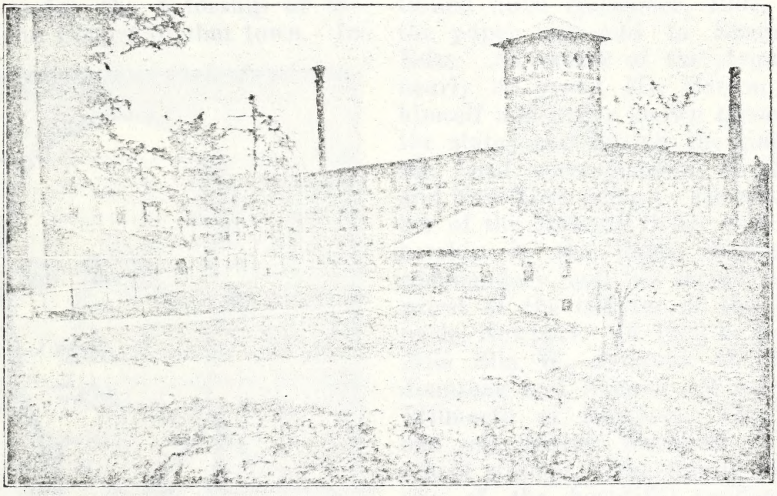
Olin H. Chase

was received—probably the first party flag hung out in the state in this campaign. Mr. Chase is a native of Springfield, but has lived in Newport since boyhood. He is a



Richards Block

graduate of its high school, and went to the Spanish-American War as first sergeant of the Newport company, returning a second lieutenant. He was later, for four years, captain of



Dexter Richards & Sons Mills

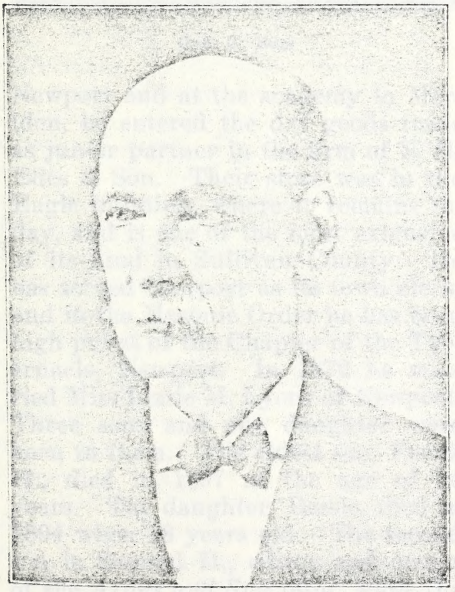
the Stowell Guards. He is a valued personality in all that pertains to the welfare of the town.

To the neighboring town of Croydon Newport is indebted for many of its substantial and representative citizens, among whom is Hubbard A. Barton, who for a generation past has made Newport his home, and played an honorable part in the affairs of the town and in the newspaper field of the state. He was born May 12, 1842, the son of Caleb L. and Bethia Tuck Barton. The family came originally from Worcester County, Mass., where it has now many honored representatives, notable among whom is the famous Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross organization. Mr. Barton in



Residence of H. A. Barton

early manhood conducted the ancestral farm in Croydon, where he was for some years superintendent of schools, having been himself educated largely under the tutorship of the noted John Cooper of that town. In

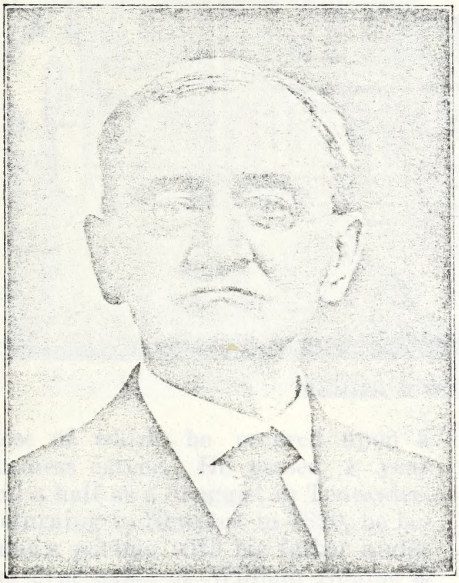


Hubbard A. Barton

1879 he removed to Newport and, with W. W. Prescott, bought the New Hampshire *Argus and Spectator,* the editorship of which he assumed. In 1880 George B. Wheeler bought the Prescott interest and the firm name became Barton & Wheeler, which continued until November, 1907, when the paper was sold to Samuel H. Edes. As editor of the *Argus* for nearly 30 years, Mr. Barton made himself and paper known throughout the state; and during the time was the local correspondent of Boston and New York papers. He is a member of the Masonic Order with membership in the lodge, chapter and commandery, and has served as high priest of the chapter of the Tabernacle, Newport. In 1882 he married Miss Ella W., daughter of the late Jonathan and Eleanor (Woodworth) Wilmarth of Newport. They have one son, Henry Wilmarth, a high school student. The family home is one of the beautiful residences of Newport.

A long time and widely known merchant in Newport is George Canning Edes, whose family name has been familiar many years in the annals of Sullivan County. Here lived his grandfather, Amasa Edes, a lawyer of state wide repute, as was likewise his son, Samuel H. Edes, who died in 1904. The subject of

this sketch was born in Sunapee April 23, 1849, while his parents were temporary residents, returning to Newport a year later, which has since been the family home. After the completion of his school life in



Geo. C. Edes

Newport and at the academy in Meriden, he entered the dry goods trade as junior partner in the firm of S. H. Edes & Son. Their store was in the Eagle building, where it remains today, and is one of the most extensive of its kind in Sullivan County. He has served Newport as its town clerk, and in the Masonic Order he has been high priest of the Chapter of the Tabernacle, Newport. In 1872 he married Miss Lizzie M. Lyons of Newport. Three sons and one daughter were born to them. The eldest son, Frank H., died in 1897 at the age of 24 years. The daughter, Bessie, died in 1894 when 18 years old. The second son is Samuel H., editor and owner of the *Argus and Spectator,* while the youngest son is at home. Mrs. Edes died in 1896. In 1898 Mr. Edes married Miss Amanda L. Whitney of Newport. The mother of Mr. Edes was before her marriage Miss Julia A. Nourse, and she is yet living in the Newport homestead.

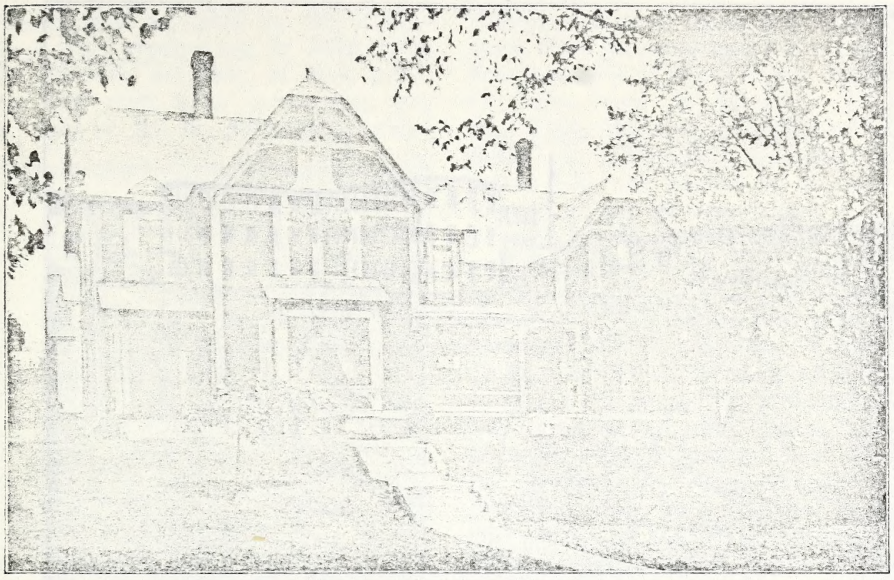
The observant stranger in Newport is quick to perceive that its future is secure because of the number of young men who have made the town their home and are active in the promotion of its welfare and general progress. Conspicuous among these young Newport business men is William Hatch Nourse, treasurer and manager of the Nourse Hardware Company. He was born here April 20, 1867, son of William and Ellen M. (Hatch) Nourse. Mr. Nourse, the senior, is still in active business, though in his eighty-seventh year, and is president of the corporation bearing his name. Every day he is seen at his store, his genial temperament a benediction upon all and his



William H. Nourse

courteous, sincere manner a source of perpetual sunshine.

Mr. Nourse, the younger, completed his school life by a course in a Manchester commercial college, at the



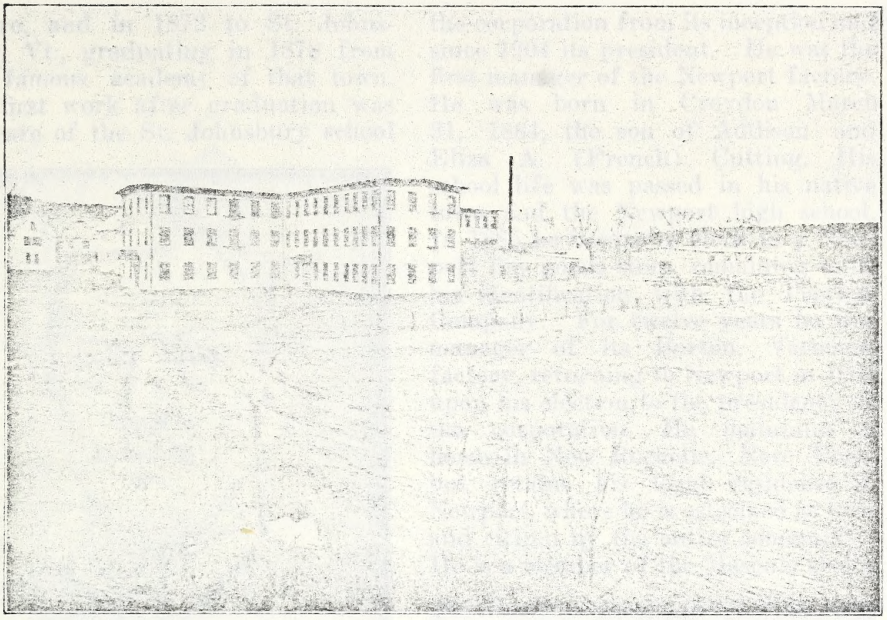
Residence of William H. Nourse

close of which he entered upon a business career. He passed a year and a half as a druggist in Tennessee. Returning to Newport in 1890, he became a partner with his father under the firm name of William Nourse & Son. In 1897 the business was incorporated, as already designated, and with Charles B. Spofford of Claremont, son-in-law of William Nourse, as clerk. The business is the largest of its kind in central Sullivan County and includes everything that pertains to the hardware trade. Mr. Nourse has served Newport as a town supervisor, is a Mason and past high priest, R. A. M., a member of the Shrine and of the Red Men. He married Miss Belle E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Gunnison of Newport. The family residence is one of the many charming Newport homes.

A leading industrial interest in Newport and western New Hampshire is the Peerless Manufacturing Company, the product of which is women's muslin underwear, lingerie and the like. It was in 1887 that the Peerless Company had its beginning, which was upon a modest and unpretentious scale; yet it has grown and developed with a rapidity that is nothing short of phenomenal even in this land of great industrial achievement. The diminutive building that sufficed at the start has grown to proportions that afford the employment of 200 people and become the parent plant of another of similar capacity in Barton, Vt., and yet another in Greenfield, Mass., thus making the concern one of the largest industries of its kind in the country. The plant in Barton is of like capacity with that in Newport, while the one in Greenfield, which is the most recent of the three, requires 250 hands when operated at its full capacity. All three plants are admirable in construction and equipment, and their maintenance is faultless in every detail. The fact that the Newport plant has been enlarged three times significantly illustrates the success of the enterprise.

The Peerless Manufacturing Company is the creation of Newport men, capital and initiative. Its founders were Charles M. Emerson, A. E. Al-





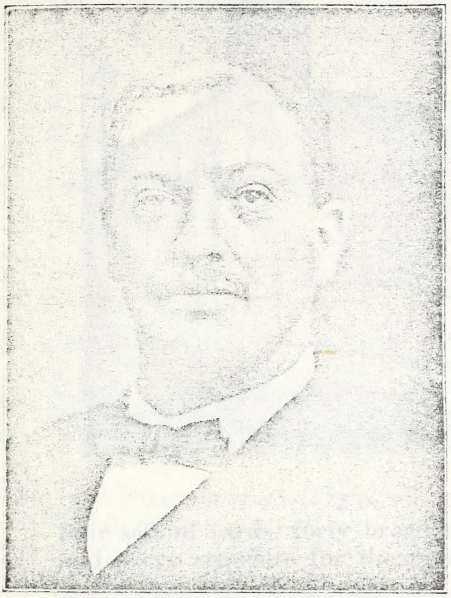
The Peerless Manufacturing Co.'s Mills

drich and Francis W. Cutting, who organized as a firm; but within the year M. S. Jackson, who died in 1892, and P. A. Johnson were admitted and the company was incorporated. Later Elwin N. Johnson was chosen to succeed Mr. Jackson. Mr. Emerson was made president of the corporation; Mr. Aldrich, vice-president; Mr. Johnson, secretary, and Mr. Cutting, treasurer. In 1904 Mr. Cutting became president and so continues, as he is also the general buyer and in charge of the designing department. P. A. Johnson, the continuous secretary or treasurer of the corporation, is in charge of the manufacturing, selling and financial departments. The corporation sells direct to the retail trade from its general offices in Newport, through a corps of a dozen traveling salesmen. The officers for the current year are F. W. Cutting, president; I. G. Rowell, vice-president; E. N. Johnson, secretary; P. A. Johnson, treasurer. These four constitute the directors. Cyrus E. Varney is clerk of the corporation.

In Newport are located, as is elsewhere stated, the Citizens' National Bank and the Sugar River Savings bank. The cashier of the first and treasurer of the second is Perley A. Johnson, a man who counts for much in all that concerns the material life of the town. While yet in the very prime of manhood, his has been a busy career. As boy and man his one paramount trait is that faculty known as the initiative. His is the power to originate and carry forward, to plan and execute. Though not yet 50 years of age; he has already accomplished work that would do credit to a life of three score years and ten. He enjoys, however, the advantages of a vigorous health and a New England breeding of the best type. People wonder how he can accomplish so much in a given time, but the secret is that all his actions are well mannered and well managed. His hardest work is to have for the moment nothing to do.

Born in Unity, October 24, 1860, the son of William B. and Flora (Severns) Johnson, he went with his parents, when five years old, to

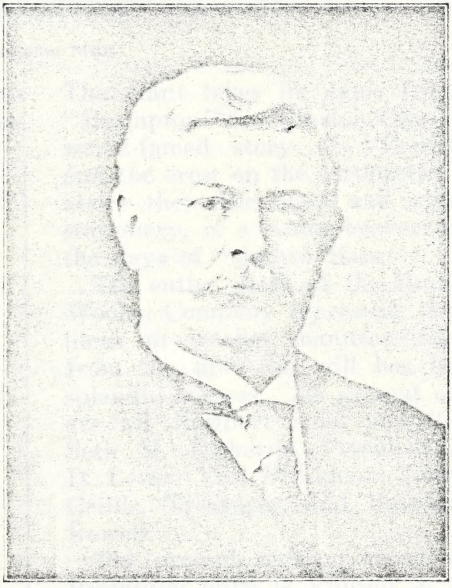
Weare, and in 1872 to St. Johnsbury, Vt., graduating in 1878 from the famous academy of that town. His first work after graduation was the care of the St. Johnsbury school



Perley A. Johnson

buildings. In 1882 he went to Barton, Vt., as clerk in a bank and then began the career thus far such a splendid success. In 1885 he was made cashier of the Citizens' National Bank, and treasurer of the Sugar River Savings Bank in Newport in 1895; also from the date of its organization he has been a director of the People's National Bank in Claremont. As is said elsewhere, he was one of the organizers of the Peerless Manufacturing Company and identified with it to the present time. He has served Newport as town treasurer and six years upon its school board. In 1886 he married Miss Katie G. Coe of Burke, Vt., and they have two children.

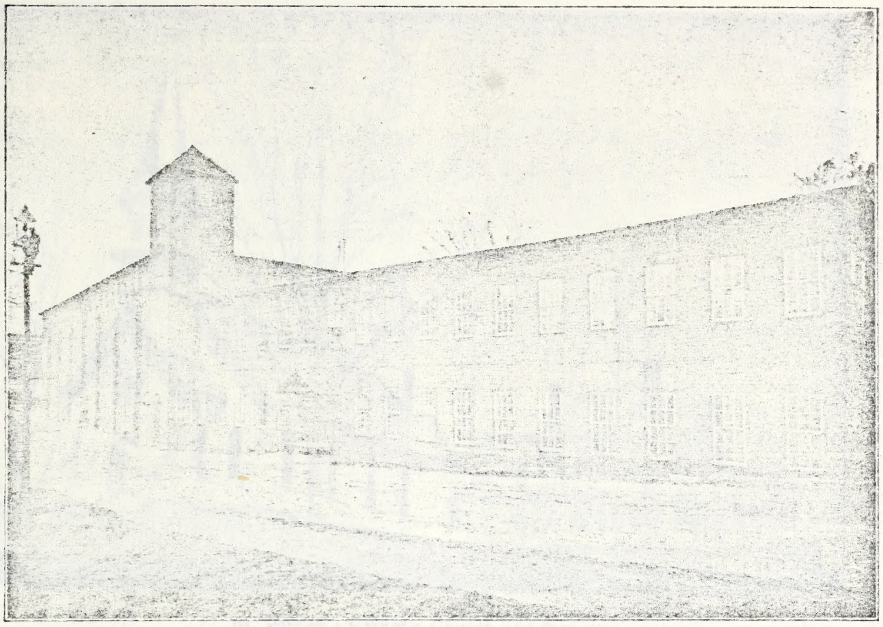
Conspicuous among the men who have made the Peerless Manufacturing Company the great industrial interest it has become, is Francis W. Cutting, who has been identified with the corporation from its inception and since 1904 its president. He was the first manager of the Newport factory. He was born in Croydon March 31, 1864, the son of Addison and Eliza A. (French) Cutting. His school life was passed in his native town and the Newport high school. In 1885 he became a clerk in a Newport dry goods store, remaining until his identification with the Peerless Company. For twelve years he was manager of its Barton, Vermont, factory, returning to Newport in 1904 upon his election to the presidency of the corporation. He maintains a home in New Rochelle, New York, but retains his legal residence in Newport, where he is esteemed as man and citizen by the entire community. He is a member of the Masonic Order



Francis W. Cutting

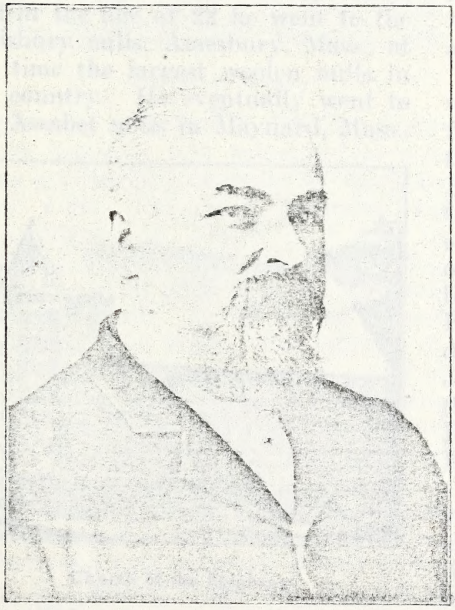
with membership in the lodge, chapter and commandery. In 1890 he married Miss Josie L. Willey.

The most recent extensive addition to the industrial interests of Newport is the plant of the Brampton Woolen Company, which is equipped with



Brampton Mills

four sets of cards, forty broad looms and every requisite for the produce,



Vincent J. Brennan

in highest perfection, of the mill's specialty of women's dress goods. The plant takes its name from the "Brampton" in Winston Churchill's world-famed story of "Coniston," and the crest on the corporation sign above the office door, and upon its stationery, is a white beaver hat of the days of "Jethro Bass."

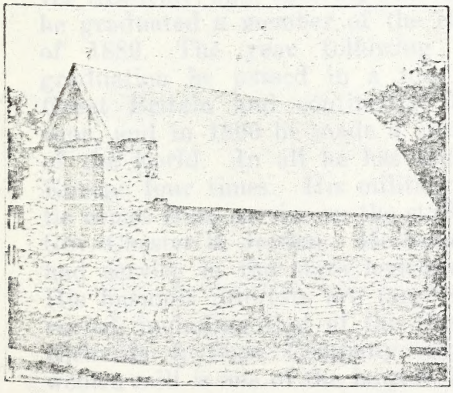
The entire plant of the Brampton Woolen Company represents the best ideas in woolen manufacture, and from the first the mill has been a splendid success. Its present officers are all Newport men, and include Seth M. Richards, President; Sam D. Lewis, Vice President; John McCrillis, Treasurer, and Franklin P. Rowell.

The present resident agent of the Brampton mills is Vincent J. Brennan, whose coming, in 1906, added a personality in the community sincerely and justly appreciated by all. Mr. Brennan was born in the city of Manchester, September 25, 1847, the son of William J. and Mary (Murphy) Brennan. In his early life the family removed to what is now the city of Rockville, Conn., an important center of the woolen industry. As a



St. Patrick's Catholic Church and Rectory

boy Mr. Brennan worked in a woolen mill and took his first lessons in the work that was to be his life calling. Wool carding became his specialty, and at the age of 22 he went to the Salisbury mills, Amesbury, Mass., at the time the largest woolen mills in the country. He eventually went to the Assabet mills in Maynard, Mass.,



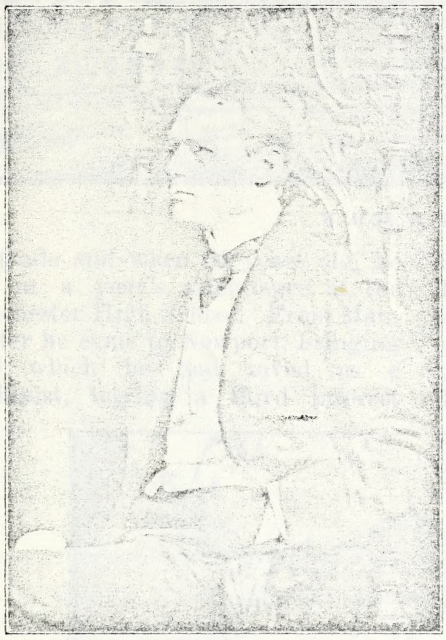
Church of the Epiphany

and, still later, stepped from an overseer's berth to be superintendent of the Otter River mills, Templeton, Mass. This was followed by the superintendency of mills in North Hartland and Quechee, Vermont, and at Guild in Newport. Upon the organization of the Brampton Woolen Co. he became one of the stockholders and assumed the agency of the plant.

Mr. Brennan at this time, however, was not a total stranger in Newport, for there it was that he had married the wife of his young manhood, Miss Edith L., daughter of Lucius P. and Clara E. (Smith) Reed. The mother of Mrs. Brennan was a member of one of the early and prominent families of Lempster. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan have two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Vincent J., is associated with his father in the Brampton mills. The second son, Ralph A., and the daughter, Maud E., are in school.

In Col. William F. Richards, younger son of the late Dexter Richards, Newport takes natural and justifiable pride, and he, in return, shows his true manhood in a faithful service to his native town. True it is that circumstances have led to a division of his time of late between Newport and Colorado Springs, but

he yet remains a potent factor in the life and progress of Newport. He was born January 28, 1867, in the homestead he now makes his Newport residence. His preparatory education



Col. W. F. Richards

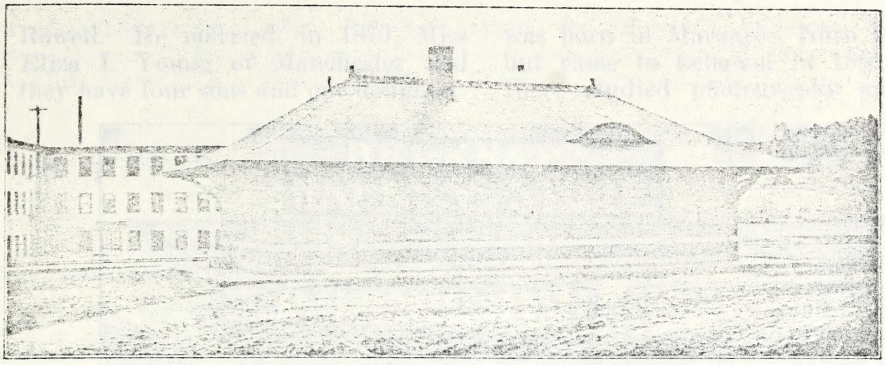
tion was completed in Phillips Andover Academy, and, entering Harvard, he graduated a member of the class of 1889. The year following his graduation he passed in a tour of Great Britain and continental Europe, and in 1896 he made a circuit of the world. In all he has toured Europe four times. His military title comes from service on the staff of Gov. Chester B. Jordon. He has also had service in the state legislature. His business interests are large and varied, including that of the Dexter Richards & Sons Company, whose woolen mill is one of the largest, best built and best equipped woolen plants in the country. He is a director of the Concord and Claremont railroad, a vice president of the Colorado Springs National Bank; is an owner, with his brother, of the Newport Electric Light Co.'s plant, and also owns a 2,000 acre ranch farm in Colorado.

Newport has a thoroughfare called, locally, "Korn Alley," and a busy hustling way it is. It is a veritable market place and chief among the places of trade therein is the grain elevator and store of Franklin P. Rowell. Whatever one may seek in the line of lumber, brick, lime, cement and kindred products is to be found in "Korn Alley." Though not of Newport birth, the town has no citizen who serves her with greater zeal and fidelity than Mr. Rowell. He was born in Weare, August 26, 1850, the son of Stephen and Irena Rowell. After the completion of his school days in Weare and Francestown Academy, he went to Manchester and served three years at the machinist's trade in the Amoskeag Mills,



Franklin P. Rowell

and later worked as a journeyman in the Manchester Locomotive Works. As illustrative of his moral courage and as an example to young men, it may be said that after he had learned



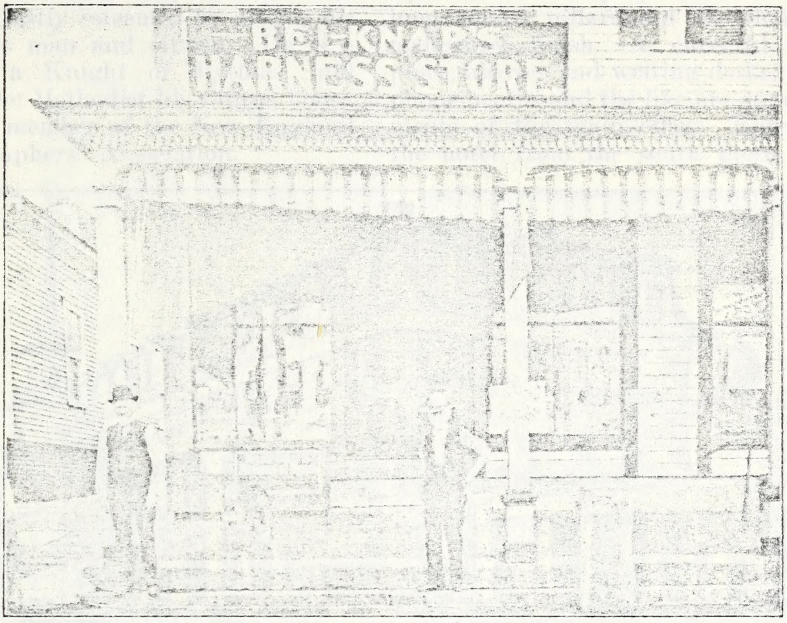
B. & M. R. R. Station

his trade and when 24 years old, he put in a year's attendance at the Manchester High School. From Manchester he came to Newport, bringing $700 which he had saved as a machinist, buying a third interest in a grist mill, where he remained four years, when he entered business on his own account. Emphatically he is the architect of his own fortune. He is a vice-president of the Newport Savings Bank and a director of the First National Bank, and an owner in the Brampton Mills. For 30 years he has been a police court justice and was in the Legislature of 1891–2. He presented a drinking fountain to Newport, and is ever public-spirited and active for the town's welfare. It is said that no man in Newport has a better record for continuous church attendance than Mr.



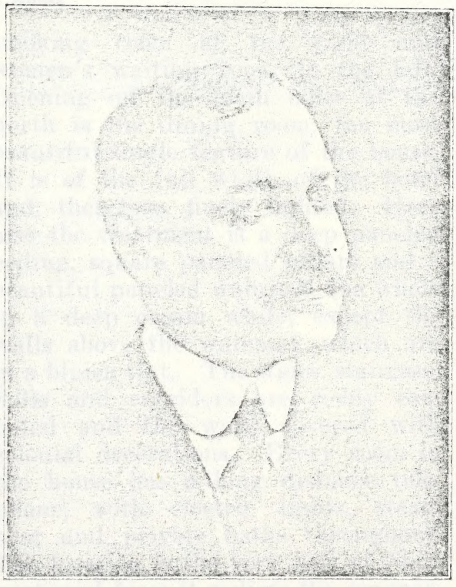
Residence of D. K. Barry

Rowell. He married, in 1873, Miss Eliza I. Young of Manchester and they have four sons and one daughter.



A special interest centers in the Belknap harness store, in that it is the oldest one of that trade in Sullivan county. It was established in 1819, and has continued without interruption to this day. It has been in its present location, the Wheeler building, since 1858. The present owner, Hamlet W. Belknap, has been the proprietor for the past eight years. He it is at the left of the picture, while his brother, William H., stands at the right. They are brothers of the late Rear Admiral George E. Belknap. It was here that Wheeler & Pollard and later the Pollard Brothers conducted the harness business for many a year.

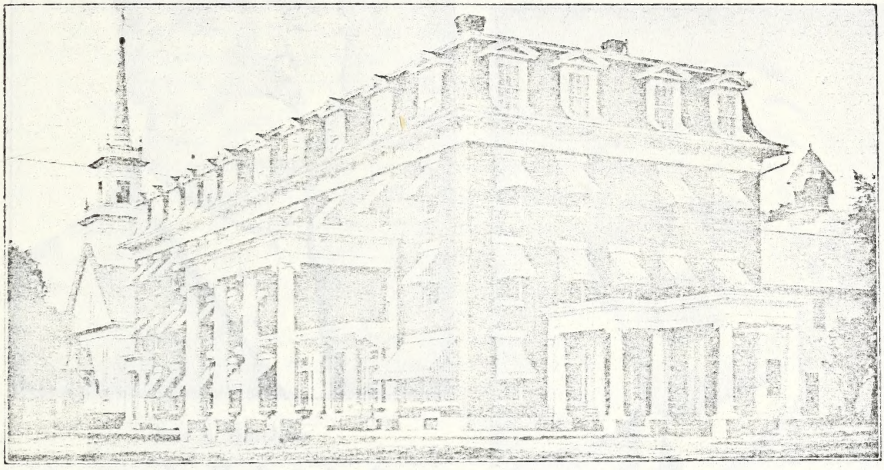
With but few exceptions the half tone engravings in this article were made from photographs from the studio of Lawrence G. Ross, who for seventeen years has followed his profession in Newport, a fact in itself attesting his success. He has a wide reputation for excellence in both portrait and landscape photography. He was born in Margaree, Nova Scotia, but came to Lebanon in 1888, and there studied photography and all that pertains thereto. On the com-



Lawrence G. Ross

pletion of his time in Lebanon he came to Newport and opened the

studio that is his today, which is complete in all its appointments and has in connection a finely equipped picture framing department. Mr. Ross is justly esteemed by all for his worth as man and citizen. He is a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and makes the Methodist his church home. He is a member of the New England Photographers' Association.

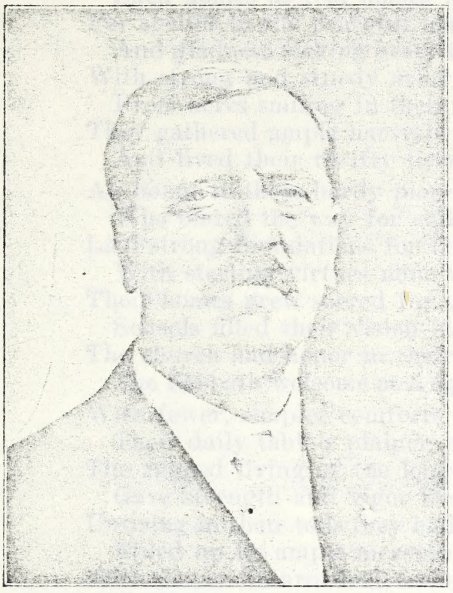


The Newport House

The pride of Newport today is its elegant hotel, the Newport House, heretofore mentioned, which, since the close of last season, has undergone a remodelling and rehabilitation, making it practically a new structure. Its exterior and interior are fashioned and embellished on lines suggested by the best hotel experience and the highest architectural intelligence. The plans were drawn by Architect Louis Sheldon Newton, of Hartland, Vt., and the entire treatment has been of the purest colonial style. The central entrance is through a mammoth colonnade, with a sub-balcony, enclosing which is an ornamental steel railing. At the south is a commodious porte cochere flanking a spacious porch. All exterior wood work is painted in the clearest white, the whole harmonizing finely with the surroundings. The west or colonnade entrance opens through a vestibule directly into the office, which is finished in the Dutch style of a heavy paneled ceiling, huge square pillars and the whole in mahogany finish. A cheerful fireplace, alcoves and writing desks, telephone booths and the like are appointments of the main office. Entering the hotel from the south there is a smoking room at the right and women's waiting room to the left. Opening off the main office at the north is the dining room, the most beautiful single feature of the house. It is of the full width of the hotel and, therefore, finely lighted. Here also the treatment is a deep paneled ceiling, square paneled pillars and a beautiful paneled wainscot, the whole in a deep cream white, except the walls above the wainscot, which are in a bluish tint. The stairs, staircase, halls and corridors are richly carpeted and the walls covered with colonial decorations. Every room in the house has a long distance telephone, with electric lights, steam heat and private baths throughout. The location is the very hub of Newport, and from it radiate the commercial interests of the town.

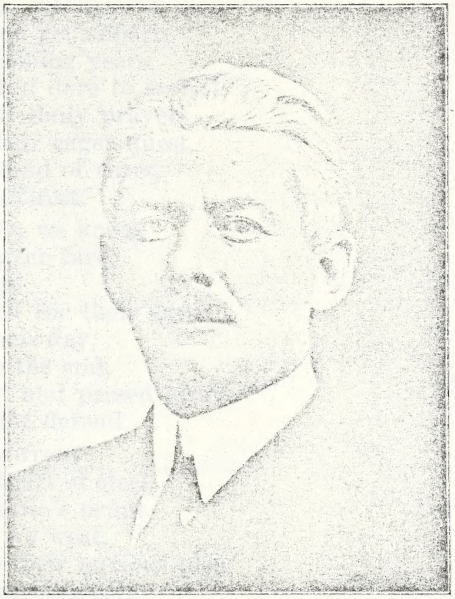
Near the hotel is its garage, that

important requisite of the summer season, while plans are made for the construction of a much larger one next year. In Herbert L. Durgin the house has a clerk of wide experience, ever alert for the welfare of guests and visitors.



Fred L. Hutchins

The proprietor of the Newport House is Fred L. Hutchins, who has been such for the past six years. He is a Vermonter, born in Wolcott, March 23, 1855. From the first his has been a splendid success as a hotel man, but it should be said that he has had a wise and discreet helper in Mrs. Hutchins, who is of New Hampshire birth, and is admirably adapted by nature for hotel direction. Mr. Hutchins is a Knight Templar, a Shriner, an Odd Fellow, and an Elk.



S. D. Lewis
Cashier First National Bank of Newport, N. H.

The Home-Coming

By Rev. N. F. Carter

Again we hear your summons and obey!
Your gracious welcome gives us royal cheer,
So let this home-day be our gala day,
The gladsome jubilee of all the year!
When old-time memories are at their flood,
And all the town grows golden at its best,
When hearts are swelling, like the swelling bud,
To burst in blossom for each honored guest!

Long live the town! The greatness of her hills
But symbols greatness in her hardy race,
The men of early days with iron wills
Subduing forests with a patient grace!
I seem to hear the axe fall, blow on blow,
From early morning till the set of sun,—



To see the needed clearing larger grow
As day by day the daily task is done!
They made them homes, though humble at their best,
Such homes as real homes must ever mean,—
For shelter in the peaceful hours of rest
And gladness making every hour serene!
With strong and sturdy arms inured to toil,
From acres smiling in their broad extent,
They gathered ample harvests as their spoil,
And lived their thrifty lives in sweet content.

All honor to those hardy pioneers
Who blazed the way for children yet unborn,
Laid strong foundations for the coming years,
With sterling virtues none would dare to scorn!
Their homes grew sacred for their daily prayers,
Schools filled their vision in their eager quest,
The church had honor in their round of cares,
The Sabbath welcome as a day of rest.

With fewer, simpler comforts than we know,
Their daily table's plainer, coarser fare,
The rugged living of the long ago
Gave strength and vigor needed for their care.
Untiring in their toils they had their day,
Filled up its ample measure to the end,
With names untarnished wrought and passed away,
Unflinching heroes who the right defend.

In time of danger springing to the front
With dauntless courage and a heart of steel,
They met and bravely bore the battle's brunt
As loyal lovers of their country's weal.
When home and loved ones made their anxious plea
They never failed to hear the stirring call,
But freely gave their life-blood to be free,
On freedom's votive altar gave their all.

We honor and revere them for their deeds,
Their kindly fellowship and brotherhood;
In love adjusting life to crying needs,
And bearing mutual burdens as they could.
As well we honor powers behind the throne,
Who ruled the home with shining rods of love,
Shaped younger lives in likeness to their own,
And blazed bright waymarks to the home above.

Those fathers, mothers of the days agone,
Ancestral lines of noble, hardy stock,
What owe we not to them, as years roll on,
We, younger members of the same true flock?
They lived to show us how we ought to live,
With highborn aspirations spurring on;
They gave their best of life, as we should give,
Content to wait for better things anon.

The same old hills they opened to the sky
Still rear their towering summits in the air;

The same green vales along their border lie,
As rich in golden harvests for our care.
The silver of her ponds and rivers still
Glistens as brightly in the morning sun;
The birds as sweetly all their love-songs trill
At early morn and when the day is done.

But in the rush and hurry of these days,
The wild, mad racing in the thirst for gold,
Do we not lose the quiet, restful ways
That gave such value to the homes of old?
When growing "grafts" and "trusts" are in the air,
And "strikes" too oft for petty cause abound,
Such willing idlers tramping here and there,
Such vague unrest the wide, wide world around.

With all this menace to the nation's weal,
Where stand we in the tread of life?
Are not such burning wrongs for us to feel
The need of girding for a stubborn strife?
Calls are for stalwart men who honor law,
Who knowing, ever dare to do the right,
Whose honesty has never known a flaw,
Whose daily deeds will bear the strongest light;

For men whom bribes can never buy nor swerve
From the straight path of right and righteousness;
Live men of strong, true hearts and steady nerve,
Whose joy it is their fellow men to bless,
Who wait the coming of a better day,
When wage and wealth are linked in fellowship,
When larger love and faith in man bear sway,
And songs of peace are one on every lip.

Strong men who know and love their fellow men
Are quick to lend a helping hand in need;
At any cost to self once and again
Reveal their manhood by their kindly deed.
True men who dare to do as well as think,
Together strive as only heroes may,
Fight till the burning, blasting curse of drink
Forever from the land is swept away.

And shall this stirring dream of need come true?
What shall the future of our nation be?
A better one than ever nation knew,
Its flag a cleaner banner of the free?
Our homes, the nation-spanning homes, must tell.
They are the moulds in which all life is run.
As far as wisely shaped all will be well.
When all are such the mighty task is done.

May this home-coming waken stirring thought
To make our service such as all should be,
To save the land for which our fathers fought,
Make holy, boasted freedom of the free.
So may her glory more and more appear,
Her starry banner nevermore be furled,
Her power increase with every passing year,
Till her wise policy shall rule the world.

Prince Whipple
of Portsmouth

A Colored Veteran of the American Revolution

By Pay Director Joseph Foster, (Rear Admiral) U. S. Navy (retired),
Historian Storer Post, G. A. R.

A few days before July 4, 1908, the United States, through Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth, N. H., placed a memorial stone in the North cemetery, in that city, bearing this inscription:

"Prince
WHIPPLE
Cont'l Troops
Rev. War."

Thus, one hundred and twenty-five years after the close of the American Revolution was marked the grave of New Hampshire's foremost, if not only colored representative in the War for Independence.

Prince Whipple died in Portsmouth, November 18, 1796, aged 46 years; and Storer Post—to whose members for four long years a black face was always the face of a friend—gladly pays this tribute to a comrade of the Revolution!

It is related in the "Rambles About Portsmouth," that General William Whipple, our Portsmouth signer of the Declaration of Independence, had two slaves, "Prince and Cuffee Whipple," who "were brought to this town with a number of others of their color, in a ship from the coast of Africa prior to 1766, then about ten years old. It was said that they were brothers, the sons of an African prince, sent over for an education, but retained in slavery."

Prince attended General Whipple on the expedition to Saratoga in 1777, but one morning, on the way to the army, Prince was dilatory when ordered to get the horses ready for the march. "His master upbraided him for his misconduct. 'Master,' said Prince, 'You are going to fight for your liberty, but I have none to fight for.' 'Prince,' replied his master, 'Behave like a man and do your duty and from this hour you shall be free.' Prince wanted no other incentive; he performed his duty like a man throughout the campaign, which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne, and from that day he was a free man."

Prince Whipple, a prince in Africa, a slave in America, "was a large, well-proportioned and fine looking man, and of gentlemanly manners and deportment. He was the 'Caleb Quotem' of the old fashioned semi-monthly assemblies and at all large weddings and dinners, balls and evening parties. Nothing could go on right without Prince, and his death was much regretted by both the white and colored inhabitants of the town; by the latter of whom he was always regarded as a leader."

Prince and Cuffee Whipple and their families resided after the Revolution in a house which stood until about 1832, in the west end of General Whipple's garden facing on High street (now the Ladd estate); this land, having been given them by his widow, Madame Whipple, for their use "during their lives and the lives of their wives."—Brewster's "Rambles About Portsmouth," first series, Portsmouth, N. H., 1859, pages 152–154.

Prince Whipple's name appears on General Whipple's staff roll both for the Saratoga campaign in 1777 and

the Rhode Island campaign in 1778. Adjutant General's Report, N. H., 1866, Vol. 2, pages 325 and 344.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Adjutant General's Office,
CONCORD, July 15, 1907.

Prince Whipple appears on "Pay roll for Brigadier General William Whipple, his brigade major and servant. Marched from Portsmouth in the state of New Hampshire and joined the Continental army under General Gates at Saratoga and thence proceeded with the guard to Cambridge. Engaged September 27th, 1777." Rank, servant; discharged, Nov. 12; time in service, one month, seventeen days.—"N. H. State Papers," Vol. 2, page 282.

I do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true abstract of the Revolutionary service of Prince Whipple, as appears on rolls now on file in this office.

H. B. CILLEY,
Adjutant General.

The funeral of "Prince Whipple (black), age 46, disease fever," took place November 21, 1796; and that of "Cuffee Whipple, native of Guinea, lived here 54 years, age 63, black man, disease dropsy," took place April 19, 1816.—North Church Records, city copy, pages 85 and 97.

"The grave of Prince Whipple in the North cemetery, Portsmouth, was identified a few years since by his grandson, John Smith. It is in the southern part of the cemetery, southwest from General Whipple's stone, and next east of the foot stone of Capt. Theodore Furber, but is unmarked except by two rough stones which scarcely appear above the surface of the ground."—"The Graves We Decorate," Storer Post, G. A. R., 1893, page 68.

Honor to the memory of "Mr. Prince Whipple, a sober, honest black man," as the New Hampshire *Gazette* of Nov. 19, 1796, said in announcing his death.

May the new memorial stone to this Revolutionary veteran preserve his memory for many years, and long be annually decorated by the people of Portsmouth.

Life's Victories

By Dana Smith Temple

It is all through worry and trouble
That life's great victories come;
And the test of our life is trying
And working 'till all is done.

We must prove ourselves the victor,
Or else the victory's lost;
We must plan and work with earnest zeal,
Or count the fearful cost.

It is all through the rain and sunshine
That earth's sweetest blossoms bloom,
But the sun will shine, and the rain is sure
To fall ere a burning noon.

So let us compare our living,
And think 'tis a duty given
To do our best while here below,
And trust for the rest in Heaven.

Hillsborough Upper Village, N. H.

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

(Continued from last month)

WHEN MY LOVE COMES BACK

I cannot sing. My moods agree
With sorrow. Rippling notes that flow
From joy are still. My accents show
For blitheful melody a plaint.
The face is dim, the smile is faint,
The comely pride that woke amain
My song invites but thoughts of pain
Until my love comes back to me.

Yet chide me not! Frost strips the tree,
And verdure quits the frozen field,
And then bright birds refuse to yield
Their happy songs, and when the wold
In grief responds to blasts of cold,
The hungry jay croaks, sad and lone,
My stricken heart makes endless moan
Until my love comes back to me.

Love lost? O no! But truly she
Who is my love hath cyclic days,
And, tripping up life's vernal ways,
Renews my zest of tuneful things.
Glad birds resume, on buoyant wings,
Sweet notes when spring salutes the sun,
And all my zeal to song shall run
When once my love comes back to me.

Canto III.

There is a heart that lives, and loves, and dotes
On Providence, divine, serene, and pure,
Forever shaping all time's aims and ends
To wise beneficence in holy light
Imperishable; and, believing thus,
The soul of faith oft takes the path to dark,
Sure and impenetrable, while grief sighs
For one blest ray of comfort, conscience shocked,
Its promises denied, and hope as vain.
So sad souls suffer, Hannah Dustin one
In the great list of victims that time smites
With deep affliction dreadful. As she sat—

Poor Hannah Dustin!—in her chimney nook,
Ere the wild savage to the flaming torch
Gave her loved dwelling, to her side he came
With lively caution, saying, "White squaw, rise!
We burn your wigwam. Quick! Come out
And go with us to north! The redman seeks
The good, hard money that alone will give
You safe return to home and happy friends,
Or you shall work and pine in pain full sore,—
The redman is your master. Follow me!"[9]
The dame obeyed with strangely rallied strength
And forth went out, her captor in the van,
And soon new scenes distressed her senses tried
With keener anguish. First a band she met
Of friends and neighbors—captives—somber men
And doleful women, who in aspect seemed
Oppressed with grief too potent for their strength—
While direful lamentation filled her ear,
She listing to their story. With her own,
Some six kind dwellings lay in ashes low,
Their inmates slaughtered or in bonds to tell
Alone the desolation and the doom
That wrought such misery, for in good sooth
A number like two score—the Dustin group
Made part—faced death or cruel, dark despair
In the great trial;[10] yet indeed was not
Her cup of sorrow filled in measure full.
The savage redmen next their purpose gave
To the great journey. Upward, far within
The vale where flowed the river, swelling high
With spring's bright waters, lay the weary track
To the north country.[11] Forth they took their way,
Their captive train submissive in its march
To the dim goal uncertain. On the path,
Sad Hannah Dustin to her bosom pressed
Her precious babe in fervency of care
Of the dark future, and the darling moaned
In manner sympathetic. Then a brave—
Of instinct savage and of prudence fierce—
Said, "Kill it! Have we not all care and toil,
The small papoose left lifeless?" Then he seized
The spotless babe which from the mother's arms
He wrenched in fury and, its tiny feet
Grasped in his brawny hands, at once he twirled
The helpless form above and round his head,
And brought descent in swiftness where a tree
Gave the sure impact, and the tender brains

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9. If not sold to the French, the English captives were often kept for menial services by the Indians. In either case pecuniary ransoms were sought by the captors. See note 5.

10. The exact number seems to be uncertain, but it has been estimated as high as the text gives it.

11. The Indians were in the habit of using the valleys of rivers as highways, that of the Merrimack, which flows through Haverhill, Mass., being a prominent one in New England.

Ran down and spattered on the greening earth
That gladdened for the promise of bright spring,
Renewed and justified: and then he turned
To Hannah Dustin, saying, "Haste! Come on!"
And she obeyed in silence, tearless, firm.

That eve—that dreadful eve—the savage band
And captive train paused on the brink of dark
For rest and recompense of food and fire.[12]
The sun had set in splendor rare and rich,
To crown the aspect of the dying day
That flourished in bright light of conscious spring.
But Hannah Dustin heeded not the glow
Of the glad west resplendent. As she sat
By the rude fire and food she felt no warmth
In pleasant fervor, tasting not the dole
That proved her proffered portion. When the braves
And captives craved repose and kindly sleep
Upon earth's hard, cold bosom, she—the tried
By anguish vast, unmeasured—felt no force
Of needs but natural, and asked no couch
And claimed no somnolence of frame oppressed
By the day's journey. Neither did she weep,
Nor wail in lamentation freely found
Of the worn spirit. In her heart she felt
Alone the burden of reflection deep
That struggled with a problem vast and strange.
She thought of pious lore of promise sweet
And sure to faith that on assurance leans,
To see no failure of the trust reposed
In the great Prop eternal. Then the voice
That bore the accents of a thousand pleas
Of prayer penitent before the Throne
Seemed floating by in whispers hushed and low,
In horrid emptiness on the dank air
For such supreme, dumb agony. She seemed,
In soul unsatisfied, by instinct strong
And far extending, reaching out and through
The darkly spaces of the boundless realm
Of sense and consciousness and asking long,
"Where is the sign of Him who mercy has
On his afflicted?" Then the night shut down.

(Continued next month)

12. It seems to have been a custom of some of the Indians that preyed upon the New England settlements from the north to halt only at night for food when on their savage forays.

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. CHARLES H. LONG

Charles Hatch Long, born in Claremont March 14, 1834, died in that town May 30, 1908.

He was a son of Capt. Charles F. Long, and was graduated from Norwich University in 1855. He served as a drill master for the state for some months at the opening of the Civil War, but opened a recruiting office later, enlisting men for the famous "Fighting Fifth" regiment, in which he went out as a captain. He was severely wounded at the battle of Antietam. Later he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 17th. Afterward the men of that were transferred to another regiment. Subsequently, in September, 1814, he became colonel of the heavy artillery, serving on the defence of Washington, but in November following was assigned to the command of a brigade, in the Twenty-Second army corps, which he held till the close of the war. Returning to Claremont Colonel Long held the position of railway station agent from 1872 till 1901. He was a Republican in politics and had served as representative several times, and as county treasurer. He had been commander of Col. Jarvis Post, G. A. R., and eminent commander of Sullivan Commandery, K. T., and was a member of the finance committee of Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire.

WILLIAM E. BUCK

William E. Buck, well known in New Hampshire educational circles as superintendent of Manchester schools for many years, died at his home in that city after a long illness July 29, aged seventy years.

Mr. Buck was born in the town of Hampstead April 8, 1838. He was educated at the Chester, Atkinson and Phillips Exeter academies, and in 1857 went West and engaged in teaching at Bloomingdale, Ill., where he remained a year. Returning home he taught in his native town, Danville, and Pelham, and in 1863 went to Penningtonville, Pa., where he established a private school and successfully conducted the same for four years. In the fall of 1867 he became principal of the high school at Cohasset, Mass., remaining until the spring of 1869, when he became principal of the Manchester intermediate school, being shortly promoted to the Spring Street grammar school, and subsequently to the Ash Street school, where he continued until April, 1877, when he was made superintendent of the Manchester schools, which position he filled with great success, until his resignation in 1900 on account of failing health.

Mr. Buck was twice married. His first wife was Miss Helen M. Putnam, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Putnam of Hampstead, to whom he was united December 29, 1864. She died at Penningtonville, Pa., October 30, 1865. They had one child, William Putnam Buck, who now resides in Denver, Col. July 16, 1872, he married Harriet Ann Mack, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kendrick Mack of Manchester, who survives him, with five children.

Dartmouth College, in 1886, conferred upon Mr. Buck the honorary degree of master of arts.

WILLIAM H. ROLLINS

William H. Rollins, the oldest member of the Rockingham bar, died at his home in Portsmouth June 27. He was a native of that city, a son of Ichabod and Mary (Hooker) Rollins, born September 7, 1822. He was a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1841, studied law with Ichabod Bartlett of Portsmouth, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. He practised successfully in Portsmouth for many years, but also gave his attention to banking and other matters. He was for some years president of the Portsmouth Savings Bank. Politically he was a Republican and was at one time a member of the state legislature. He married, July 1, 1879, Elizabeth Ball of Salem, who died soon after.

DR. JAMES F. BROWN

James Francis Brown, M. D., one of Manchester's oldest physicians, born in Auburn September 6, 1838, died in Manchester July 29, 1908.

He fitted for college at Atkinson and Pinkerton academies and graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1864. He settled in Chester and established a large practice, remaining there twenty years, when he removed to Manchester, in 1884, where he remained through life, his son, Dr. James S. Brown, having been associated with him in practice the last eleven years. He was a Congregationalist in religion and a member of the Franklin St. church of Manchester. In 1865 he married Miss Abbie Scribner of Hanover, who died in 1903. The following year he married Mrs. Marinda B. Martin of Hooksett, by whom he is survived, also by a son and daughter, Dr. James S. and Miss Elizabeth S. Brown.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Newberry Library apress

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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RESIDENCE OF ROBERT P. BASS, PETERBOROUGH

Front View. Formerly John Smith Homestead

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Old Homes Renewed

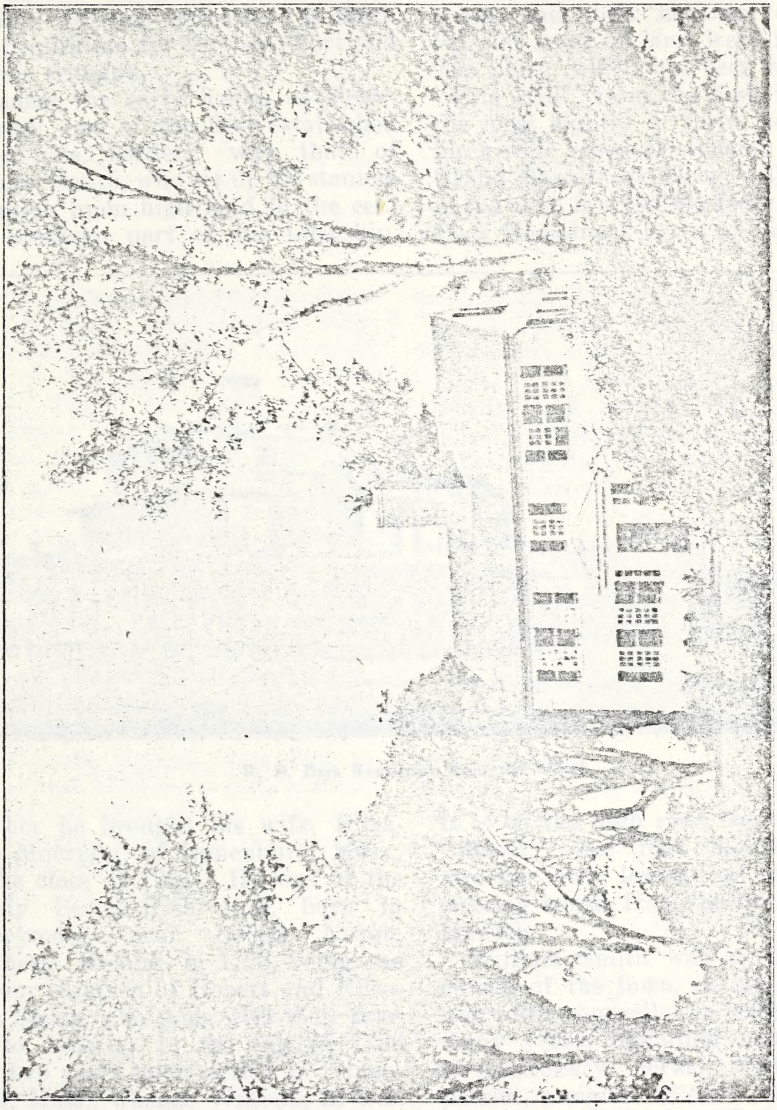
By an Occasional Contributor

New Hampshire was the first state in the Union to adopt a systematic plan for promoting the reoccupation of its abandoned farms, the number of which had become so great a quarter of a century ago as to excite alarm lest the entire depopulation of the country districts should soon result. New Hampshire, too, was the state which initiated the "Old Home Week" movement, which has already spread over most of the eastern states, and gained foothold in the Middle West.

The former movement, developed and carried out by Secretary Bachelder of the State Board of Agriculture (subsequently governor), who became commissioner of immigration under the statute enacted in furtherance of the work, attracted the attention of people in other states to the opportunities presented for securing, at moderate prices, desirable farms for summer homes or permanent occupancy, which opportunities were widely and rapidly improved. The latter movement, instigated by Governor Frank W. Rollins, and carried out largely by Governor Bachelder, acting both in the capacity above mentioned and as secretary and executive officer of the State Old Home Week Association, has resulted in recalling natives and former residents of the state abroad, and their descendants, to the old homesteads of their ancestors in the Granite State, many of which have been re-purchased and reclaimed, and become again valued possessions in the families originally represented thereon.

Long before the latter movement took form, however, or had been conceived by Governor Rollins, annual mid-summer reunions had been held in various towns of the state, at which the absent sons and daughters had been welcomed from year to year, and here and there in the state the old homes of their ancestors had been purchased and improved by men and women from other states, of New Hampshire birth or descent.

Peterborough holds high rank among New Hampshire towns for the sturdy character of its early population, its agricultural thrift, its manufacturing enterprise, its continued prosperity and progress, and the general intelligence of its people. Its soil is rugged and strong; its scenery beautiful and grand. Upon its rough but fertile hill farms were reared, in the earlier days, families whose representatives have gone out into the world and won distinction for themselves and honor for their town in almost every field of human activity. Soldiers and statesmen, clergymen, lawyers and physicians of high repute, writers and scholars, merchants, manufacturers and business men of success in various lines of enterprise, have here had their birth and secured the training that made



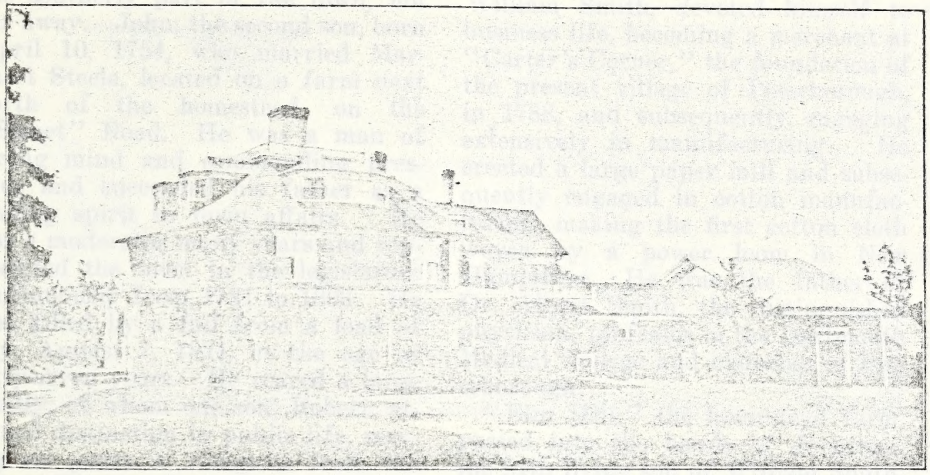
OLD SMITH HOMESTEAD—"ELM HILL"—PETERBOROUGH
Founded by William Smith in 1751. Present Summer Home of Hon. George E. Adams



their lives successful. And here, too, in later years, on to these magnificent hills, swept by pure mountain breezes and commanding wide areas of scenic beauty, have come not a few of the world's earnest workers, seeking rest and recreation, strength and inspiration for further effort and greater triumph.

Among the early homes of Peterborough, one of the first established within its borders, was that of William Smith, who set up his staunch log cabin upon high land in the central southern part of the township, whither he brought his wife, Elizabeth Morrison, of Lunenburg, Mass., at the close of 1751. He was of the sturdy Scotch-Irish race, born in Moneymore, near Lough Neagh, northern Ireland, in 1723, being one of four children of Robert and Elizabeth Smith, who came with their family to America in the fall of 1736 and two years later settled in Lunenburg, Mass., whence William, as well as his brother, John, removed to Peterborough when the town was opened to settlement.

William and Elizabeth Smith were frugal, industrious and persevering—fine types of their sturdy race. Year after year their clearings, stock and crops increased, their family was enlarged until it embraced nine children in all, who reached maturity. Their buildings were renewed, a one-story frame house and later a spacious mansion taking the place of the log cabin, and their holdings extended till 500 acres of land were included. The place, which has been known as "Elm Hill" from the first, is one of the most sightly in town, commanding a wide range of scenery, in which Grand Monadnock, rising majestically in the west, is a leading feature; while Pack Monadnock looms up in the east.



R. P. Bass Residence from the North

It is on the high road, known as the "Street," the first highway built into the town, leading up to the first meeting house, from the town of New Ipswich.

William Smith was an influential citizen of the town, in his day. He was town counsellor, a selectman for many years, including most of the Revolutionary period, was a stern patriot, a signer of the "Association Test," and a member of the Provincial Congress that met in Exeter in 1775. In 1776 he was commissioned a justice of the peace and re-commissioned until 1803, when he declined further service, attending to all business in town coming within the prov-



ince of a justice and furnishing such legal advice as might be demanded, there being no lawyer in town until his son, Jeremiah, who afterward removed to Exeter and became an eminent lawyer, jurist and statesman, had been admitted to the bar and commenced practice in town, having an office in a chamber of the house. He was also a leader in the church and had been a deacon for thirty years previous to his death, in his 85th year, January 31, 1808.

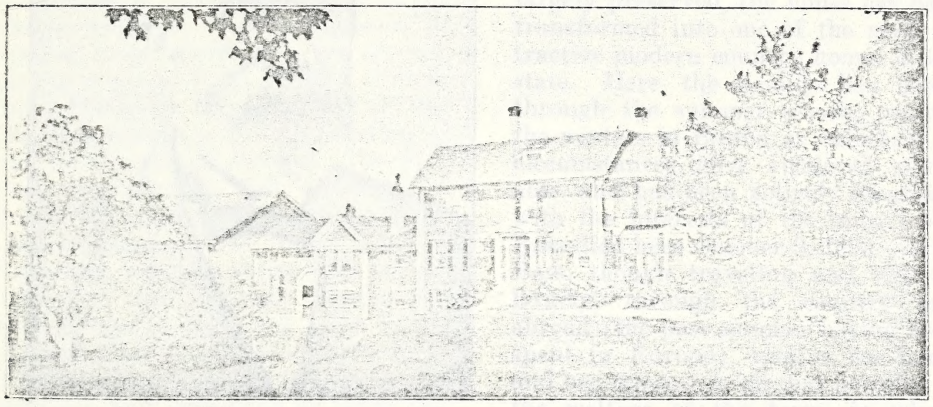
Of the sons of William Smith, Robert, the oldest, settled on a farm in the southerly part of the town, not far away. John, the second son, born April 10, 1754, who married Margaret Steele, located on a farm next north of the homestead, on the "Street" Road. He was a man of strong mind and commanding presence and succeeded his father as a leading spirit in town affairs. He was a moderator many years and represented the town in the legislature continuously from 1791 to 1803. He was killed by a fall from a load of hay, August 7, 1821, at the age of sixty-seven years. He reared a large family, of whom one son, Robert, attained distinction in public life, serving six years in Congress from the Alton, Illinois, district, from 1843 to 1849. About 1795, or a little earlier, he erected a commodious residence, which has ever been reckoned among the notable homes of the town. The third son, James, settled in Cavendish, Vt., and became prominent in local and state affairs, serving many years in the legislature. Jeremiah, previously mentioned, the fourth son to reach manhood, who, as well as his elder brothers, had served in the Revolutionary army, and was a graduate of Rutgers College, became one of the most eminent men in New Hampshire. Before leaving Peterborough he had served three years in the legislature, as a leading member of the Constitutional Convention of 1791, and for three terms in the Congress of the United States. Removing to Exeter in 1797, he there became, successively, U. S. district attorney, judge of probate, U. S. district judge and chief justice of the Superior Court of Judicature. Subsequently, in 1809, he was chosen governor, and in 1813 was again made chief justice. His youngest son, Jeremiah, the child of his old age, also became a distinguished lawyer, was an associate justice of the Supreme Court, and has long been a professor in the Harvard Law School. Samuel, the youngest son of William Smith, devoted himself to business life, becoming a merchant at "Carter's Corner," the foundation of the present village of Peterborough, in 1788, and subsequently engaging extensively in manufacturing. He erected a large paper mill and subsequently engaged in cotton manufacturing, making the first cotton cloth woven by a power loom in New Hampshire. He was the father of Dr. Albert Smith, the distinguished physician, professor in the Dartmouth Medical College and historian of Peterborough.

"Elm Hill," the homestead farm, passed into the hands of Jonathan, the fifth living son of William Smith, who married his cousin, Nancy, daughter of John Smith, his father's elder brother, who was also one of the early settlers. He was a man of quiet demeanor, though finely intelligent, and strongly given to religious reading and study. He was a deacon of the church from 1799 till his death in 1842. He was also active in town affairs, serving many years as selectman and representative. He had eleven children, of whom eight, four sons and four daughters, reached maturity. Of the sons, Jonathan, Jr., the eldest, became a brilliant lawyer at Bath, where he married a daughter of Moses P. Payson, but died at the early age of forty-two.

John, the third son, succeeded his

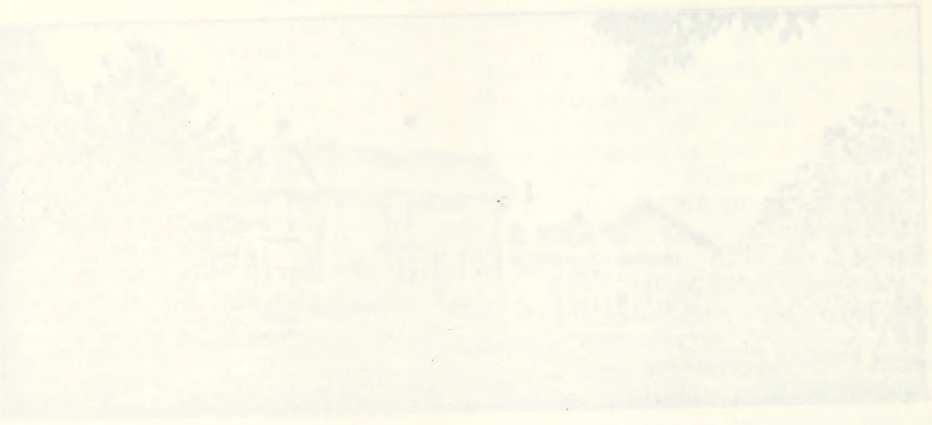
father, Jonathan, on the farm, and was also prominent in town and church affairs, having been a deacon for a long series of years. He married Susan, daughter of John Stearns of Jaffrey, by whom he had seven children, of whom three sons and three daughters grew to maturity. Of these all left home. The second son, Jonathan, born October 1, 1842, graduated at Dartmouth in 1870, studied law and has been many years in practice at Clinton, Mass., is a historical student and writer and is now a district judge of Worcester County.

Nancy, the third daughter of Jonathan Smith to attain womanhood, married Dr. John H. Foster, a native of Hillsborough, who practised in New London and Dublin and then removed to Chicago, where he acquired a large fortune. Of their three daughters, two married lawyers of distinction. Clara, the eldest, born January 1, 1844, married Perkins Bass. Adele, the youngest, born August 31, 1851, married George Everett Adams, a native of Keene, a graduate of Harvard University and the Dane Law School, who removed to Chicago, practised his profession with success, served three terms in the legislature and two in Congress and declined further election.



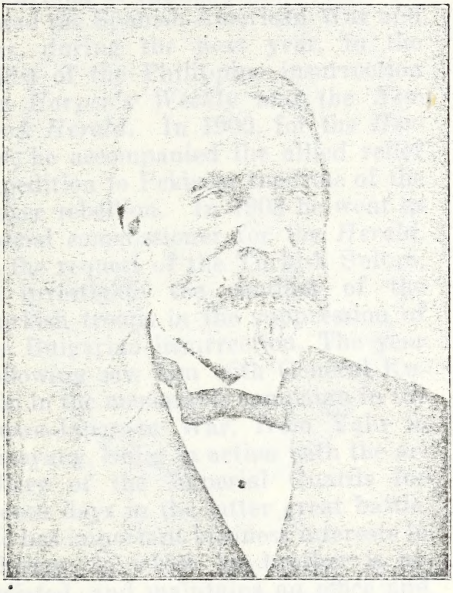
R. P. Bass Residence from the South

Perkins Bass was born in Williamstown, Vt., April 30, 1827. He attended Thetford and Kimball Union academies and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1852. Subsequently he taught school and studied law with Henry E. Stoughton and Peck & Colby of Montpelier, and located for practice in Chicago in the fall of 1854, continuing for nearly twenty years, when failing health compelled retirement from active effort. He was a vital force in the early history of Chicago, particularly in its educational system, in which he was deeply interested, serving on both the city and state boards of education, and in recognition of his service one of the largest schools in the city was given his name. He was a friend and legal associate of Abraham Lincoln, and in the campaign for the re-election of the latter to the presidency had personal charge of his interests in Illinois, managing the same so fully to the satisfaction of the president that he appointed him U. S. district attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. He first married Maria L. Patrick, in 1856. She died two years later and on October 5, 1861, he married Clara, daughter of Dr. John H. and Nancy (Smith) Foster, by whom he had three children—Gertrude, born May 14, 1863, now the wife of Murray Warner, engaged in mercantile life in Shanghai, China; John Foster, born May 8, 1866, and Rob-



ert Perkins, born September 1, 1873.

Clara Foster Bass had often visited at the old ancestral home of the Smiths in early life and cherished the desire and purpose to be possessed of the same at some time in the future. The beautiful scenery and health-giving air of the locality, the scenes, associations and traditions of her



Hon. Perkins Bass

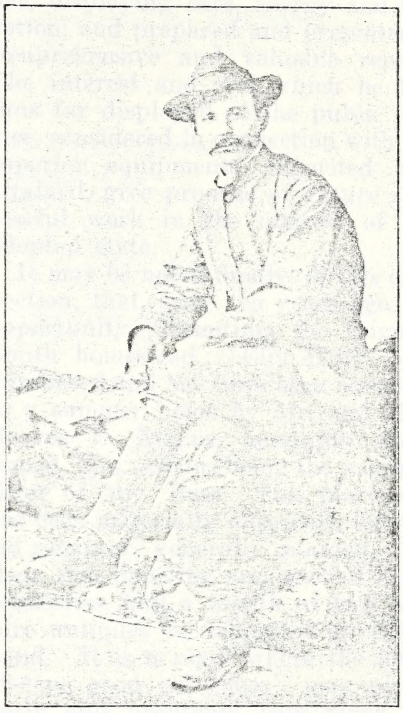
mother's birthplace and childhood home made a lasting impression upon her nature and when, after the failure of her husband's health, it seemed desirable for them to establish a home elsewhere, the "old home" attachment was revived and their faces were set in that direction; but, as it appeared "Elm Hill" was no longer within their reach. It had passed from the ownership of her uncle, John Smith, into the hands of strangers, he having sold the same and retired to the village in 1873. In this condition of things, the best alternative presented was the purchase of the adjoining place on the north, where John, the second son of William Smith, had established his home, reared his family and wrought out his fortune and life work. It was a beautiful place, scarcely less attractive than "Elm Hill," and in many respects its equal. Moreover, the glamour of family tradition also hovered over this mansion, which had stood for four fifths of a century, and covered all the broad acres surrounding. And so, in 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Bass secured the place and here, with their family, practically made their home thereafter.

Additional lands were secured and extensive improvements have been made. While the distinctive old-time features of the interior have been largely preserved, the house has been transformed into one of the most attractive modern country homes in the state. Here the family has dwelt through the summer season, passing the winters in Boston or elsewhere as circumstances have rendered advisable, and has been actively identified with the interests of the town. Mr. Bass died here October 9, 1899. Mrs. Bass, though traveling and visiting largely, through the country and abroad (the past summer having been spent in Europe), retains her home and her interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the town, in whose founding and development her maternal ancestors performed so large a part, generously contributing from her means to the advancement of its interests, intellectual, social and material.

John Foster Bass, elder son of Perkins and Clara (Foster) Bass, has won unusual distinction as a war correspondent of New York and London papers. He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, 1886, Harvard University, 1891, the Harvard Law School, 1893, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1894. He went to Egypt in 1896 for the New York Times, following Kitchener's campaign until correspondents were barred. He accompanied a revolutionary expedition in the island of Crete, remaining some months in the latter part of that year, and later tra-

versed Asia Minor during the Armenian massacres, facing many dangers. In the year following, he again joined the Cretan revolutionists, representing the *London Daily News* and the *New York Journal,* and having most dangerous and exciting experience. Next he was in the Greco-Turkish War and present in many battles. Returning to America in 1898, he followed the Spanish-American War and was, during the next year, in the midst of the Philippine insurrection for *Harper's Weekly* and the *New York Herald.* In 1900, for the *Herald,* he accompanied the allied relief expedition to Pekin at the time of the Boxer rebellion. In 1903 he went as special commissioner for the *Herald,* at the request of the Turkish Sultan, to investigate the conduct of the Turkish troops in the suppression of the Bulgarian insurrection. The year following saw him with General Kuroki in the memorable campaign in the Russo-Japanese War, from Yalu to Liaoyang, being in action with the artillery of the Imperial Guards for eleven days in the latter great battle. He has important business interests in Chicago, in which his brother is associated, and maintains an office and residence there, but has just completed a splendid summer home of granite and cement—one of the most substantial in the state, near the base of Pack Monadnock, in Peterborough, where he has a large tract of land. He is married and has one child. He is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London and a member of the University Club of Chicago.

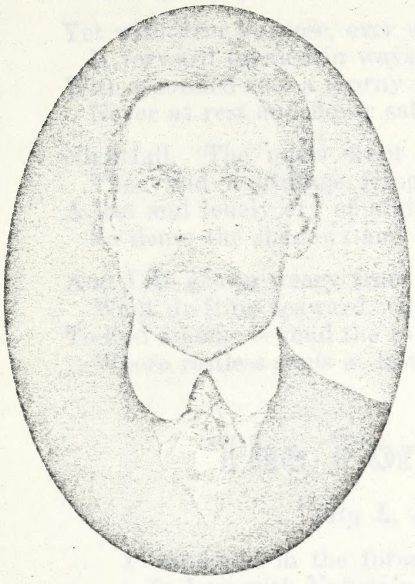
Robert Perkins Bass, the younger son, also a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1896, also commenced preparation for the legal profession, pursuing first a graduate course and then attending the law school, but his father's increasing feebleness made it necessary to forego his ambition in that direction and devote his attention to his extensive interests in Chicago and elsewhere, which he has had largely in charge, as executor and trustee under the will since his father's decease, maintaining his home, however, in Peterborough with his mother. There are some five hundred acres in the immediate estate, and under his direction extensive agricultural operations are conducted, according to the most improved modern methods. Among other work he has conducted various experiments in connection with the State Experiment



John Foster Bass

Station at Durham, the growing of alfalfa being one of the latest matters under consideration. He is deeply interested in forestry, and is making practical demonstration in various branches of the subject, including extensive operations in re-forestation, on a large tract of land in the adjacent town of Sharon, belonging to the outlying estate. His work here has been done largely in connection with the U. S. Forestry service. In recognition of his interest in this line, and in order to secure for the state valu-

able service, Governor McLane appointed Mr. Bass a member of the state forestry commission in September, 1906, a position which he still holds and to whose duties he has given interested attention.



Robert Perkins Bass

Mr. Bass has identified himself thoroughly with the interests of the town of Peterborough in all important directions. He is a member of the board of trade and actively interested in its work. Politically he is a progressive Republican, of reform tendencies, and earnest in promotion of party interests on broad lines. He was chosen to the legislature of 1905, and again for 1907, taking a very active and prominent part in the work of the latter session, in which he served on the important committees on forestry and retrenchment and reform, being clerk of the former and chairman of the latter. In the latter capacity he conducted the comprehensive investigation of the various departments of the state government, ordered by the legislature, in a most searching yet tactful manner, displaying care, energy and devotion, and prepared and presented a comprehensive and valuable report. The interest and zeal which he has thus far displayed in the public service, considered in connection with his superior equipments, inherited and attained, give promise of future successful work in the interest of his adopted state.

It may be noted finally, in this connection, that, some ten years ago, an opportunity presenting, the original Smith homestead, "Elm Hill," was purchased and has since been occupied as a summer home by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Adams, heretofore mentioned, Mrs. Adams being the younger sister of Mrs. Bass. This place also has been materially improved, but the old rooms are generally retained, with their rich paneling and ancient characteristics, and a wealth of rich and rare antiques is dislpayed on every hand. It is a place where the lover of "ye good old times" may pleasantly and profitably pass many an hour if he has the time at his disposal, as he is sure of a cordial welcome.

Unsatisfied

By Cyrus A. Stone

Daybreak. The morning with its robes of splendor
Went forth to deck the earth's green fields and bowers,
Pausing in admiration sweet and tender
To kiss the dewdrops from the blushing flowers.

But Life stood musing by the murmuring ocean,
Watching the foam-flakes of the rising tide,

Tracing a semblance in the wild commotion
To hearts that never yet were satisfied.

The noontide flamed above the hills in glory,
Life bore the heat and burden of the day,
Repeating evermore the old sad story
Of hopes deferred and treasures flown away.

Yet with firm purpose, ever up and doing,
It forward pressed in ways before untried,
With wounded feet a thorny path pursuing,
Never at rest and never satisfied.

Nightfall. The mists crept upward through the gloaming,
The vivid lightnings fringed the storm's dark bars,
A lost and lonely cry of night-winds roaming,
So dense the shadows and so few the stars.

And Life grown weary from its pain-pressed pillow
Went drifting seaward with the ebbing tide
To find a home beyond the rolling billow
Where restless souls at last are satisfied.

The Forest Hoary

By L. J. H. Frost

I wandered in the forest hoary,
In love with Nature's form,
And folded round me summer's glory,
Nor dreamed of cloud or storm.

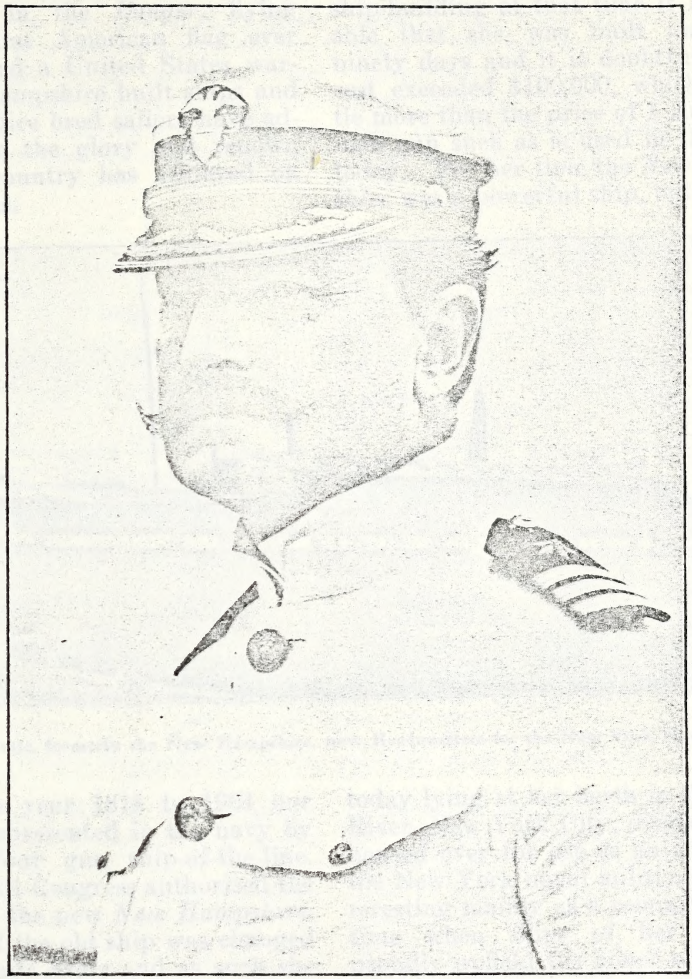
I heard the brooklet's gentle murmur,
The wild bee's soft, sweet hum;
And wished that life had sounds no sterner
For either old or young.

Idling awhile in Nature's palace,
I heard a wild bird's song;
'Twas—"Drink ye now from love's pure chalice,
For summer lasts not long."

To Nature then I told love's story,
Kneeling before her shrine;
Her face all veiled with summer glory,
Her hand close clasped in mine.

She smiled, and from my heart was banished
Each shade of woe, all sense of pain;
She spoke and sin itself then vanished,
Leaving my soul without a stain.

Ah! then my heart seemed pure and holy,
My spirit all baptized in peace;
Would God that in that summer glory,
My happy soul had found release.



Capt. CAMERON McR. WINSLOW

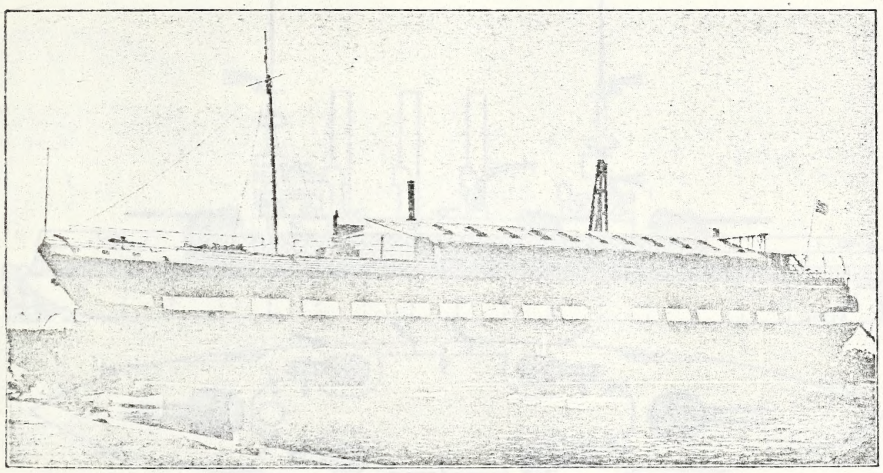
Commanding Battleship New Hampshire



The Battleship "New Hampshire"

By Howard H. Brown

New Hampshire's interest in naval matters has never been a passive one and from the day when the gallant John Paul Jones sailed away from Portsmouth in the *Ranger,* flying afloat the first American flag ever hoisted aboard a United States warship, New Hampshire built ships and New Hampshire bred sailors have added much to the glory and renown which our country has achieved on the high seas.



The Granite State, formerly the New Hampshire, now Headquarters for the New York Naval Militia

From the year 1818 to 1904 our state was represented in the navy by an eighty-four gun ship-of-the-line. When in 1904 Congress authorized the building of the new *New Hampshire,* the name of the old ship was changed to the *Granite State* and as such she is known today, for she is still in existence though unfit for sea service. The old *New Hampshire* was a wooden sailing vessel of 4,150 tons displacement, built at Kittery, Maine. Her principal dimensions were: Length, 196 feet; beam, 53 feet; mean draft, 25 ft., 6 in., and her fighting strength consisted of 84 guns mounted on three separate decks. No records are at hand to show how long it took to build the ship or what her total cost was, but from the state of ship-building at that time it is probable that she was built inside of ninety days and it is doubtful if her cost exceeded $100,000, which is little more than the price of a single 12-inch gun such as is used in the navy today. For her time the *New Hampshire* was a powerful ship, but as seen today lying at her berth in the North River, New York City, dismasted and housed over for use as an armory by the New York naval militia, she is interesting mainly as a reminder of the time when ships of her class so proudly upheld the honor of our flag against the strongest navies of the world.

Contrasted with the old *New Hampshire,* the new ship, which is the most powerful battleship now in commission in our navy, presents a striking example of the development of modern warship construction. The new battleship is of 16,000 tons nor-

mal and 17,784 tons full load displacement. Her principal dimensions are: Length, 456 feet, 4 inches; breadth, 76 feet, 10 inches; mean draft, 24 feet, 6 inches, and her engines, designed to develop 16,500 horse power, are capable of driving the ship at a speed of over 18 knots per hour. On her official four-hour speed trial, it is reported that she averaged 18.75 knots and on her twenty-four hour endurance run, 18.14 knots. Her bunkers are capable of carrying 900 tons of coal at normal and 2,325 tons at full load displacement. This gives the ship a steaming radius of about 5,000 nautical miles at a speed of 10 knots per hour. The main battery comprises four 12", eight 8" and twelve 7" breech loading rifles, of which four 12", four 8" and six 7" guns can be fired on a broadside, giving a total broadside fire of 5,390 pounds of metal. Nearly four years were required to build the ship and her total cost was in the neighborhood of six and one-quarter million dollars, of which $3,748,000 was for the hull and machinery and about $2,250,000 for the armor and armament.

Powerful as the *New Hampshire* is, she does not represent the highest development of warship design today, for she was laid down over four years ago and in order to complete a squadron of battleships of uniform design her plans were practically identical with those adopted for first class battleships two years previous to that time. The last six years, including the period of the Russo-Japanese war, have brought about a marked transition in naval design resulting in the "all big gun" type of battleship.

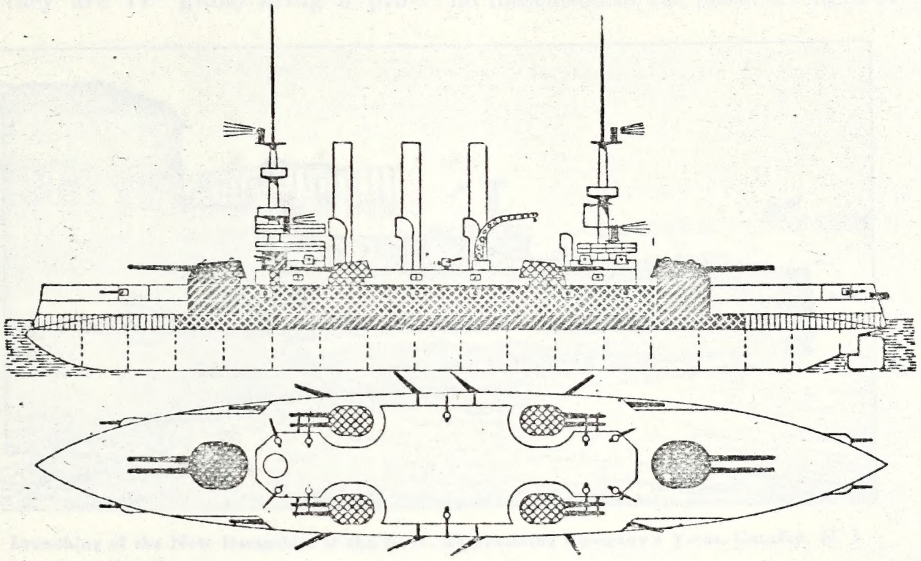


Diagram showing location of Guns and Armor on the New Hampshire

First-class battleships now building for the navy from the latest designs are ships of 20,000 tons displacement and 21 knots speed, carrying a main battery of ten 12" and fourteen 5" guns, of which all the 12" and seven of the 5" guns can be fired on a broadside, giving a total broadside fire of 9,120 pounds.

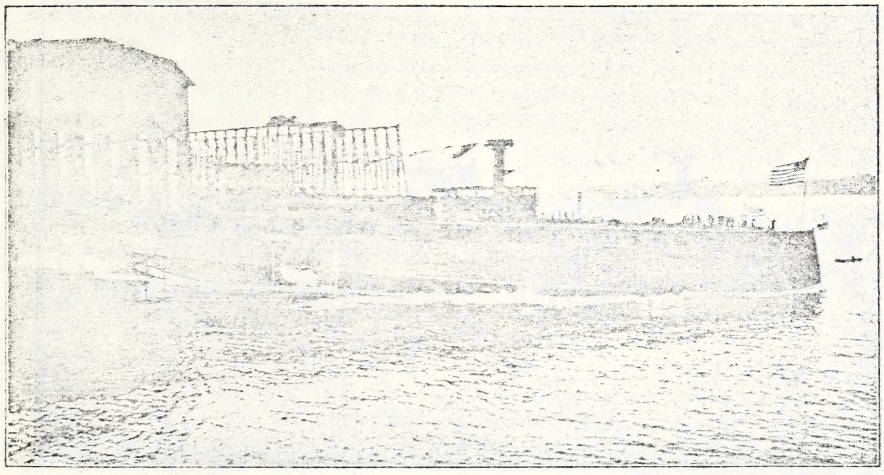
Comparing the *New Hampshire* with the largest battleships now in commission in the most important foreign navies of the world, we should have to choose the British *Dreadnought,* the German *Deutschland,* the French *Liberté* and the Japanese *Satsuma.* The *Dreadnought,* Brit-



ain's most formidable warship, is of 17,900 tons displacement and has a speed of 21 knots. Her main battery consist of ten 12″ guns, of which eight can be fired on a broadside, giving a total broadside fire of 6,800 pounds. The *Deutschland,* representing a class of five of the most powerful German battleships now in commission, has a displacement of 13,200 tons and a speed of 18 knots. The largest guns on this ship are considerably lighter than those on the American, British or Japanese ships, as they are 11″ guns, firing a projectile weighing only 595 pounds as compared with the 12″ guns in the other navies, which fire a projectile weighing 850 pounds. The *Deutschland's* main battery consists of four 11″ and fourteen 6.7″ and her aggregate broadside fire figures out at 3,300 pounds. The *Liberté* is of 14,900 tons displacement, 18 knots speed and carries four 12″ and ten 7.6″ guns, giving an aggregate broadside fire of 3,849 pounds, while the *Satsuma,* designed by Japan immediately after the war with Russia, is an 18,000-ton ship capable of a speed of 20 knots per hour, with a fighting strength of four 12″, twelve 10″ and twelve 4.7″ guns, giving a broadside fire of 7,000 pounds. The fact that the 12″ projectile used in the French navy weighs only 731 pounds as compared with the 12″ projectile used in the British, American and Japanese navies, which weighs 850 pounds, accounts partly for the small weight of broadside fire in the *Liberté.*

While the foregoing comparison serves to give a very general idea of the size and power of the big ships of the most important navies of the world and of the *New Hampshire's* place among them, it, of course, gives no indication of the naval strength of the nations or even of the actual fighting efficiency of the individual ships. In number and size of ships Great Britain stands first, the United States second, France third, Germany fourth and Japan fifth, while ship for ship and gun for gun, the United States navy is second to none in the world. The expert seamanship and skill in gunnery of American officers and sailors amply proves the above statement, especially if we accept Admiral Farragut's theory that "the best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own ships."

Every battleship design is more or less of a compromise, the three im-



Launching of the New Hampshire at the N. Y. Shipbuilding Company's Yards, Camden, N. J.



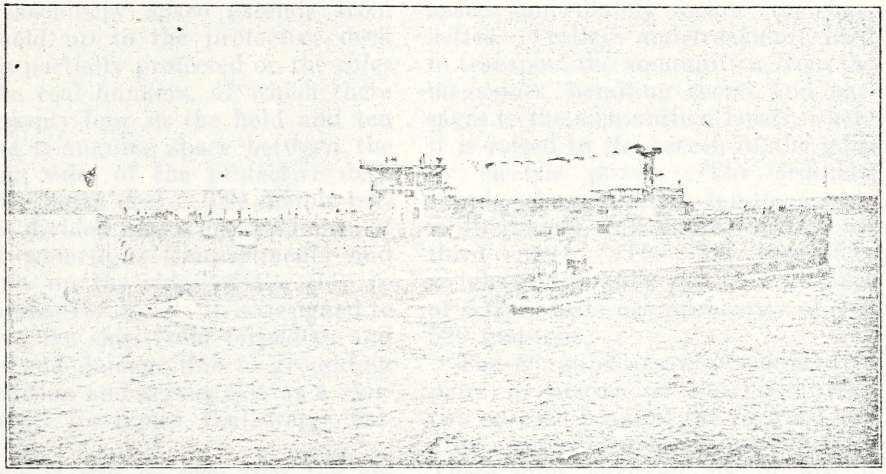
portant factors entering into the design being armor, armament and speed. To secure the most effective combination of these three items for a certain size ship at a certain cost is the problem which confronts the naval architect. Every added knot of speed means an increase in the weight of the propelling machinery and consequently either lighter armor or fewer guns must be carried, for the sum total of the weights of these three items added to the weight of the hull and equipment must not exceed the desired displacement of the ship. In the *New Hampshire,* whose displacement or total weight is sixteen thousand tons, the respective weights of these items are as follows:

Armor	4,000 tons
Armament, which includes guns and ammunition	1,339 tons
Propelling machinery, including coal and water	2,466 tons
Hull	7,427 tons
Equipment and stores	768 tons

Every 63.14 tons added to these weights sinks the ship one inch deeper into the water and correspondingly decreases the speed of the ship by adding a certain amount of resistance to its motion through the water.

The hull of the *New Hampshire* is divided into seven separate decks known as the upper, main, gun and berth decks, the upper and lower platforms or orlop decks and the hold. The upper deck, which is formed by the top of the superstructure, extends only for a short distance amidships, as can be seen from the photographs.

All the guns with the exception of some of the smallest ones are placed on the main and gun decks, the twelve-inch and eight-inch guns being mounted in turrets on the main deck and the seven-inch guns on pedestal mounts, having the usual broadside train on the gun deck. The three-inch guns are distributed partly on the main and partly on the gun decks in commanding positions.



The New Hampshire Immediately after Launching

The berth deck is a continuation of what is known as the protective deck. The latter, situated approximately at the water line, extends the entire length of the ship and is flat amidships but slopes downward at the sides and ends. It is built of one-half inch plate, covered with one and a half inch armor on the flat and three-inch armor on the slopes. Below this deck are all the magazines and machinery,



or what might be termed the vitals of the ship. On the upper platform, which is the first deck immediately below the protective decks, are located some of the magazines, handling rooms and store rooms, the forward and after dynamo rooms and the steering engine room. On the lower platform are the forward and after torpedo rooms, additional magazines, storerooms, etc., while in the hold, the bottom of which is the inner bottom of the ship or tank top, are more magazines and store rooms, besides the chain lockers, coal bunkers, trimming tanks and machinery. The machinery space extends from the hold up to the protective deck and is partially protected on the sides by the coal bunkers, of which there are twenty-four in the hold and ten in the triangular space between the sloping sides of the protective deck and the berth deck. The double bottom is divided into a great number of small watertight compartments and extends up the sides of the ship to the protective deck. It is designed to protect the ship from torpedoes and mines and damage due to grounding or collision and serves also as a storage space for liquid, fuel, water, ballast, etc.

Thus it will be seen that the entire space below the protective deck is minutely subdivided into small watertight compartments, all of which are carefully tested for leakage by filling them with water before the ship is launched. These insure that damage to any one part of the hull will result in flooding only a small portion of the ship and in the consequent loss of only a fraction of her total buoyancy so that her safety or maneuvering qualities are not necessarily impaired.

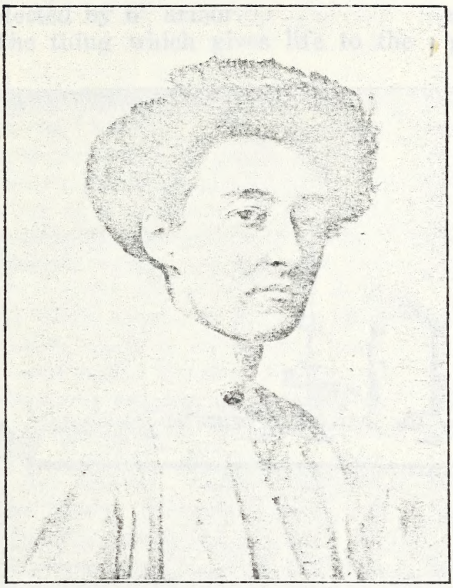
Perhaps the most interesting thing about a battleship and certainly one of the most important is her guns. The four 12″ guns on the *New Hampshire* are mounted in pairs in two revolving elliptical balanced turrets placed on the main deck, one forward and one aft of the superstructure, each gun having an arc fire of about 270°. The guns are protected by armor plates 12″ thick on the front of the turrets, 8″ thick on the back and 2½″ on the top. Below the turrets circular barbettes extend down into the ship to the protective deck. These barbettes are protected above the gun deck by 10 inches of armor in front and 7½ inches in the rear and by a uniform thickness of 6″ armor between the gun and protective decks.

The ammunition and handling rooms for the 12″ guns open into the space immediately below the barbettes. Trolleys and tracks are used to transport the ammunition from the magazines, handling rooms and passages to the ammunition hoists, where it is raised to the breech of the guns by electric power. The ordinary supply of ammunition for these guns is 40 rounds, full supply being one-third more. The 12″ projectile weighs 850 pounds and at a distance of 5,000 yards has an energy of 24,526 foot-tons.

The 8″ guns are also mounted in pairs in turrets on the main deck, two on each beam at the forward and after ends of the superstructure. These guns have an arc of fire of 135° and discharge a projectile weighing 250 pounds, giving an energy at a range of 5,000 yards of 4,945 foot-tons. The guns are protected by 6½ inches of armor on the front of the turrets, 6 inches on the rear and 2 inches on the top. The armor for the 8″ barbettes is 6″ thick in front and 4″ thick in the rear.

The 7″ guns are located on the gun deck, mounted on pedestal mounts behind 7″ armor and each gun is isolated by splinter bulkheads of nickel steel from 1½″ to 2″ thick. A similar bulkhead extends forward and aft on the center line of the ship so that each gun is practically in an armored compartment by itself. These guns, six of which are on each side of the ship, fire a projectile weighing

165 pounds, which has an energy at 5,000 yards of 2,981 foot-tons. The normal supply of ammunition is 100 rounds per gun and full supply one third more. Twelve ammunition hoists are used to supply the guns and four horizontal ammunition conveyers operated by electric motors are fitted in the ammunition passages for the transfer of ammunition from the handling rooms to the base of the



Miss Hazel McLane
Sponsor of the New Hampshire

hoists. All the 7″ guns can be trained inside the shell of the ship so as to permit the vessel to go alongside a dock.

In addition to the main battery the ship carries a secondary battery of twenty 3″-14-pounder rapid fire guns, twelve 3-pounder, semi-automatic guns, two 1-pounder automatic guns and two 3″ field pieces. The 3″ guns are mounted principally on the main and gun decks in commanding positions and are protected by nickel steel armor 2″ thick. Below the water line are four 21″ torpedo tubes.

Next of importance to the guns comes the armor. Outside observers sometimes have the impression that the entire outside of a battleship above the waterline is covered with heavy armor. Such is far from being the case, however, as will be seen by reference to the line cut, which shows the distribution of armor on the *New Hampshire*. The shaded portions of the cut indicate the position of the armor and the relative thickness of the different portions is indicated in a general way by the heaviness of this shading. It will be seen that there is a comparatively narrow belt of armor extending the entire length of the ship at the water line, the greater part of which is below the normal water line. Above this, amidships, an armored citadel surrounds the guns, the only other armored parts being the turrets, barbettes, conning tower and signal station. Behind all the side, athwartship and twelve-inch armor, a backing of teak wood of minimum thickness of three inches is fitted. This comparatively soft backing behind the armor is for the purpose of distributing over a considerable area of the ship's side the force of the impact of a projectile striking the armor plate. If the entire force of such a blow were concentrated on one spot, the structural strength of the framing of the ship's side would not be sufficient to withstand the blow.

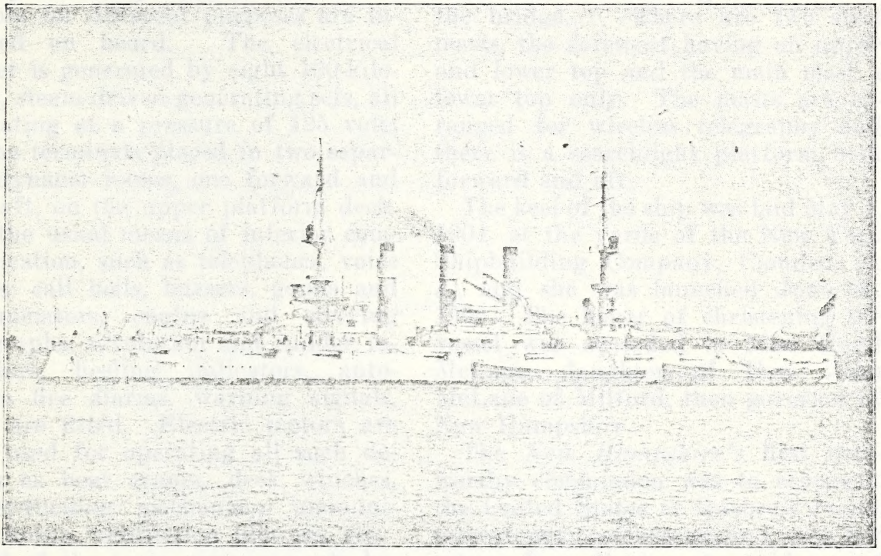
The waterline armor belt is 9′ 3″ wide and amidships is 11″ thick at the top and 9″ thick at the bottom. This thickness is gradually decreased to 4″ at the ends of the ship. Just inside this belt and extending for a height of 8′ above the lower edge of the protective deck is a cofferdam 30″ wide, filled with cellulose, a water-excluding material. Since this cofferdam extends entirely around the sides of the ship, it will be seen that if a shot should penetrate the side armor causing an opening in the side of the ship at the waterline this dam will tend to stop the flow of water into the ship.

Above the waterline belt and cover-

ing the central portion of the ship's sides is the upper and lower casemate armor 6″ thick at the top, increasing to 7″ thick at the bottom. At the forward and after 12″ turrets, a solid wall of athwartship armor 7″ thick extends across the ship from the protective to the main decks. The conning tower is protected by 9″ armor, and a tube 3′ in diameter leads from the base of the conning tower down to the protective deck. This tube is protected by 6″ armor.

The thing which gives life to the great battleship, changing her from an inert and helpless mass of steel into a responsive, smoothly-running machine, obedient to the slightest touch of her master and capable of utilizing her powerful fighting strength under any conditions of wind and sea, is the power plant. Every movement of the ship and every operation incidental to the handling of her guns and equipment is accomplished directly or indirectly by steam power.

Twelve large boilers of the water tube type are required to generate sufficient steam for the propelling and auxiliary machinery. The boilers are located in six separate water-tight compartments and the two boilers in each compartment face each other, thus giving in each compartment an athwartship fire room. Each boiler has four furnaces, so there are forty-eight fires to stoke when all the boilers are in operation. The total grate area is eleven hundred square feet and the total heating surface forty-six thousand, seven hundred and fifty square feet. Forced draft giving a pressure of about one inch of water in the ash pits is employed and the products of combustion are carried off through three funnels, each 100 feet high above the keel of the ship.



The New Hampshire at Portsmouth.

The ship is propelled by twin screws over seventeen feet in diameter, each of which is driven by a four-cylinder vertical triple expansion engine, giving a total horsepower of 16,500 at about 120 revolutions per minute. Each engine with its condenser and auxiliary machinery is in a separate watertight compartment, the only means of communication between them being a watertight door at the level of the operating platform.

Besides the main engines and their auxiliaries, the following steam machinery is installed: A steering engine, a windlass engine, an ash-hoist engine for each fire room, forced draft blowers, an ice plant with a cooling effect of three tons of ice per day, and an evaporating plant having a capacity of ten thousand gallons of water per day. The vessel is also heated by steam throughout.

Electricity plays a most important part in the operation of the ship, for not only is the vessel lighted throughout by electricity but several hundred motors for different purposes are installed on board. The electrical power is generated by eight 100-kilowatt, steam-driven generating sets, all operating at a pressure of 125 volts at the terminals placed in two separate dynamo rooms, one forward and one aft, on the upper platform deck. All the usual means of interior communication, such as telephones, voice pipes, call bells, buzzers, gongs and annunciators, engine and steering telegraphs, revolution and rudder indicators, heeling indicators, automatic fire alarms, warning signals, etc., are fitted. Electric motors are also used for operating all such devices as boat cranes, deck winches, turret-turning mechanism, ammunition hoists, ventilation blowers, etc.

All of the main compartments below the gun deck, except the coal bunkers, are provided with forced ventilation. For this purpose, thirty-three electrically driven blowers are provided, having a combined capacity of one hundred and four thousand cubic feet of air per minute. Special attention has been given to spaces habitually subject to high temperature, such as the engine rooms, fire rooms and dynamo rooms.

The *New Hampshire* is designed as a flagship and the arrangement of quarters provided for a flag officer, a chief of staff, nineteen wardroom officers, ten junior officers, ten warrant officers, seven hundred and sixty-one men and sixty marines. There is a lower bridge, both forward and aft, and a flying bridge forward. A bronze chart house is located on the forward bridge deck and a bronze screen is fitted on the flying bridge for the protection of the men at the wheel. The ship may be steered either from the conning tower or from the bridge. There are two steel masts, the foremast having an upper and lower top and the main mast a lower top only. The masts are arranged for wireless telegraphy and there is a searchlight platform both forward and aft.

The keel of the ship was laid May 1, 1904, at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Camden, N. J., and she was launched June 30, 1906. The honor of christening the vessel was accorded to Miss Hazel McLane, daughter of Hon. John McLane of Milford, then governor of New Hampshire.

The *New Hampshire's* first noteworthy commission was to represent the United States at Quebec's recent tercentenary celebration and upon her return from Quebec she paid a visit to Portsmouth, where she received the gift of a magnificent silver service from the people of New Hampshire—an expression of their pride and faith in the splendid ship which bears their name. The honor of the first command of the *New Hampshire* was accorded to Capt. Cameron McRae Winslow, a lineal descendant of Gen. John Stark, a portrait of whom precedes this article.

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

(Continued from last month)

LONGINGS

Just now, dear love, a gentle wind
Stole past with music choice, as hymns the bee,
And then my soul, to transports sad inclined,
For thee,
Pursued it o'er the lea.
Thus oft and far, as wider grow
The realms of fancy in rapt summer's sway,
Thought roams and grieves on tender airs that blow
And play
With accents sweet all day.
Return, sole comfort, let me rest
With thee while all time's hours in gladness hie!
Again the zephyr breathes a soft tone blest,
And I
Float in the vast and sigh.

Canto IV

The second morn arose, the sky was clear;
The sun was bright, and day sprang into birth
With radiance supreme, and beauty glowed
In every aspect of the world revived.
The march triumphant and the conquered way
Resumed, the captives few but fraught with doom
Fast found new trial in distress unfeigned.
The northward path, stole from the heatless wild,
Grew bleak and chilly, for advancing spring
In cheerful potency of warmth benign
From the far south crept slowly, and the earth,
And air, in sternness and in rigor lent
Response to each dull motion; and the stream
With damp and sullen breath all faces fed
With nameless bitterness; and when the waves,
Increased and gelid, in the year's first tide
Of noisy overflow, broke on the ear
With voice resounding, in deep fancy dark
Of the dumb captives, anger raged to tell
The woe impending, heartless, fearful, sure.
The path more toilsome found, and with her strength
Fast famishing for such exhaustion found
Of effort unaccustomed, a gray dame
Sank down in impotence, and then a brave
Cried out, "Go on! Go on! Leave her alone!
The old squaw is no profit." Then a voice

Of daring found in danger answered, "Shame!"
To such debasement. But the savage said,
"The redman gives his mother, old and weak,
To her sure fate, alone beneath the sky.
What more worth in the paleface?"[13] Then a cry
Aloud in indignation rent the air
From civil throats, the captives boldly known
In their resentment, and the reckless brave,
In swift impatience potent, raised his arm
And with his tomahawk the skull dashed in
Of the prone woman, while he said, "We now
Go on our way. Our talk is at its end."
The day went by, and once again a night
Sped to the past, the cruel journey still
The far north seeking, and at length a man,
In impotence of patience, and his ire
Aroused to ardor by distress in fear
And foul constraint, waxed in a boldness rash
And cried, "I go no further. I will die
But not support this anguish;" and he dared
A savage captor, who his weapon took
And wrought death's burden, as the captive fell
In the red pool that from this frame gushed forth
In measure horrible; and once again
The band held onward. Then one day a youth,
On manhood comely verging, for the strain
Too hard for conscious nature, in his mind
To sharp affliction yielded, while he raved,
And laughed, and wept, and to companions told
His great possession and exemption found
Of boundless treasure, and displayed in hand
The worthless trifles that delusion turned
To riches vast and priceless, and his life
Paid forfeit of the dread in savage breasts
Of fiends demonic, that the form invade
Of man subjective to their direful sway,
In presence hateful. Other there was one—
A maiden meek—whose heart at length the keen
Distress bore patiently, until she spoke
The peaceful word that from the bosom broke
Of pious puissance, with faith that soars
Above earth's agonies, and time's assaults
Of anguish impotent leaves far below
The pure soul's flight ecstatic in the stress
Of the weak flesh in sadness sharp and sore.
The journey waned to the last night that cast
Its shadow on the pathway, and the maid,
Though wan and pale e'er turning, gave no word
Nor tone disconsolate, but, on her couch
So cold and comfortless, that last, deep gloom
She bore in peace that prompted holy thanks

13. The Indian custom of abandoning the old and infirm to the fate of the elements is affirmed in tradition.

That-breathed in terms angelic. Then her voice,
In low, sweet notes celestial sang a strain
That, like a lullaby arose, and fell,
And died in the far distance, as the ear
Caught but its feeblest murmurs; and next morn
Her wasted, pallid form lay still and cold,
Its spotless spirit ransomed and at rest
Within Love's sacred portals. Then were left
Two captive souls to test time's dim decrees.[14]
Great Merrimack, the stream of endless flow,
The Contoocook receives in measured strength
Of waters, and close where the ceaseless twain
Join in one confluence, an island fair
In quietness reposes.[15] There the train—
The captors numerous, the captives two—
In prudence halted, though but few the days
Since their departure from the harrassed town
Of English homes in southern distance set:[16]
For on the isle dwelt one of haughty mien
And air imperious—a chief in mind
And manner—and of fealty he craved
A savage measure from his race and kin
Who gave as he exacted.[17] To his home—
A spacious wigwam—came the captors wild,
Their civil captives keeping silent pace
To the fierce foe's intention; and the chief,
With face assuming, viewed the capture dumb
And with deep voice commanding said, "Leave here
With me the squaws, for they are mine to hold
And keep as bides my pleasure;" and the braves
Who heard gave quick assent, and then the two—
Staunch Hannah Dustin and tame Mary Neff—
Alone left living of the paleface train
At first made captive—found a station new
In such subjection, hard, of heavy hope.
In swift compliance with assumption bold,
The savage captors to the chief consigned
The lesser treasures of their foray foul,
And Hannah Dustin saw the partial web,
Rent fruitage of her loom in patient toil,
To the wild chieftain handed, though she gazed
With slight concernment in her stricken soul.

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14. It is not certainly known just how many captives started in the train containing the three members of the Dustin family. It is believed that there were a number besides the Dustin babe, who by one cause or the other, lost their lives before the time implied in the annotated line.

15. This island, at Penacook, N. H., is now known as Dustin's island, and is the site of a monument to Hannah Dustin.

16. The assault upon Haverhill, Mass., having been on the 15th of March, there are reasons for thinking that the journey to the island could not have been very long. See note 27.

17. There appears to be no direct evidence that the head of the Indian family at the island was actually a chief, but still the native inference is that he sustained a position of special authority, since he is said to have "claimed" the two captives from Haverhill, Mass.

(Continued next month)

Two Summers in Arcadia

By C. Jennie Swaine

There are some incidents in our lives which seem to be the especial providences of God, ordered for our highest happiness. Those who love us best could not have planned anything so exquisite; we ourselves could not have dreamed anything half so delightful. We were sure that the loving All Father mapped out our days for us as we are of the gala day which our dearest friends plan for us.

Such felicitous occurrences were the two golden summers which were mine in Arcadia, the home of my joyous childhood and happy youth.

I gave the old home the name of Arcadia, not only on account of its great beauty but also because, like the Arcadia of ancient Greece, it had a chain of three mountains in near view, which I gave the name of Peloponnesus, a name sacred to ancient history. Longfellow's pretty romance in verse gave a touch to the picture which made it simply exquisite.

It was early in the halcyon month of May when we came to reside at the old home; for just three weeks—so said my earthly guardian and guide. Just here comes in the supernal influence which impelled him to hold out the golden scepter when, like Queen Esther of old, I pleaded very humbly for this one great and unmerited favor.

Perhaps I left the home and many kind friends on Pembroke Street less reluctantly on account of this happiness in prospect. As it was I parted from old friends and old scenes with much reluctance. Luckily it was a beautiful day when we went in to occupy the deserted old brown house on the hill, but a chill soon followed.

Our first tea in the small dining room—once my mother's bedroom—with morning glory vines twining around the windows, was so like what it used to be when my mother poured the tea for us that I could hardly keep from looking around to see if she was not still there.

Presently the weather changed and a cold storm set in, which threatened one of us with homesickness. You may be sure it was not me. I had seen the old place too many times in storm and tempest; I had seen the dear old lane impassably blockaded with snow and almost as impassable when the ground was "settling" in spring, and the ardor of my love was in no way cooled by what, to other eyes than mine, would doubtless be an unpleasant picture. I did pity the poor little birds. They had evidently been in the habit of flitting through the broken glass to find shelter from storms in the old kitchen. I would have been delighted to have given the sweet singers a cordial welcome, but they flew back affrighted. The squirrels were less timid and came in and perched and chattered on the arms of my chair when I was in the kitchen. Those few days of stormy weather gave me a fine opportunity to wander the old house over, room by room, the walls of every one of them being hung with the beautiful pictures of sweet memories. I did not then venture to visit attic or cellar; later on I was not afraid to go anywhere, even when alone. Were not guardian angels hovering ever near, their well-known voices giving me sweetest assurance that he that keepeth us does not slumber or sleep?

The weather soon brightened. It could not be otherwise in Arcadia, especially in the time of apple blooms and nesting birds, and rose time so near at hand, too. I commenced my rambles. I sought the old places so dear in the long ago, and the finding of every one of them was like a fresh going home. To be sure much of the

Two Summers in Arcadia

By C. Jeanie Keating

old woods was gone; but I still found in the quiet of unfrequented nooks many of the old shadow-loving flowers and vines. There were periwinkles, with their scarlet plums which I used to string and wear around my neck, calling them corals; there, too, were the violets, with an occasional windflower and wake-robin.

The two lanes, one leading to the highway and the other to the pasture, were, perhaps, the most frequented. The brave old oak and the big old elm were sacred sentinels of the past.

I had made many a fruitless search for the old-fashioned red roses which used to bloom in the grass-grown garden in the field. To my surprise and delight I found a big spray of them hidden in the tall grass after I had given up my search in despair. The finding of these dear old roses bore a slight semblance to the meeting with old friends, which gave the true and real zest to my happiness in Arcadia. The few that remained were drawn nearer my heart, as is always the case when death leaves a vacancy.

I found strangers in many of the old homes and I learned to love and respect them, for I think that no one can live long in Arcadia without learning to become good and true.

The book of nature in Arcadian Epsom lies open to a most inspiring and impressive chapter. Lovers of the beautiful are seeking out these hills and valleys for summer resort, more and more every year, and the same may be true of other parts of the town with which I am less familiar.

The farm-home where I spent my two years is familiarly known as "the old Capt. Lang place." I think the Langs and the Cloughs occupied the place longer than any other owners, and both were most devotedly attached to it, visiting it almost as pilgrims visit some holy shrine. The Lang family, who were noted for ability and enterprise, removed to Ohio many years ago and the original members of this family must have been long dead. Of the two who stayed here, Mrs. Dr. Babb died in Manchester some years ago, and Bickford Lang is now residing in Massachusetts. D. Ansel Clough, only son of Daniel Clough, was born at this place. Next door neighbor to Ansel Clough lived Alonzo Dolbeer. They were playmates and companions in childhood and true and loyal friends in all after years. They both died with unfinished careers, Mr. Clough's tastes being artistic, Mr. Dolbeer's mechanical. They both won laurels, and we can only imagine what might have been.

Only one member of the two Dolbeer families, John H. Dolbeer, is now living. He has filled many offices of trust, requiring aptness and ability, and is well known and highly respected by a wide circle of friends. He and his good wife seem always ready for every good work. The words are true of the Arcadian people generally.

Passing by the Union Congregational church, a pretty edifice with memorial windows and tasty inside finish and decorations, we come to the next farm, which also bore the old Dolbeer name, but the entire family are dead. The spacious old house and the many buildings around it give the appearance of a small villa at a distance. Here John Dolbeer, the wealthy Californian and the true gentleman and philanthropist, was reared into the noble manhood of which his friends and townspeople were justly proud. He left many tributes of his benevolence which will insure for him an enduring memory.

On the brook, below the Dolbeer and Brown homes, once stood an old mill. I used to listen to hear the water-wheel turn the mill when the rains had swollen the brook in spring. I missed the familiar sound, for the old mill had long been a thing of the past, but I sometimes heard the song

of the ripples when the brook was high. When it grew dry it left a bed of rocks. Beyond was summer verdure and a view which I am told makes a pretty picture taken from the bridge.

Passing the parsonage and several pretty residences, we come to the farm home of the late Hanover O. Wells. He was a man highly esteemed by his friends and was honored by the town in which he resided. Not far away was the residence of the late Deacon Doe. He was a man who combined religion with his farming, obeying the injunction whatsoever you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord.

On a somewhat distant hill resided a man of similar interests and Christian character. Henry D. Haynes passed suddenly to the higher life during my residence in Arcadia. Mrs. Haynes, a most worthy woman, and her only son and his wife still occupy the sightly ancestral home. George H. Haynes is well known in Grange circles and Mrs. Haynes is still a teacher in town. On the same pretty eminence is the Cass residence. Mrs. Cass is a sister of the late Dr. Chesley of Concord.

In ready view is what is known as the "Mountain district." Prominent among the citizens in this vicinity and people of note in other places, are the Tripps, who carry on a large farm and do business in the former store of Hon. James Tennant. We would not forget Mrs. Mary B. L. Dowst, who served this and adjoining towns with much acceptance as a teacher.

City people delight to come here for summer homes, the mountain scenery being suggestive of the beautiful North Country. Mr. Tarleton of Concord has a summer home here, with capacity for boarders. We passed an edge of this district to reach the mountain road, a favorite drive of ours, not only on account of the exclusive companionship with nature, but for the beautiful trees which shadow the road on sunny days and a few bright vistas of houses and cultivated lands in the distance.

We always visited the "Center district." Here was the widely known old McClary place, long inhabited by lineal descendants, the Steels. The story of this ancient family need not be repeated for it is like a household word in almost every home. Farther on is the Batchelder place. The large hospitable house used to attract many visitors. The whole family are now extinct. In the house across the yard Daniel Clough and D. Ansel Clough died. Years after Capt. C. S. Heath of the Massachusetts Cavalry in the war of the rebellion, died at the same place. Mr. Heath will be remembered as a man loyal to his country and the interests of his own town.

If you have ever been across what is known as "the hill," you have seen a picture which pencil and brush cannot reproduce. The height of the hills almost makes one dizzy, and the diversified and far-reaching views are an endless source of delight. Here on these magnificent hills lived many good people, the Sanders and Sanborn families being conspicuous among them. The late Dr. Sanders of Boston was a member of the Sanders family. The Deacon Sanborn place was the most conspicuous house. Col. John B. Sanborn of western celebrity was his son and Hon. Walter H. Sanborn, also a noted man, is the son of the late Col. Sanborn. He holds an interest in the pretty old place and often comes here with his family of a summer. One looks down on "Slab Village" from here and the old church where the Sanborns and Sanders worshipped. This Congregational church was the church home of many good people who worship "day and night in the temple above, and there is no night there." It always gave me sadness to see its open doors and neglected appearance,

but I remembered with satisfaction that a church bearing the same name in point of faith can be found in another part of the town.

A short distance from the village is what is known as the Gossville Free Baptist church. It still holds something of its former prosperity, still fostering a people of religious character and devotion.

The town library is situated in Gossville, and is a building of much taste and beauty. It has a large and choice selection of books which is well patronized. The inside of the building is arranged for convenience as well as to please the eye; the outside is finished in California redwood, the gift of the late John Dolbeer. It is a strictly modern structure and an honor as well as an ornament to the town.

The fraternal organizations of the town consist of the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs and the Grange. There is also an historical society and a W. C. T. U. The Odd Fellows and their sister lodge are old organizations whose prosperity has been continuous and whose membership comprises many noble men and women both in this town and Chichester. They have a fine building, fully adapted to every desired purpose, situated between the two Short Falls districts. In this locality we find the old red grist mill, years ago noted for the manufacturing of fine flour. Near this mill is the residence of Hon. Warren Tripp, a business man who is extensively known. The new park is here, the gift of a Mr. Webster, whose boyhood was spent in this town.

As a literary town Epsom stands high in the annals of the old Granite State. From the good common schools many scholars have gone to the higher schools and colleges. Of those who remained at home many have taken important advanced steps through reading and study. Among those who took a collegiate course was Rev. C. A. Towle, a rising young clergyman, whose lamented death occurred in Chicago some years since. In this list appear the names of Steele, Tarleton and others. Of physicians and lawyers there have been not a few. As editor and lecturer our old townsman, E. J. Burnham, has won an envied reputation.

After our hurried ramble over the beautiful old town of Epsom let us go back for a moment to Arcadia. Alas! the old brown house on the hill is gone and a pretty structure finished in California redwood stands in its place. No other home, however beautiful, can ever be so dear to those who loved it as that old unsightly house upon the hill; but this new building must gratify the public eye and add fresh beauty to a delightful landscape. May the new owner and his family enjoy the home as much and as long as did the two old families who took such delight in its shelter and environments.

That Epsom holds fine material for a town history is well known. That it has at the present time native talent who could do this work most ably and acceptably is also well known. That it would be a work of time and great painstaking one can but be aware, but the gratitude of the present as well as succeeding generations would be part payment for the trouble. We hope that in the near future the public may receive the history of Epsom.

The Elms of the Merrimac*

By Fred Myron Colby

O elms of the Merrimac,
What majesty and strength are thine!
What pictures do they summon back
Of scenes adown the track of Time!

Long, long before that summer morn
When rang the Independence bells,
Thy graceful trunks of vines unshorn
Heard Penacook and Mohawk yells.

On these green meadows at thy feet
The dusky warriors strove at need,
And Passacon'way's lordly seat
Graced here the redman's Runneymede.

Thy drooping boughs gave grateful shade
To toiling squaws the lustres through,
And many a romping Indian maid
With Whittier's classic Weetamoo.

The springtime of a border town
These towering elms guarded well;
What volumes could they not write down
Of raid and foray that befell!

The pathways through the wilderness,
The little fort with bastions strong,
The early times of storm and stress,
These elms beheld the years along.

They saw the patriot farmers go
To fight the foe at Bennington;
They heard the church bells ringing low
To toll the death of Jefferson.

Beneath these swaying boughs one day
Great Webster bared his godlike head,
And Lafayette, in proud array,
Watched here the squadrons' martial tread.

A dearer memory lingers round
These elms and the meadows here
Than that which haunts the refuge found
By English king or Jewish seer.

O noble trees, the valley's pride,
Watching the river's ceaseless flow,
Thy trunks the breezes have defied
That from Kearsarge's gorges blow.

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*Inspired by a view of the noble elms on the Concord meadows along the Merrimac.

The Elms of the Merrimac*

By Fred Myron Colby

O elms of the Merrimac,
What majesty and strength are thine!
What pictures do they summon back
Of scenes adown the track of Time!

Long, long before that summer morn
When rang the Independence bells,
Thy proud full trunks of vines mudcrown
Heard Pocasset and Mohawk yells.

On these green meadows at thy feet
The dusky warriors drove at speed
And Passaconaway's lordly mien
Graced here the redman's thronging meet.

Thy drooping boughs gave grateful shade
To toiling squaws the babes through,
And many a romping Indian maid
With Whitby's fleece Wonsamis.

The apparition of a border town
These towering elms greeted with
What tidings could they not recite down
Of trail and foray that befell!

The pathways through the wilderness,
The fight for with hostile strong
The early dawn of peace and stress,
These elms beheld the years along.

They saw the portent ferocious go
To fight the foe at Bloodhaven,
They heard the church bells ringing low
To tell the death of Jefferson.

Beneath these marching hosts one day,
Great Webster bared his godlike head,
And Lafayette, in proud array,
Watched here the squadrons' martial tread.

A dearer memory lingers round
These elms and the meadows here
Than that which haunts the ribbon bound
By English ling or Jewish seer.

O noble trees, the valley's pride,
Watching the river's ceaseless flow,
Thy trunks the breezes have sighed
That from Nevernever's purple blow.

*Inspired by a view of the noble elms on the [illegible]

The summer sunshine seems to bring
The romance of the ages back,
As midst thy boscage song birds sing,
O elms of the Merrimac.

My Lady's Garden

By Emily E. Cole

Pale asphodels their censers
Of subtle incense swing,
And lilies-of-the-valley
Their bells of ivory ring.
Tall arums stand like tapers
Before a vestal shrine;
Thou art the maiden priestess,
O cherished heart of mine!

A nightingale is singing
Beside a golden rose,
And through his song is thrilling
A lover's joys and woes.
Carnation's spicy perfume
Is spilled from glowing cups;
And from her honeyed treasures
A thrifty rover sups.

From under all the hedges
The purple violets creep;
And troops of drowsy poppies
Bring my Beloved sleep.
The crimson roses blooming
Upon their bended stalk
Grow pale and hide their blushes
As she comes down the walk.

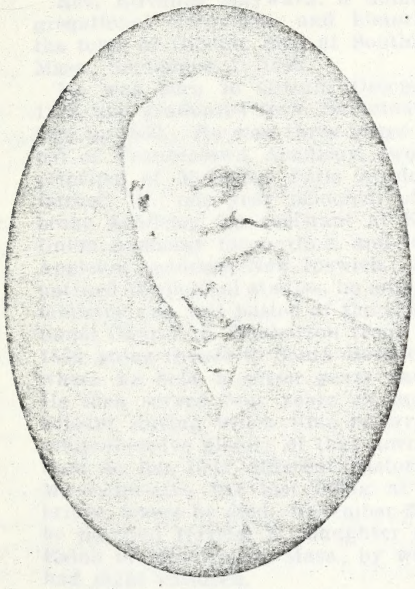
Grows heart's-ease in that garden,
Up-springing without care;
Oh, fond the hope I cherish
That I may find it there!
And ever in that garden
Does happiness begin,
For—crown of joy and gladness—
My lady dwells therein.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. ALBERT B. WOODWORTH

Albert Bingham Woodworth, born in Dorchester, April 7, 1843, died in Concord, June 24, 1908.

Mr. Woodworth was the ninth of twelve children of George and Louisa (Hovey) Woodworth, and of the seventh generation from Walter Woodworth, of Kent County, England, who settled in Scituate, Mass., in 1635. He was educated in the district schools of Hebron and at Boscawen Academy, and in youth served as clerk in a country store at Orford four years, going thence to a similar position in Warren, where he afterward engaged



Hon. Albert B. Woodworth

in business for himself. Subsequently he was for a short time in Bristol, but removed, in 1868, to Lisbon, where he was in general trade for five years. In 1873 he removed to Concord, where he engaged in the retail grocery business, in company with his brother, Edward B., continuing two years, when they purchased the wholesale business of Hutchins & Co., dealers in flour, groceries, feed, lime and cement, continuing in the same thereafter and enjoying an extensive patronage. In 1901 the firm was incorporated as Woodworth & Company, Albert B. Woodworth being the treasurer. He also became largely interested in other enterprises, including the Moosilauke Mountain Hotel Co., and the Parker & Young Company of Lisbon, the largest manufacturers of piano sounding boards in the country, of which he was a director from the incorporation in 1883, and president from 1895.

Politically Mr. Woodworth was a Republican and prominent in the affairs of his party. He served two years as an alderman from Ward Five, Concord, as a member of the legislature in 1893-4 and as mayor of Concord 1897-9. He was an active member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Concord and a vestryman for twelve years. He was also a trustee of the New Hampshire diocese, and for several years a trustee of the boys' school at Holderness. He was a member of Kane Lodge, No. 65, F. & A. M., of Lisbon, of the Concord Commercial Club, the Wonolancet Club and the N. H. Society Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Woodworth was noted for his unvarying courtesy and kindness in every relation of life, for unswerving integrity, and loyal devotion to the welfare of his city and state. He married, September 30, 1873, Mary A., daughter of Charles and Amelia E. (Bennett) Parker, of Lisbon, a graduate of Vassar College, and a woman of commanding influence in the social and educational life of the community and state, as well as a faithful helpmeet in the family and home. She survives him, with three children—Edward K., a graduate of Dartmouth and Harvard Law School, now of the law firm of Streeter & Hollis, Grace and Charles P.

MAJ. OBED G. DORT

Obed G. Dort, one of the best-known citizens of Keene, died in that city September 4. He was a native of the town of Surry, born January 25, 1828, a son of Eliphalet and Lois (Bemis) Dort, and a direct descendant of Richard Dort, who came from England and settled in Connecticut in 1633. He was educated in the common schools and Keene Academy. At the age of 22 he engaged in business in Keene as a druggist, continuing many years. He had been active in the militia in youth, and when the Rebellion broke out, in 1861, he enlisted a company of three-years men and was commissioned captain of Company E, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, afterwards being promoted to major for gallant service.

Major Dort was active in the organization, in 1869, of the Keene Five Cents Savings Bank, of which he was appointed treasurer and which began business in his

Hon. Albert B. Woodworth

store. He resigned as the treasurer of the bank in 1875 to accept the cashiership of the Citizens' National Bank, in the organization of which he had also been active. In 1878 he was elected president of this bank, a position which he held to the time of his death. He was also active in establishing the Keene Guaranty Savings Bank and was its treasurer until 1892.

He married, in 1851, Julia N., daughter of James Wakefield of Marlboro, who died in 1862, leaving one son, Frank G. In December, 1863, he married Sarah J., daughter of the late Governor William Haile, who with the son, Frank G., survives him. He was a Democrat in politics, an Episcopalian, a Mason and Odd Fellow.

REV. SILVANUS HAYWARD, D. D.

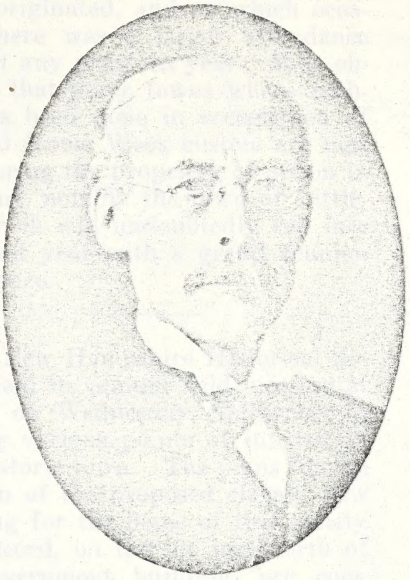
Rev. Silvanus Hayward, a noted Congregational clergyman, and historian of the town of Gilsum, died at Southbridge, Mass., September 2, 1908.

He was born in Gilsum December 3, 1828, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1853. He was three years principal of Francestown Academy, two years principal of McIndoes Falls Academy at Barnet, Vt., one year principal of Pembroke Academy, an assistant at Kimball Union Academy for a time, and later at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich. Having pursued theological studies, he entered the ministry and was pastor of the Congregational Church at Dunbarton from 1861 to 1866, going thence to South Berwick, Me., where he held a seven years pastorate. He then served four years as supply at Gilsum, during which time he wrote the comprehensive history of that town. Since then he has held different pastorates in Massachusetts, the last being at Southbridge, where he died. November 23, 1853, he married Harriet E., daughter of Ziba Eaton of Middleboro, Mass., by whom he had eight children.

REV. HOMER T. FULLER, PH. D., D. D., LL. D.

Homer Taylor Fuller, one of the most noted educators in the country, a native of the town of Lempster, born November 15, 1838, died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., August 14, 1908.

He was the son of Sylvanus and Sarah M. (Taylor) Fuller. He was a direct descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller of the Mayflower Company, and a grandson of Noah Fuller, a soldier of the Revolution. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1864. He was principal of Fredonia (N. Y.) Academy three years; pursued theological studies at Andover and Union Seminaries, graduating from the latter in 1869; was pastor of the Congregational Church at Peshtigo, Wis., until January, 1871; principal of St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy from 1871 till 1882, during which time the prosperity of the institution was established; principal of the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic Institute from 1882 to 1894, and President of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., from 1894 to 1905, during which time important new buildings were added and $2,000,000 raised for the varied uses of the institution. In 1905, in failing health, he resigned, and retired to private life at Fredonia, N. Y., where he held his residence till death. In 1880 he received from Dartmouth College the degree of Ph. D. Iowa College made him a Doctor of Divinity in 1898, and Drury a Doctor of Laws in 1905. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a charter member of the Geological Society of America and a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He had traveled extensively in Europe and the East, and written much on educational and scientific subjects.



Rev. Homer T. Fuller

Editor and Publisher's Notes

Two brochures of poetry, beautiful in conception and dainty in arrangement and manner of presentation, have recently come to hand, each of which is of New Hampshire interest and each handsomely illustrated. These are "In Crystal Hills" (North Conway, N. H.), by Frederick J. Allen, and "Songs of Home," by Alice D. O. Greenwood, formerly of Hillsborough, with the productions of whose pens GRANITE MONTHLY readers, and the people of New Hampshire generally, have been pleasantly familiar in time past.

While no more New Hampshire towns than usual observed "Old Home Week" this year, there was more than usual interest manifested in many places, and several towns that never before recognized the now popular midsummer festival fell into line. In other places new features were added. In Concord a union religious service was held in Rollins Park on Sunday afternoon, August 16, all the churches participating and 3,000 people being in attendance. Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., of Dorchester, Mass., a native of the town of Webster, was the preacher, and music was furnished by a large chorus under the direction of Prof. C. S. Conant. On Monday the civic celebration was held in the city auditorium, on account of the rain, instead of the park, as had been designed, the principal speaker being Col. Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College, who took as his subject, "The Public Conscience." Addresses were also given by United States Senators Gallinger and Burnham and Ex-Senator Chandler. A most pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of Edna Dean Proctor, New Hampshire's most gifted daughter, who recited her well known poem, "New Hampshire." Another notable meeting was that in the town of Swanzey, on Thursday of Old Home Week, August 18, it being the 36th annual reunion of the sons and daughters of Swanzey, in which town the custom of the annual midsummer home gathering originated, and on which occasion there was a larger attendance than in any previous year. It is observed that other towns where nothing has been done in recognition of the Old Home Week custom are now considering the propriety of action in that line, notably the town of Littleton, which will undoubtedly fall into line next year with a grand reunion observance.

The New Hampshire Historical Society held its annual field meeting at Exeter on Wednesday, September 9, visiting various points of interest in that historic town. The plans for the erection of the proposed elegant new building for the home of this society in Concord, on the lot just north of the government building, are completed, and the contract let for the construction of the same. It will be one of the finest buildings of the kind in the country, and a splendid addition to the notable group which adorns the central section of the Capital City.

With the close of the present month the political conventions will all have been held and the campaign will be in full progress. Fortunately it will soon be over and normal conditions resumed. It is well enough to remember that whoever is president and whoever is governor, summer and winter, seed time and harvest will come just the same. The sun will shine, the rain fall or be withheld, the crops grow or fail, and the needs of the people be the same, whether the one or the other triumphs at the polls. The difference will be mainly in the office-holding personnel.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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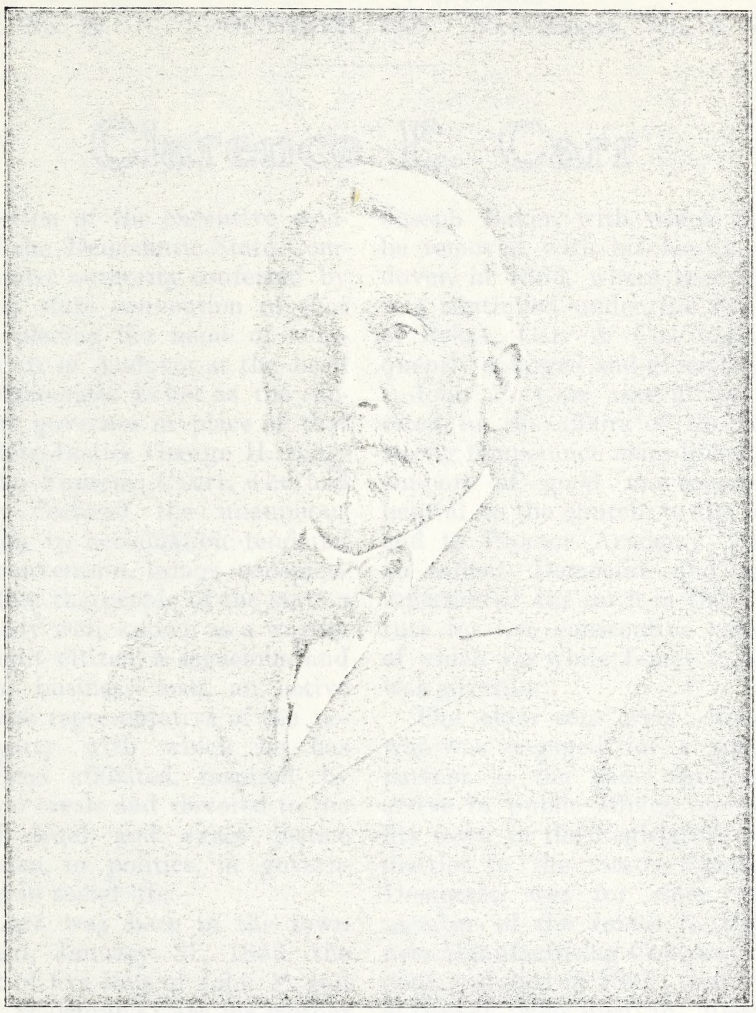
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CLARENCE F. CARR



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XL, NO. 10. OCTOBER, 1908. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 10

Clarence E. Carr

The action of the executive committee of the Democratic State Committee, under authority conferred by the recent state convention of that party, in placing the name of Clarence E. Carr of Andover at the head of the Democratic ticket as the candidate for governor in place of that of Associate-Justice George H. Bingham of the Supreme Court, who had positively declined the unanimous nomination by acclamation tendered by the convention, brings conspicuously before the people of the state a man already well known as a worthy and upright citizen, a sagacious and successful business man, an active and earnest representative of the political party with which he has always been affiliated, inspired by high moral ideals and devoted to the cause of equal and exact justice among men, in politics, in government and in social life.

Mr. Carr was born in the town of Enfield, January 31, 1853, the youngest of five sons of John P. and Emily A. (Cochran) Carr, his mother being a daughter of the late Robert Cochran, a prominent citizen of Enfield, a representative in the Legislature and active in public affairs. John P. Carr was an industrious and energetic man, a carpenter and builder, stage driver and hotel keeper, and finally engaged in the manufacture of wood hames with his son Robert and Joseph Baker, with which business he removed, with his family, to Andover, in 1863, where the business was continued under the firm name of Baker, Carr & Co., and subsequently enlarged and extended.

John P. Carr was always interested in the affairs of the town, a strong temperance man, liberal in his support of good movements, and helpful to the church, to the schools, and to Proctor Academy. He was an ardent Democrat, and as such represented the town in the Legislature for two consecutive terms, one of which was while James A. Weston was governor.

The elder sons were: Robert C., who was engaged for a time as a partner in the hame business, was active in public affairs, representing his town in the Legislature and his district in the State Senate as a Democrat, was for some years a member of the James R. Hill Harness Manufacturing Company of Concord, and died in 1892; John P., Jr., a lawyer, who died in Missouri in 1874; Walter S., a capable and sagacious business man, now the active head of the extensive hame manufacturing business at Andover, now a branch of the U. S. Hame Company; and George J., a Dartmouth graduate of 1874, now practising law in the City of New York.

Clarence E. Carr was educated in

the Andover schools and academy, at New London, Meriden, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1875. Following graduation, he entered the office of the late Hon. John M. Shirley of Andover, as a student-at-law, where his two older brothers, John P., Jr., and George J. had studied before him, was admitted to the bar in 1878, and commenced practice as a partner of Mr. Shirley, continuing until 1882, when he went to Lynn to learn the Massachusetts practice with his brother George, of the firm of Niles & Carr, and to pursue his profession, but, finding the climate of the seacoast detrimental to his health, on the advice of his physicians, he abandoned the law, returned to Andover, and engaged actively in the hame business with his father and brother, in which he has since continued, holding now the position of manager of the Andover factory.

In 1878 Mr. Carr was chosen to the House of Representatives from Andover, serving on the committee on normal school, and was reëlected for the following year, when he was a member of the judiciary committee, and chairman of a special railroad committee, among whose members was Frank D. Currier of Canaan, now member of Congress from the Second New Hampshire District. Mr. Carr has always been deeply interested in the Democratic party and the cause for which it stands; has attended its conventions and been active in its councils, serving for several years past as a member of its state committee, of which he was made temporary chairman upon the resignation, last summer, of Thomas H. Madigan, Jr. He presided over the Democratic State Convention of 1902, and his speech, upon assuming the chair, was one of the ablest and most forceful political addresses heard in the state in recent years, as was his speech in the State Convention of 1906, nominating Hon. Nathan C. Jameson for the gubernatorial candidacy, wherein he condemned in striking terms the illegitimate influences dominant in the politics of the state. He was also for several years a director of the New Hampshire Democratic Press Company, publishing the *People and Patriot* newspaper.

Liberal in his religious views, he is actively identified with the interests of the Unitarian denomination. He is treasurer of the New Hampshire Unitarian Educational Society, having direction of Proctor Academy at Andover, in which institution he is also deeply interested as a citizen; is president of the New Hampshire Unitarian Conference, and has been since May, 1906, one of the directors of the American Unitarian Association. He was named in the will of the late John H. Pearson of Concord, as one of the three trustees of the munificent fund left by Mr. Pearson, the interest of which is expended, in the discretion of the trustees, for charitable and educational purposes in the state, and is now president of the board of which Hon. James W. Remick and Alvin B. Cross of Concord are also members. The duties and responsibilities of this position are delicate and exacting, requiring the exercise of intelligent judgment and keen discrimination, and have commanded faithful service. He is also associate trustee with Willis D. Thompson of Concord and Prof. John R. Eastman of Andover of a fund left by the late Hon. John Proctor for cemetery and charitable and educational purposes in the town of Andover. His fraternal society connections are with the Masons and

Patrons of Husbandry, he being a member of Kearsarge Lodge, No. 81, F. & A. M., and Blackwater Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, of Andover.

Mr. Carr is a ready and graceful writer and a forceful and earnest speaker. He has poetic talent of no mean order, which, with cultivation and indulgence, might have placed him in the front rank among our American verse writers. He is endowed with strong powers of analysis and the ready mastery of facts, and his contributions to the newspaper press in the advocacy of any cause which he deems just and pressing, as, for instance, the cause of equal taxation in New Hampshire—putting the burden alike upon corporations and individuals—have been cogent and convincing. His sense of justice is keen and alert, leading him to the espousal of every movement for the removal of inequality and injustice in political or social life, so that he has been for years one of the most earnest and outspoken advocates of the woman suffrage cause in New Hampshire.

Mr. Carr has been twice married. His first wife was Ella Barron, a daughter of the Rev. Thompson Barron, a prominent Universalist clergyman. She died in 1876, leaving one daughter, Ella, educated at Wellesley and Radcliffe colleges, and in Germany; now living at home. September 5, 1879, he married Carrie E., daughter of Amos H. and Emeline (Morey) Proctor, and a grand niece of the late Hon. John Proctor of Andover. They have two sons—Proctor Carr, who fitted for college at Proctor Academy and the Cambridge (Mass.), High and Latin school, and graduated from Harvard in 1904 holding the position of captain of the Harvard baseball team when he graduated, and is now employed in the main office of the U. S. Hame Company at Buffalo, N. Y.; and John P., now a sophomore at Harvard, having pursued his preparatory studies at Proctor Academy and Milton (Mass.) Academy.

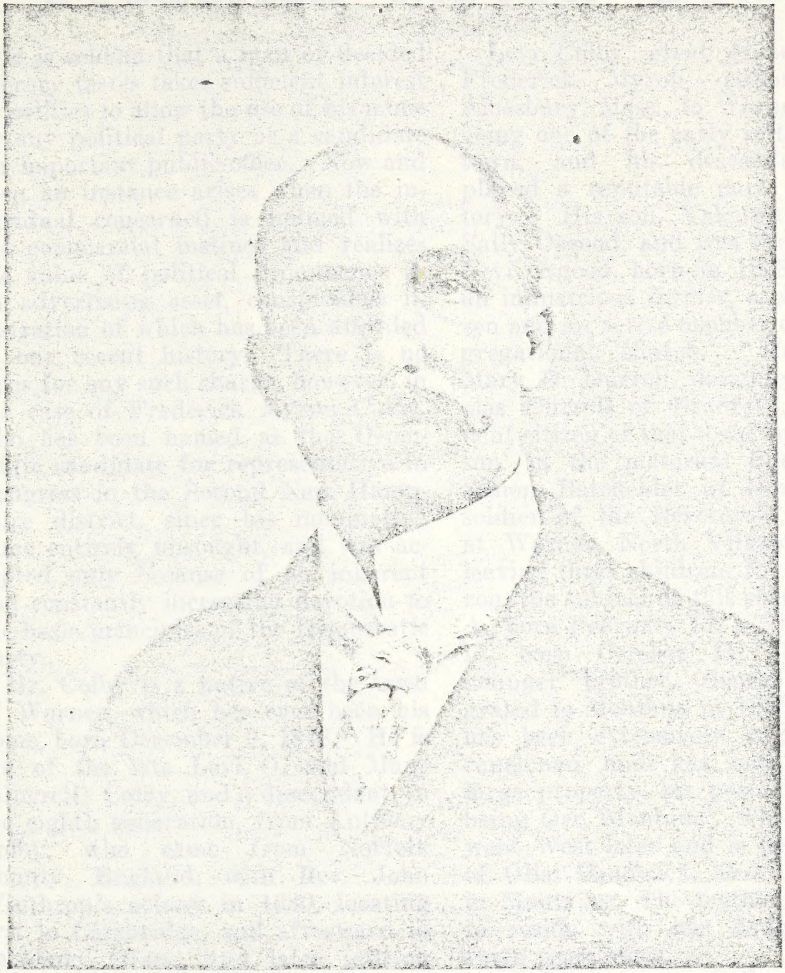
The family residence is the old home of the late Hon. John Proctor, at Andover Centre, which Mr. Carr purchased and has greatly improved. There are extensive farm lands attached, affording ample opportunity for the indulgence of the strong taste for agriculture which Mr. Carr indulges as freely as the pressure of business duties will permit, and to which, in the years to come, he hopes to give wider latitude.

Autumn

By Townsend Allen

Now comes the master artist with his palette ready laid,
O the golden glory of October days!
With cunning skill he paints the trees with color shade on shade.

O the golden glory of October days!
Till all the landscape burns and glows
With carmines, lakes and madder rose.



Frederick Myron Colby.

Frederick Augustus Kelly

Frederick Myron Colby

It is seldom that a man of decided literary tastes takes sufficient interest in politics to allow the use of his name by any political party as a candidate for important public office. Now and then an instance arises when the individual concerned is imbued with the commercial instinct and realizes the value of political prominence as an advertising asset, conspicuous illustration of which has been afforded in our recent history. There is no basis for any such charge, however, in the case of Frederick Myron Colby, who has been named as the Democratic candidate for representative in Congress in the Second New Hampshire district, since his nomination came entirely unsought, and was accepted only because of an inherent and constantly increasing devotion to the basic principles of the Democratic party.

Mr. Colby is a native of the town of Warner, which has ever been his home, born December 9, 1848. He is son of the late Levi O. and Mary (Durrell) Colby, and a descendant, in the eighth generation, from Anthony Colby, who came from Norfolk County, England, with Rev. John Winthrop's colony in 1630, locating first in Cambridge, and afterward in Salisbury, Mass., and later settling in that portion of the latter town which became Amesbury. He was a lineal descendant of Sir Robert de Colebi, a Knight of King John (1199), whose descendants became barons. He was a prosperous farmer, a shrewd, sagacious man, and one of the first commissioners of the town of Amesbury, where many of his descendants had their homes. From Anthony Colby, the first settler, to Frederick Myron, the line of descent runs through Thomas (fourth son), Jacob, Valentine, Levi, Valentine and Levi O.

Levi Colby, great grandfather of Frederick Myron, removed from Amesbury, Mass., to Warner in 1764, being one of the early settlers of the town, and his descendants have played a reputable part in its history. His son, Valentine, married Sally Osgood, and was the father of Levi Osgood, born in 1818, who was an industrious farmer, a worthy citizen and an active member of the Congregational church. He married Mary D. Durrell, daughter of Nicholas Durrell of Bradford, a prominent citizen of that town and a grandson, in the maternal line, of Dea. Simon Batchelder of Northwood, a soldier of the Revolution. He died at Warner, North Village, in 1884, leaving three children, Frederick Myron, the subject of this sketch, George A., born February 14, 1850, and Mary L., born October 11, 1860. The younger brother, George A., emigrated to Montana in 1880, where he has been extensively engaged as a ranchman and has accumulated a large property, his postoffice address being Orr, Montana. The sister also went West later and is now the wife of Ollai Sandwick, also a ranchman in Montana. The mother, who went to reside with her daughter, died three years since.

Frederick Myron Colby acquired a college preparatory education in the Warner High School, and also pursued a commercial course in Concord. He taught school with marked success for several winters in Weare, Hopkinton and Warner, but his natural inclination led him into the literary field. He was an indefatigable reader from early boyhood, along the lines of history, biography, poetry and romance, and soon began to develop talent as a writer, both in verse and prose. His first published work was a story of "The Pioneers of Ken-

tucky," brought out by R. M. De Witt of New York. He followed the line of light romance and melodrama for several years, producing a large number of stories which were brought out by Munro and other popular fiction publishers. Later he essayed more substantial work, producing successively, "The Daughter of Pharaoh," "Brave Lads and Bonnie Lassies," and "Boy Kings and Girl Queens," all of which were published by the Methodist Book Concern. For the last ten years he has devoted himself almost entirely to the writing of stories and sketches of a historical nature for the leading religious and juvenile periodicals of the country, producing from twelve to twenty per month, from which work he derives profit as well as pleasure, his income for many years having been a substantial one. Some years ago he contributed an interesting series of articles on the "Historic Mansions of New Hampshire" to the *Manchester Union*, which were read with great interest and should have been preserved in book form. His contributions to the GRANITE MONTHLY, largely in verse, are probably more numerous than those of any other writer, covering almost the entire period of its existence, and have given pleasure to thousands of readers, to whom any comment upon the character of his writing would be superfluous.

Always interested in school work, Mr. Colby has served six years upon the board of education in Warner. He was also for five years town treasurer, and for nearly five years postmaster, having been appointed under the last administration of President Cleveland. He has been his party's candidate for all important town offices and a delegate in its state conventions for the last twenty-two years. He has been a member of the Democratic state committee since 1890. His nomination for Congress in the recent convention was made unanimously by acclamation. He is thoroughly familiar with the history and traditions of his party, earnestly devoted to its principles and a worthier representative could not have been brought forward. It may be added that he is familiar with life at the national capital, having spent the winter of 1875–'76 in Washington as correspondent of Boston, New York and New Hampshire papers.

Aside from his literary work, to which his attention is mainly given, Mr. Colby has been for some years engaged as an undertaker and embalmer, and was for three years secretary of the New Hampshire Licensed Embalmers' Association. For many years past he has given considerable attention to probate business, and has settled more estates than any other man in town. He is vice-president and treasurer of the board of trustees of the Pillsbury Free Library, and treasurer of the Pine Grove Cemetery Association. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical and Antiquarian Societies, and an honorary member of the Manchester Press Club.

Mr. Colby was united in marriage, December 24, 1882, with H. Maria George, daughter of the late Gilman C. George, long a leading citizen of Warner—a lady of culture and literary talent, also well known as a prose and poetical writer, who has held editorial connection with the *Housekeeper* and the *Household*, and who, like her husband, has also taken much interest in school work, serving for several years upon the board of education. Their home is a fine, old-time mansion, delightfully located upon Main Street in Warner village, furnished for comfort and commanding a fine view of the beautiful surrounding hills. The library, which is Mr. Colby's "workshop," although in the summer time he writes much out of doors, in closer touch with Nature, contains some 2,200 well-selected volumes, largely covering the field of ancient and modern history and biography, with which there is no man in

state more familiar than Mr. Colby. Although by nature, and from his habits of life, a dreamer and an idealist, Mr. Colby is a man of charming personality and engaging manners. Endowed with a fine physique, strengthened by application to farm labor in boyhood and youth, in the enjoyment of the best of physical health, broad and tolerant in his religious views, and a thorough optimist in his philosophy of life, he is now, in the full strength of ripened manhood, at his very best, and his best work is doubtless yet to be accomplished.

The Granite State

By Stewart Everett Rowe

An autumn sun is sinking slow
To peaceful, nightly rest,
And in its wake a sunset grand
Lights up the distant west.

Once more a day has come and gone,
And night is now at hand,
Whose murky darkness, deep and still,
Will cover all the land.

'Tis a scene in old New Hampshire,
Our Granite State so dear,
Where the tall and grand White Mountains
Rise toward the heavens so clear.

I calmly watch the fall of night
Down on the rolling hills,
And, thinking of my native state,
My heart with rapture fills.

You may boast of Massachusetts,
New York may lead the van,
But give to me New Hampshire dear.
Surpass her if you can!

Sing, too, of Pennsylvania,
Or of Ohio great,
And all the rest, but I will sing
For this,—for my dear state.

And as I move and look around,
I'm startled at the sight;
I must have dreamed, for now the earth
Is wrapped in sable night.

I homeward slowly take my way
Without the slightest fear,
For sure no harm can come to me
In old New Hampshire dear.



DAVID E. MURPHY



David E. Murphy

Of the four nominees of the Democratic party in this state for electors of president and vice-president this year, the most prominent and well-known is David Edward Murphy, whose elegant dry goods emporium on Main Street, Concord, is a chief center of commercial activity in the Capital City, and whose unflagging industry, superior judgment, sagacity and tact have placed him, although still comparatively a young man, in the very front rank of New Hampshire's successful merchants.

Mr. Murphy is one of the best representatives of that strong element in our national life that has contributed so efficiently to the material development and business progress of the country—the Irish American. His father, Bartholomew Murphy, was a native of Killconda, County Cork, Ireland, who came to America in youth and soon settled in Concord, where he married Mary McCue, also of Irish birth, a native of Dunermore, County Donegal. He was, like many of his nationality, employed in railroad work, but died when about fifty years of age, leaving a widow and two sons, David E. and Jeremiah B., two other children having died in infancy. The widowed mother had a hard struggle to maintain her home and rear her children, but succeeded, despite all adversities, and lived to see her eldest son a business leader and respected citizen, dying at a good old age in July, 1900.

David E., who was about ten years old at his father's death, was educated in the public schools and in the private school of Prof. George E. Gay, and at fourteen years of age went to work in the dry goods store of F. B. Underhill & Co., commencing as an errand boy and being gradually advanced, as his aptitude and intelligent application warranted, until, upon the death of Mr. Underhill, the business passed into the hands of Sterns, Wimpfhiemer & Co., with whom he remained until they sold out, when he went with Hammond & Thurston, continuing till the dissolution of the firm in 1886. On May 6 of that year he commenced business for himself in the dry goods line, in a store in Rumford Block, and from that day to this, in the same location, he has devoted himself uninterruptedly and persistently to the upbuilding of a business that ranks with the first in its line in the state and has had no parallel in success in Concord mercantile life. Commencing with four clerks and a single store, he has enlarged three times, and now employs a force of thirty clerks in his spacious, up-to-date, modern dry goods department house.

Mr. Murphy, although an earnest and consistent Democrat, has never been engaged in politics to the extent of being a candidate for office, but has been deeply interested in his party's welfare and contributed liberally to promote its success. He has often been urged by his friends to permit the use of his name as a candidate for mayor, and has been suggested as a most eligible candidate for governor, but his inclinations have never run in that direction, and his nomination for elector this year came unsought and unexpectedly. He is at present a member of the Democratic state committee.

Mr. Murphy has long been an active member of the Concord Commercial Club and chairman of its committee on trade, and is now serving his third successive term as president of that organization, in which capacity he has been an earnest worker for the promotion of the city's material prosper-

ity. He is also a vice-president of the N. H. Board of Trade, a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord, of Concord Council, Knights of Columbus, and a past district deputy of the order, and a member of the Catholic Club of New York City. He is one of the trustees of the Union Guaranty Savings Bank of Concord, and a trustee of the State Industrial School, succeeding the late Col. John C. Linehan in the latter position.

April 26, 1905, he was united in marriage with Katharine Louise Prentis, daughter of Edmund A. and Mary F. Prentis of New York. Their residence is at the old family homestead on Perley Street, in which locality Mr. Murphy has other valuable real estate holdings.

My Mountain

By Daisy Sawyer Eastman

Since widening vision to my infant eyes
Brought sense of things without the walls of home,
And looking up, I saw against the skies
Old Ragged Mountain's broad and rounded dome.

Since then through childhood, youth and growing years,
Each year but serves to stronger bind the tie
That all those early scenes to me endears,
And the dear mountain grows still fairer to my eye.

Across the wooded slope, the rugged peak,
How oft I watch the lights and shadows play,
Like children at their game of hide and seek,
As o'er the blue, cloud chases cloud away.

I watch the gray mist cap its crest and creep
Down o'er the line of foothills at its base,
Till, lost from view, is the old rocky steep,
And chilling storms reign over all the place.

And, when at last the tempest's force is spent,
And storm clouds lift, torn by the rising breeze,
Old Ragged stands, amid new beauties lent
By fleecy white fogs floating 'mong the trees.

I see the sun, with his first morning ray
The purple peaks tinge with warm, rosy light,
Or tint with gold before the closing day
Fades and gives place to the dim shades of night.

'Mid winter's snows, or in the summer's green,
In noon's broad glare, or when the gray mists fall,
Or, grand and still, within the moonlight's sheen,
I know and love old Ragged's form in all.

The Defense of "No. Four"

By George I. Putnam

In 1735 the first survey of western New Hampshire was ordered by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. In the summer of 1736 the royal surveyors completed their work, and the General Court accepted their plot of Township No. 4, now Charlestown. Four years later the first weak attempt at settlement was made. In 1743 the population had increased to "about ten families," and the settlers, harrassed by unfriendly Indians and certain of approaching war, voted to build a fort. This fort became a determining factor for English victory in the wars with the French and Indians that followed.

No. 4 was a strategic point of the first importance. Situated at the junction of two great war trails from Canada—that directly along the Connecticut River, and the still more important one by Otter Creek and Black River—it was doubly exposed to attack. It was the point at which small parties coming by these trails would unite to move with greater strength against the settlements further down the river. The necessity of checking such moves at the very point of beginning was as evident to the military eye as was the need of the handful of settlers themselves for protection. Thus it was fortunate, both for English supremacy in the large view, and for the safety of the little frontier settlement, that there was on the ground a man who appreciated the situation in all its bearings—a trained soldier, an experienced Indian fighter, a resourceful settler and a man of indomitable courage—Captain Phineas Stevens.

Of the sixty original proprietors of No. 4, but three became actual settlers. One of these was Captain Stevens. The others, discouraged by wilderness hardships, the certainty of war and the uncertainty of their land titles owing to the disputed jurisdiction of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, made haste to sell out their holdings. It could but have added to their dissatisfaction when the men of the "ten families," intent on holding all that had been won, determined to build a fort and assessed the proprietors £300 for that purpose.

The fort probably was built under the supervision of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton, the foremost military engineer of the day in New England. The talent employed and the money expended show that the critical importance of the step was well appreciated.

The construction of the fort is a matter that has been somewhat clouded by lay historians, and unnecessarily so. Thus, Rev. Dr. Crosby, in "Annals of Charlestown," says it was palisaded on the north side, and was provided with an underground passage communicating with the cellars of two adjoining houses. Rev. Mr. Sanderson in "History of Charlestown," repeats the assertion about the palisade, but happily ignores the underground passage. The painting by Marks—a purely imaginary composition—shows palisades on two sides. The fact is that the popular conception of an Indian fort is based on a palisade, and history has been written to meet the demand. But Parkman, in "Half Century of Conflict," says emphatically that the fort was not palisaded at all, and it is well known that Colonel Stoddard was unalterably opposed to palisades. When they were proposed to him, in building another fort, he rejected

The Defense of "No. Four"

By George A. Fuhrman

them, saying he would build a fort in which the defenders would be safe, even if the enemy gained access to the enclosure. This was a novel proposition to those who pinned their faith to palisades, but Colonel Stoddard proceeded to build according to his own ideas; and the fort at No. 4 represented his best work.

The fort was an enclosure, about 180 feet square, built of huge logs, squared, laid upon each other, and locked at the corners after the manner of log houses. Log flankers at the corners gave a raking fire along each face of the fort to discourage fire or scaling parties. Within the enclosure six log houses were placed close against the walls, and from them a converging fire covered the parade, making the enclosure untenable for an enemy. As the only attack to be feared was musquetry fire, the log walls amply sufficed for defense. This was the kind of fort approved by the best military authority of the day. This was what the most exposed place on the frontier demanded. This was the fort that was built at No. 4.

The theory of the palisade receives another blow when the novel defense of the fort is considered. During the great battle, Captain Stevens had eleven trenches dug beneath the walls so deep that "a man could go and stand upright on the outside and not endanger himself." From these trenches water was thrown on the walls, preventing fire. If there had been palisades such trenches could not have been dug without weakening or partially destroying them. We may be sure, then, that this all-important barricade at the extreme northern point of the frontier, was of no such flimsy construction. It was built by men who sought to save from threatened extinction the English power on this continent, and who well understood the importance of the conflict so soon to open.

The fort was completed that winter. The anticipated declaration of war with France came in March, 1744, but whether the strong fort deterred the foe, or for other reasons, no demonstration was made against No. 4 that year or the next. But the spring of 1746 told a different story. Countless war parties were discharged from Canada against the whole English frontier. From Maine to the western limit of settlement there was no safety. It was a despicable mode of warfare that placed its chief reliance upon a horde of savages to whom assassination was the highest type of success. Many a settler was slain in his field, his scalp taken to ensure reward—and his dusky slayer miles away in the forest before protection could be invoked. Of all this, No. 4 had its full share. All the inhabitants lived in the fort, venturing out only under arms. Tilling the soil was impossible. Eight men killed and four captured; all stock killed; all buildings outside the fort, save one, burned—such was the record that summer. When fall came, temporary abandonment of the place seemed the only course open to the devoted handful remaining. But their leaving had none of the despair of a retreat. With grim resolution they stored in the fort-houses or buried in the ground of the enclosure such things as could be thus saved against their return, and then departed. A guard of six men remained until winter prevented further raids from Canada. Then they, too, took up the line of march southward, and No. 4 stood without human tenants.

The record of those times is the record of the leadership of one man—Captain Stevens. He rescued the ambushed, took the wounded into safety, beat the Indians in open battle and repelled a two days' attack on the fort. When, with his fellow settlers, he returned to Massachusetts, he lost no time in petitioning the governor to defend No. 4. So well did he suc-

ceed that he was commissioned to recruit a company and return. Quickly he performed the duty and marched, at the head of thirty men, back to No. 4, where he arrived March 27, 1747.

Everything was found as it had been left some two months before. Stevens was first on the ground; he had that advantage over his enemy, whose attack he anticipated would be delivered as soon as the weather permitted. The snow was gone, everything very dry, and early hostilities were thus favored. With all speed the men prepared to repel the assault they had hurried to meet.

As the geese saved Rome, so did the dogs save No. 4. After the first few days these good friends of the soldier showed their uneasiness so plainly that a concealed foe was suspected, and the gate kept barred. On the morning of April 7 one of the men determined to settle the doubt, and taking his gun and dog sallied forth, firing the gun and setting on the dog as he went. At a distance of twenty rods from the fort his experiment bore fruit, for the enemy rose from concealment and fired at him, inflicting a slight wound which did not prevent his regaining the fort. And now the battle was on.

The enemy that had thus stolen unobserved up to the very gate of the fort was a war party of French and Indians from Canada. Stevens refers to its commander as "General Debeline," and it was natural to assume that a general might be in command of as many men—700—as the Frenchman claimed to have. But the French records show that the commander was Ensign de Niverville, a young colonial officer who had been over the ground before. The same record places the strength of his party at sixty men. It would be natural for the French to belittle the strength of this ill-fated expedition, as it would be for the English to enlarge it; and it is pardonable that on the English-American side there should have developed an inclination to take the Frenchman's brag of 700 men as truth. But the conservative historian will be likely to take an intermediate course and set his estimate between the high mark of 700 and the low of 60. Whatever the odds, the spirit of the defense and the value of the victory shine with undimmed glory.

Hope of surprising the garrison being ended, the enemy set fire to all nearby fences, and to the sole building remaining outside the fort after the raids of the year before. The wind was high and favorable, everything dry, and they had high hopes of making a swift end of the English. But there was a plentiful water supply, and from the roofs of the cabins and the trenches under the walls the men fought the flames; while others of their number carefully returned the sniping fire of the enemy. Plenty to do in the three days that ensued, and but thirty men to do it, as Stevens pointed out twice in his report; yet from that same report we know that there was not one skulker, every man did his full duty with hardly a moment's rest till the end was reached. A valiant defense, surely, under efficient leadership.

The inborn military quality of Captain Stevens showed well in his scheme of trenches. The military student will note that it would have been extremely hazardous in the face of an enterprising enemy; for while the gate might be heavily barred, the eleven trenches afforded so many open ways into the fort, through which a determined and courageous foe might have forced his way. But Stevens knew his opponent, and with that knowledge there was nothing risked in the trenches. He knew that Indians never delivered an assault on a fortification; he knew they could not be driven to it. His report dwells on the fact that at no time during the three days' fighting did

the French and Indians attempt anything like an assault. Instead, they kept their distance, took advantage of all cover, yelled unceasingly—which killed nobody—and maintained a spattering musquetry fire which could not penetrate the stout log walls and was therefore almost equally harmless. He says they went so far as to prepare a shield behind which they might push flaming brands against the wall, but adds they had not the courage to use it. He put a low estimate on their courage, and accurately so. Thus the fight resolved itself into a test of physical endurance. The foe dared not assault. Their muskets were ineffective. If the garrison escaped the peril of fire—the one serious peril in the whole fight—they were sure to win, no matter how numerous the foe without. We have seen that Stevens turned his ingenuity chiefly to fighting fire, and with what success. And as it happened, an ally was fighting on his side, in the enemy's camp; and the name of this ally was Hunger.

We perceive that an isolated foe, sitting down to besiege a fort, must subsist on what can be gathered in a very limited circle. The previous raids on No. 4 had destroyed all crops and stock on which a besieging force might now live. Consequently, the besiegers could have only the slender rations carried on their march from Canada—no more than would subsist them until they could raid some rich English settlement down the river. Great must have been their surprise and dismay to find on the fort at No. 4 the peremptory sign, "STOP!" But however short their rations, they could not leave this stronghold in their rear and press on to the rich spoil southward; they must first reduce it. But brag failed. Threats failed. Fire failed. Three days and nights of musket practice failed, and by that time their commissary was empty. Then they called a second parley with the stout-hearted Stevens, but this time, instead of arrogantly demanding surrender, they humbly pleaded with him to sell them corn, agreeing that if he would do so they would withdraw and give him no further trouble. Plainly the trouble was on their side, and Stevens knew it. His answer was, No; but he would *give* them five bushels of corn for every hostage they would leave with him for the release of an English captive in Canada.

This was either a glorious military bluff, or else the departing settlers had left plentiful store of corn in the fort. In either case it had the disheartening effect desired. The enemy fired a few desultory shots and left. De Niverville's powerful party broke into fragments and succeeded in capturing some rations to the southward, but made no killing. The force of their blow was broken, and they straggled back to Canada, where the record of their defeat was made to read in a manner as little galling as possible to French pride.

Stevens' victory had much more than a local effect. It was one of those conflicts which from time to time have occurred in the history of nations, inconsiderable in themselves so far as numbers of men involved were concerned, but of great importance in the effects flowing from them. It might be said that, locally, the victory was without effect, for it did not secure No. 4 from further raiding. Its value was of wider scope. It robbed the French and Indians of the terrors with which the fancy of the persecuted settlers had invested them. It greatly encouraged the English throughout the whole frontier. That so remote a post could be defended was a joyful discovery to the authorities in Boston, and led to a more generous defense of the frontier than had before been granted. Thus the line of English outposts was firmly held, and gradually advanced, while the older settlements behind them acquired stabil-

ity. Thus the English power in America was made more and more secure against the day when the colonies should prove themselves capable of self-government—a day foreshadowed in the intelligent, bold fighting of Captain Stevens and his thirty men.

Carefully considered thus, this small conflict takes rank as one of the decisive battles of the New World. It established a turning point in the fortunes of war. It is a far call today for the military student to conjure up the picture of log walls and a musquetry strife. Yet sufficient to the day was the fortification thereof. The spirit of the defense was the same as the spirit of today in every place where the Stars and Stripes float. It is with something of this in mind that a few people have united to erect a tablet commemorating Captain Stevens' defense of No. 4. It is attached to the west face of a granite boulder marking the site of the fort.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

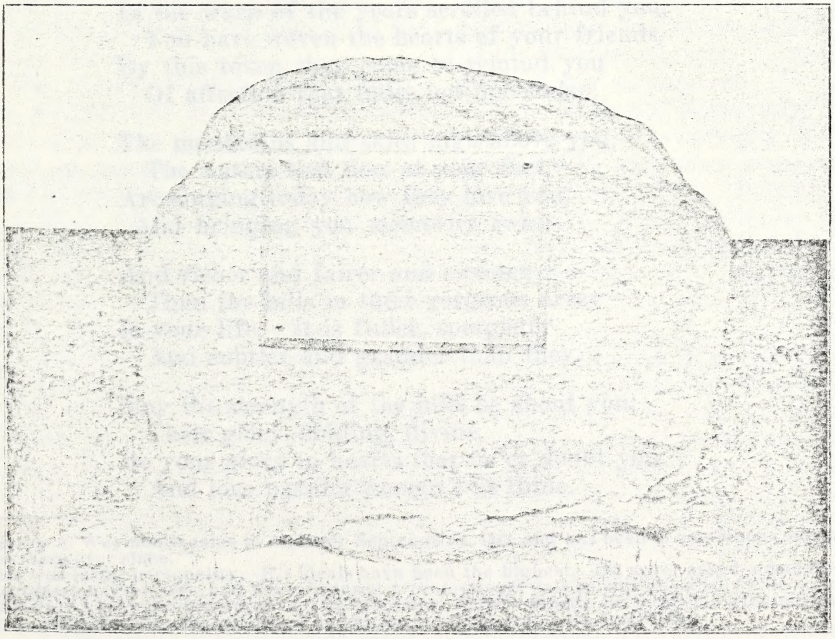
THIS TABLET COMMEMORATES
THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENSE OF THE FORT
ON THIS SITE

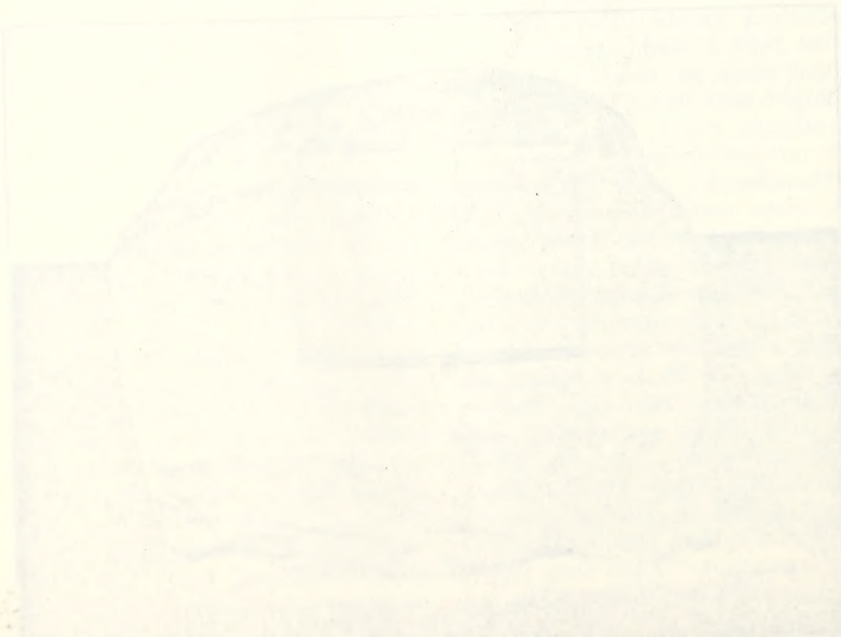
BY

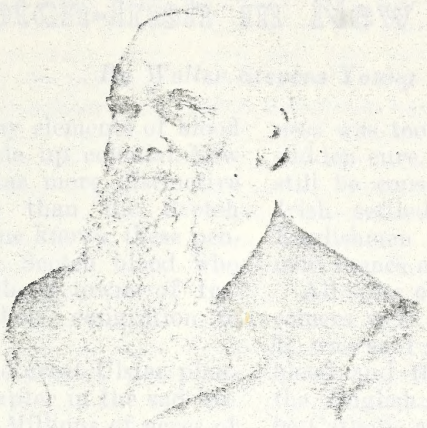
CAPTAIN PHINEAS STEVENS

AND HIS COMPANY OF RANGERS
AGAINST A LARGE WAR-PARTY OF
FRENCH AND INDIANS
APRIL 7–10, 1747

ERECTED BY
STEVENS DESCENDANTS AND CHARLESTOWN CITIZENS
1908







Our Good Old Country Doctor*

(88th Birthday, October 14, 1908.)

By Clarence E. Carr

In the warp of the years scrolled behind you,
You have woven the hearts of your friends.
By this token they come to remind you
Of affection that fades not nor ends.

The mountains and skies high above you,
The waters that flow at your feet,
Are singing today how they love you,
And bringing you memories sweet.

And richer and fairer and sweeter
Than the hills in their gorgeous array
Is your life. It is fuller, completer
And subtler and grander than they.

May the strength of the hills be about you,
Their glory, abiding, divine,
Be your glory in hearts that ne'er doubt you,
And love passing woman's be thine.

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*Dr. Henry A. Weymouth came to Andover September 5, 1843, and has been in continuous and active practice there ever since.

His is a wonderful personality. His ideals have been the highest. He never asked a man for pay for his professional services, and never refused a professional call he was physically able to make. He is certainly a splendid prototype of "Dr. MacLure" in the "Bonnie Briar Bush," with unheralded and unrecorded journeys not surpassed by any made by the grand old Scotchman.

The Scotch-Irish in New Hampshire

By Walter Stevens Young

Among the many elements of blood and life that made up colonial New England, none was more distinctive and more unique than the Scotch Irish. As everyone knows, these people were of pure Scotch blood who lived in the northern towns of Ireland prior to their emigration to America.

The story of the great Ulster plantation is a sad chapter in the sad history of Ireland. Millions of acres of land were confiscated by the English crown and thousands of Ulstermen were forced to find new homes where best they could. This change went on during the early years of the seventeenth century, English and Scotch settlers — undertakers they were called—taking the land but recently occupied by the now homeless Irish. Today, Ulster is very different from the other divisions of Ireland in customs, faith and blood, and a certain animosity still exists between the Irish and the farmer in the Ulster towns.

The Scotch, during their occupation of northern Ireland, lived apart from the few remaining Irish as much as possible, so developing a habit of exclusiveness which remained as a chief characteristic long after they settled in New England. This habit of aloofness was no longer called into expression by the Irish, but by the English,—Puritans, a century ahead of the Presbyterian in the race for New England control.

The history of the English and Scottish people is full of the hostility of the border clans north of the Tweed, for their English neighbors on its southern bank. The union of the two countries in 1603 was a chance union of crowns. It was not, in any sense, a union of interests or of feeling. The international bitterness was too old and too deep for a sudden cure, and the antipathy must still be considered when the Scotch Irish settled in new regions where Englishmen had established permanent homes a century before.

All sorts of rumors about the newcomers were circulated and believed. It was said that they were Irish in blood and therefore hostile toward the English; they were reported to be Catholic and hostile to the English crown and hostile to the whole governmental system of the king. Such accusations, readily believed by many and unrefuted by the proud Scotch Irishmen, tended to the postponement of the union of this element with the others out of which New England was made. As a result, then, of the age-long animosity of the English and Scotch, and of the new suspicions held by the former in reference to the intentions of the latter in the new world, we have those many distinctive customs and habits of the Scotch Irish crystalized into a permanent part of our colonial life.

The following paragraphs are intended to give a glimpse of Scotch Irish life in early New England. The sources from which the material is drawn are largely original sources and much here presented has never been printed.

A Scotch Irish wedding was an occasion of celebration for the entire community. We can easily understand the monotony of the rural life of early colonial days, and the joy with which a wedding was welcomed even by those not personally interested in the bride or groom. The festivities began in the early morning and continued all day and well into the night. The entire neighborhood

was united in the common cause for hilarious sport. Strange as it may seem to us, the use of firearms of all descriptions was a part of every wedding celebration; indeed, we may say that noisy means of demonstration were most in use and that firearms, large and small, were regarded as indispensable for the proper arrangement of any gala event. By a regulation of the English government, the Scotch Irish, being Protestants, were allowed to own and carry arms, while the native Catholic Irish were forbidden similar privilege, even in their own homes. In order to make this exclusive privilege as apparent as possible, the Scotch, during their stay in Ireland, had developed the habit of using firearms on all public and semi-public occasions, whether circumstances called for such use or not, and of course they practised the habit in America, thus giving a peculiar characteristic to Scotch Irish festivities.

Another feature of a Scotch Irish wedding was the custom known as "running for the bottle." This, it seems, was a peculiar custom, developed from the universal colonial use of liquor. On the morning of the wedding the groom started on foot from his home, accompanied by a part of his immediate relatives and a few chosen friends. By arrangement his party was met by another party which had started from the bride's home. When the two companies met each selected a representative who was to run for the bottle. The distance to be covered was from the meeting place to the bride's home and return. The runner who arrived first at the house received the bottle of rum from the bride and ran back to the waiting company, where he drank to the health and prosperity of the bride and groom, then passed the bottle to each man, who took his portion of rum, wishing godspeed to the principals of the day's event. The party, thus refreshed, hurried on to the waiting bride. The religious service was soon over, its most noticeable feature being the part taken by the best man and best maid (as she was always called), who stood directly behind the groom and bride, and whose chief duty consisted in pulling off the gloves of the nuptial pair when the service required that they join hands.

The dinner was served immediately after the service, the best man and best maid presiding, and at the head of the table, in the place of honor, stood a large jug of *new* New England rum. The rest of the day and evening were given over to dancing and boisterous games, the entire company joining in the amusements.

To present day descendants of these early New Englanders such an event as I have just described seems unreasonable in its conception and uncouth in its details. We need to recall, however, that the men and women of that early time believed that proper respect for the living and for the dead could be shown only by extreme expression of joy or sorrow. Families were often seriously taxed for means to provide substantial entertainment for the scores of relatives, neighbors and friends who, according to custom and social necessity, must attend a wedding, funeral or family reunion. Of course a large part of the expense was incurred for that never-to-be-omitted beverage—new rum—the drinking of which often caused the most absurd situations. That a funeral, beginning with prayer and solemn song, should develop into a gathering from which all prayer and solemnity had departed was indeed colonial in practice, and in New England best illustrated by the Scotch Irish.

The diet of these early settlers was similar, in some respects, to the common colonial bill of rations. The following details, however, will picture the larder of one Scotch Irish family from which the writer is descended, and from whose records and tradi-

was united in the common cause for hilarious sport. Strange as it may seem to us, the use of liveries of all descriptions was a part of every wedding celebration; indeed, we may say that noisy means of demonstration were most in use and that liveries, large and small, were regarded as indispensable for the proper arrangement of any gala event. By a regulation of the English government, the Scotch Irish, being Protestants were allowed to own and carry arms, while the native Catholic Irish were forbidden similar privilege, even in their own homes. In order to make this exclusive privilege as apparent as possible, the Scotch, during their stay in Ireland, had developed the habit of using liveries on all public and semi-public occasions, whether circumstances called for such use or not, and of course they practiced the habit in America, thus giving a peculiar characteristic to Scotch Irish festivities.

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tions the outlines of this paper have been drawn. Meat was used in abundance, beef and pork being more frequently eaten than veal and mutton. In the autumn a cow or steer was killed and the meat salted for winter use. Boiling was the most usual method of cooking, but broiling and frying were sometimes attempted. Meat was eaten three times a day; often it was served cold for breakfast.

Three kinds of fish were known to the early Scotch Irish: shad, alewife and eel. The yearly supply was caught in the spring and salted in tubs. This, of course, necessitated considerable fresh water treatment before the fish could be cooked. Broiling was regarded as the best method of cooking shad, but eels were usually boiled and then cut into small pieces to be cooked again in the frying pan. Of all the articles of diet, eels were the most common; indeed, their use was so general that references to the eel are found all through Scotch Irish history and folk lore. The following lines are taken from a poem written by William Stark and read October 22, 1851, at the centennial celebration of the incorporation of Derryfield:

"From the eels they formed their
food in chief,
And eels were called the "Derryfield
beef!"
And the marks of eels were so plain
to trace,
That the children looked like eels in
the face;
And before they walked it was well
confirmed,
That the children never crept, but
squirmed.
Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield,
It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and their only
prayer,
For the present world and the world
to come,
Was a string of ells and a jug of
rum!"

During the winter months samp, barley and bean broth were much liked by the Scotch Irish. These dishes were intended especially for the children, who were given little meat, and who sat around the room on low stools at meal time, each with his bowl of samp or barley broth. The samp, or pounded corn, was prepared by mortar and pestle of home construction. A member of the writer's family clearly remembers a day in her childhood when the aged head of the household made a primitive mortar from the trunk of a large oak tree. Potatoes were in less demand than they now are. One farmer, the head of a large family in Londonderry, regarded his supply of potatoes sufficient if, when he had finished planting, he had one bushel to meet the family wants until the fall crop was gathered.

The Scotch Irish were fond of bannock, a simple, wholesome dish of great popularity. It was prepared by turning boiling water over Indian meal, adding a little salt and cooked before the open fire. The mixture was spread on a wide board, then tilted to expose the surface to the flames. The following is a bit of Scotch lore brought from the "old country" by members of the writer's family:

"I will tell you if I can
What will make a lad a man—
Give him a piece in every hand,
And a *bannock* in his bosom."

We may well believe that such simple fare did help indeed to make strong, upright men.

Boiled cider apple sauce was the constant relish on every Scotch Irish table. When the new cider was brought from the press, on some autumn day, the entire family devoted its attention to the making of this prized delicacy. The honored brass kettle was brought from its place in the cellar, scoured thoroughly and filled with new unfermented cider. This was boiled until one fifth of the

original quantity remained. In the meantime the women and children had pared and quartered sweet apples which were now added to the cider. When the apple quarters had been cooked so that a straw would readily pierce them, the finished product was taken from the kettle, great care being exercised to keep the quarters unbroken, and put into a half barrel. Three times a day, seven days in the week, the Scotch Irishman ate his cider apple sauce with primitive appetite.

The church discipline of the colonial Scotch Irish was rigid and catholic in its scope. No interest, public or private, no matter how small or great, escaped the eye of the moral censor. Many of the early church records, which the writer has examined and whose contents he has classified, would indicate that no one was high enough in church office or in civil councils to feel himself free from possible public accusation and public punishment. I have in mind one man, a citizen of New Hampshire, who while working on the highway of his town, used language stronger than his associates deemed proper. He answered to the charge of profanity next Sunday before the entire congregation. In this method of punishment the Scotch were not unlike the early English colonists. We may well doubt the wisdom of such publicity of guilt, especially when we remember that children of all ages were in the congregation.

The discipline of the home, too, was severe. Families were large and obedience was compelled from all. A lady now living in New Hampshire who passed her childhood with a relative two generations removed from her own, well remembers the prohibition that forbade her to walk in the fields on Sunday or to wear a flower in her hair or at her throat. The former, to the older woman, was a serious impropriety, while the latter, to use a time honored expression, was "*divilish* nonsense." Nor were such limitations the only ones put upon Scotch Irish children. They were regarded as in need of restraint rather than encouragement. Surely to tell a child that if she lost the spoon with which she ate her dinner at school she need never come home was not calculated to make the child's life more happy or more respectful in its attitude toward authority, yet the writer knows that this very injunction was often given one Scotch Irish child. It was an unnecessary cruelty imposed upon a delicate child, and the memory of it remained in bitterness for many, many years.

Of course they were a witty race,—how could it be otherwise? Wit was native to the blood of the Scot and we may honestly infer that it was sharpened and brightened by the experience of the Scotch in the towns of Ulster, where they met the Irish, a people as witty as themselves. However this may be, their native wit was certainly kindled by the moderate and often immoderate use of new rum. I have often heard of David Reed, a typical Scotch Irishman in a typical Scotch Irish town, whose wit was a constant source of amusement to his friends. They knew they could draw his fire by banter and provoking jest and they delighted to do so. One day Reed was rather more talkative than usual during his daily call at the village store, and as usual his companions were having a merry laugh at his expense. The storekeeper, thinking the raillery had gone far enough, turned to the men and said, "You can't make a fool of David Reed." Reed retorted, "That's the difference between you and me, sir."

The Scotch Irish added a strong element to the life of New England. As a people they were hardy, courageous and resourceful. Other settlements in other parts of the country have made their influence national and have given to every enterprise and every interest men of power and of sturdy citizenship. Their instinct was the real Teutonic instinct of land conquest and economic mastery.

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

(Continued from last month)

DE PROFUNDIS

Out of the heart betimes a vow is told;
  The wave upon the surface of the deep
Is stirred by one still deeper; love doth hold
  A flow of utterance it cannot keep.

From soulful depths a trembling wish upsprings
  And wakes fond accents; lips refuse in vain
Life's dearest pledge; so homage sighs and sings
  Till blissful faith supplants distrustful pain.

Sweet love doth live, and last, and bless for aye,
Though fitful smiles relent and faces gloom;
Anon the heart-born eagerness makes way
  And drives the tongue, as pent floods break for room.

Canto VI.

Within the chief's rude wigwam, savage haunt
And wild resort domestic, sadly sat
Poor Hannah Dustin. Mary Neff, her friend,
In lone companionship of dusky men
And women of the forest, save that one—
A youth, fairfaced—some comfort gave in thought
Of kind acquaintance, for, of English blood,
One year before he came in captive bonds
From far off Worcester,[18] and since then, a slave,
Had dwelt among his captors. In the lodge
Of rude redfaces lived the chief, one brave,
His choice and trusted friend in peace and war,
And with them three dark squaws of aspect dull,
In mean submission to their haughty lords,
While seven children in a strange, crude band
The household list completed. As she gazed
On her surroundings, Hannah Dustin marked
The plain, bleak dwelling. Round and rugged poles,
Cut from the forest, did the framework shape
In skill but homely, and the trees' rough bark
Made but a partial shelter, while the plan
Of the odd structure semblance partly bore
Of shape polygonal, and in the height

18. This youth was Samuel Leonardson, who, strictly speaking, had been a year and a half in captivity

Of aspect conical; a space unclosed
Gave vent to smoke and reek that ever rose
From the lithe flame that in the center burned
Of the earth's flooring.[19] All the household, clad
In garments formed of skins, within the walls
Sat round the blaze on furry pelts of bear,
And moose, and catamount. The women, bent
On labor provident, there each one wrought
Some garb or ornament; and where the meal,
In measure frugal or in plenty piled—
The pounded corn, the sodden bean, the flesh
In rudeness roasted—to the body gave
The needful nourishment. The patient squaws
Made preparation, while the braves so proud
Took their first meed, and to the squaws consigned
The second portion; while the captives fed
On the faint dole that right barbaric gave
To civil enemies in bondage due
To their debasement. Hasting time fled past,
And then the keen observer, in the form
Of woman cultivated, reverent
And apt in moods religious, conned a sight
That stirred her frame reflective; for the chief,
Three times a day, at morn, at noon and eve,
Fell humbly on his knees and turned his face
Up to a crucifix that through the fumes
Of the low fire showed dimly, while his hand
Bore a rude rosary; and thus he prayed
And told his beads, and often "Ave" said,
With muttering of things unknown to ears
Unlearned in terms uncivil.[20] Then when night
Let down its curtain thick with darkness deep,
The household sank to sleep upon the earth,
All feet turned to the flame, while each form prone
Its part bore in a circle, coursing round.

Wise Hannah Dustin and her female mate
In bonds kept eye and ear in service keen
For their own profit, if perchance the end
And issue of dark fact should light the path
To some hoped prospect fairer, and each day,
At morn and eve, they to the Lord gave thanks
And prayed for His just favor, as He saw
Alone conclusion perfect of life's way.
But once the chief, whom Hannah Dustin knew
Of greater prudence in the thoughts of time,
Spoke to her ear in quest and lightly said:
"Ye paleface squaws bow down, and shut the eyes
And speak to nothing when ye pray. Why so?
I to the cross give sight when I my God

19. This description of the wigwam is partly conventional. It does not appear that the aboriginal Indian lodges of New England were of specially uniform structure.

20. History asserts that this Indian had once lived in the family of the Rev. Mr. Rawlinson, of Lancaster, Mass., and had been taught Protestantism, but that in his own wigwam on the island he observed worship as taught by French Catholicism.

Ask for his help, and in my hand I take
The bright, good beads, and so I have my will.
Why do ye not as I?" Then she, in thought,
Like one who turns a question back in skill
Of the quick art discursive, said, "What good
To pray to the dull wood, or of the beads
To take vain counsel, since they have no life,
Or breath, or thought, and nothing can they do?"
Then he responded, while his soul took flame
With zeal in earnest measure, and he said,
"I tell ye both a wonder, for ye know
Aught but as nothing. In the cross on high,
And in the beads, lives all good medicine.[21]
With them in this my wigwam I have rest
In all good things. No sick brave here, no squaw
Looks with sad eye on work that knows no end;
No frost the green corn smites. The swift fish come
E'er to our streams. The earth, the air, the sky
Their gifts make plenty, while no foe can touch
Of each a hair among us, for no witch
Or devil of the day or the dark night
Can hurt us. Yea, the good, the wise, the great,
The happy powwow in the far-off land,
Has sent us all his blessing, and we live
In his sure favor. Have ye such a God?"[22]
Then Hannah Dustin answered, "We to Him
Give worship who not pleasure gives alone,
Nor yet mere pain, but who, in love, e'er cast
In moods of wisdom, shapes our lives to prove
His faultless providence, that in good time
Who trusteth in His love and mercy, wrought
In endless prudence, shall time's pleasure see
In sanctity, and all life's pain in light
Revealed beneficent, to holy aims and ends
Proposed sincerely in the pious heart,
To true worth ever constant, for no shame
And dire confusion shall their faces pale
Who love and wait his coming, once to own
And save and bless his people, who in Him
Have rest and comfort endless. Know ye Him,
Far greater than all powwows, for He comes
To rescue all his saints and on his foes
To take swift vengeance. This may be the hour."
The chief then said with mocking, "Will your God
Then you deliver? May He come full soon!
For ye have need, such trouble in your lot
Not far away will meet you." Then with start
And flush of quick concern, bold Hannah asked,
"What trouble?" Then the chief in zest replied,
"The spring time comes, the snow to north will melt,

21. To the Indians the term *Medicine* seems to have implied a mysterious, or occult, preservative, or protective, agency.

22. The writer intends no discreditable reflection upon the Catholic faith. Still it is assumed that a wild, native Indian could have had only a crude, material conception of any religious doctrine.

Then you go further. In the far north land
Live many redmen, and the fair, young braves
Wait for the paleface captives for their play
And laughing pleasure. When ye hasting come
To the great tribe, there will the young men stand
In two long lines, each brave within his hand
A stick cut from the wood, and ye will pass
Between them standing with your garments cast—
Save that a morsel shall your female shame
Keep from all care—and they will each one strike
Each captive, and when each shall writhe, and beg,
And cry, and faint, and fall down, they shall raise
Their merry shouts, such torment shall they give
The paleface e'er who love our race to harm.
Pray ye to Him, your God, if He will you
E'er once remember, for your time is nigh."[23]
Then Hannah Dustin sat in silence dumb,
While her heart sank and hope seemed far away.

THERE WILL COME A DAY

There will come a day, dear one so true—
A rarer day—when the golden light
Will smile from depths of sunlit blue,
And earth respond in verdure bright.
God makes such days,
When gladness plays
Above, below, with sparkling sheen,
Through lustrous beauty, gold and green.

There will come a theme in that blest time—
A purer theme—with an accent choice,
To thrive and fill the thought sublime,
The heart disclosèd in the voice.
Joy gives such themes,
When wakeful dreams
Exultant find a tongue that blends
With all the worth the soul commends.

There will wake a song from rapture then—
A richer song—for the words will flow
In rippling melody, as when
Glad notes above touch chords below.
Life reaps such songs,
Its cares and wrongs
Forgotten. O some day to be,
Sweet love will sing in you and me!

CANTO VI.

The human breast oft holds a purpose strong
That, urged of dire necessity, evokes

23. Tradition asserts that the Indian at the island mocked the two English women, saying to them, "Why need you trouble yourselves? If your God will have you delivered, you shall be so." That they were to run the gauntlet, the captives were apprised.

The method manifest to instinct true
In the tried nature mortal. Life conceives
For the swift ends the aims equivalent
In quick emergencies, wherein the heart
Of dread in desperation flames with zeal
That, flashing, lights the path instinctive, straight,
And sure to glad deliverance, the mind
Illumined by the motive. Of this truth
Was Hannah Dustin sure with startling proof
And illustration. In her secret soul,
In brooding apprehension, she beheld
With inward vision keen the joyful way
To the hoped ransom; and she thanked her God.
And took at once bright courage. Then the lad,
Her youthful fellow captive, who a year
Had learned of savage speech a larger meed,
She took aside and to him thus disclosed
Her secret message: "Boy, I speak with you
In terms more secret, lest the redmen hear
And understand our language. Speak with me
In the same caution, for the hour has come
When this, our bondage, hastens to release
Through Providence eternal. God, who sees
And knows all needs of all his creatures choice,
Foresees our liberty, and you are now
His messenger and servant. Falter not
To do his bidding, lest at once he mark
Your soul for his displeasure. We must kill
These our dark enemies. So go ye forth
To him, the brave, the friend, the fond ally
Of our wild master, and strict counsel take
Of the swift blow, the sudden stroke, at once
That terminates life's journey. In their sleep
We must each life destroy with action quick,
To work our sure redemption. Do ye mind,
And fail not of your part, for we must stand
Each by each other, lest we three as one
Meet such calamity as never yet
Touched comprehension in our silent thoughts."
The youthful hearer, startled by her mien
Of such solemnity, attention plied
With thoughtful pondering. At length he spoke:
"How can I heed your word when he, the brave,
At once will ask my reason, and will think
On some design that prompts my purpose dim?"
Then she responded, while reflection rose
To fancy diplomatic, and she said:
"Are ye indeed a lad and have not love
Of dreams and tales heroic? Seek ye him,
And, when composure in his mind makes free
His pleasant memories of daring deeds
And deadly doom in combats of old time,
Invite discourse and crave the legends proud

That from his tribe's far past come richly down
With sparkling fame ancestral; and when he,
With flashing eye, shall boast the valor great
That in his sires wrought desolation vast
And death impetuous upon the foe,
Ask lightly of the way, the certain aim
And stroke that prove destruction, when the breath
At once escapes the body. Doubt ye not
Of his indulgence, for his heart will swell
With the glad ardor of a soul elate,
When he shall give you answer. Now be firm
And faithful unto God and this your charge."

The lad went forth, and moved to wisdom born
Of shrewd advisement, tickled all the mind
Of the dull savage. With delusion fed
Of old-time forays, fancy fraught with fame
That finds fertility in far-off feuds
That foster fondest fervor in the frames
Of men imaginative, when they trace
The track of triumph in the loyal lore
Of the long ages of a race renowned;
And when the brave grew boastful of the boon
Of ancient ancestry in ardor e'er
That dealt death's doom in sudden, sure surprise
To eager enemies, the yearning youth,
With candor curious, concern concealed,
In caution craved description of the deed—
The deadly blow in direful swiftness dealt.
The simple savage saw no sign of sense
In sharper search secretive, and he raised
His rude, red finger to his forehead, and
The front turned faintly sidewise, thus he touched
His temple tenderly and said, "Strike here!"[24]
The staunch lad stayed the story and was still.

The youth to Hannah Dustin came again,
In time and mien to turn all savage thoughts
From the great complot, and to her he told
The short, sententious answer of the brave,
Who held such deadly wisdom, and the dame
Again charged prudence unto future counsels, sure
In their full issues. Then to Mary Neff,
Companion, nurse, and fellow captive, she
Disclosed in secrecy the project born
For sure emancipation, yet in need
Of shrewd, persuasive speech, for Mary Neff—
A woman apprehensive, anxious, tame
In resolution that forever guides
The arm uplifted for the stroke that yields
To bondage glad exemption in the hour

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24. History says that Hannah Dustin directed the boy not only to ask the Indian how to strike a fatal blow, but also to inquire how to take a scalp; but the sequel of the story seems to indicate that the taking of scalps was a second and much later thought.

Of straitness desperate—had doubts and fears,
And inly paled and grieved in painful thought,
The thing so terrible. Could she have part,
Unfailing, in such daring? Was there not
Some guilt to lurk in damage to the soul
In such devotion unto deeds of death,
E'en to our enemies? This was her mood,
Half product of dull fright and dark despair.
But Hannah Dustin, in the strength and breadth
Of mind that grasps the issue, far remote
From objects personal, in peril found
Of a whole people, gave the counsel straight
That fortified decision in the breast
Of her companion, as she long discoursed
Of ancient sacred lore, and thus recalled
How Jael unto Sisera gave sudden end,
The sharp nail through his temples, as she thus
Helped Israel; and then the Judith named
Who, for the love she bore her nation's weal,
By skillful stratagem, the gory head
Of Holofernes to the elders brought,
In triumph justified; and as her theme
In scope expanded, she her plot portrayed
In public potency of purpose bent
On consequences fruitful. Thus she said:
"Here is a link that holds intact the chain
That stretches north and south, to drag our kind
E'en to destruction or to dismal doom
More dreadful. Here our savage master keeps
His sway and stronghold certain, on the path
That leads from friend to foe, a half-way house,
Built for discomfiture of English homes
And hearts intent on virtues such as God
Claims of His children, and of which the wild,
Fierce redman no conception holds, nor thinks
Aught of their uses. We who break the chain
Do duty to ourselves, our friends, our God.
This is the ripe occasion. Let us strike!
Who has the heart and hand to lend a cause
In wisdom made deserving is in sin
And misery, the sacred time and means
Neglecting." Mary Neff in vain
Such exhortation in resistance held,
And to its fervor yielded, and she gave
Her promise, though within she trembled oft,
The hour appointed waiting, as the three
White captives plighted faith and pledged their all.

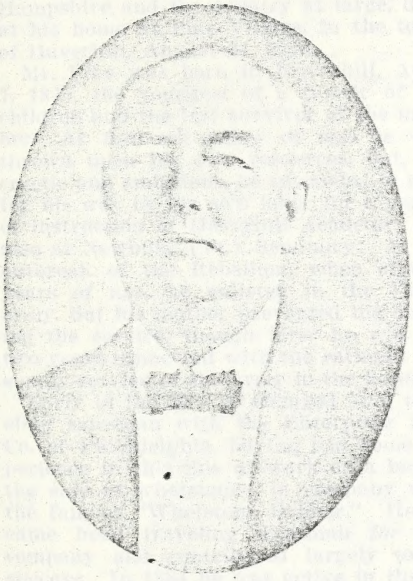
(Continued next month)

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. HARRY G. SARGENT

Harry Gene Sargent, born in Pittsfield September 30, 1859, died in Concord September 7, 1908.

Deceased was the son of Samuel M. and Cyrena (Mitchell) Sargent. His father, who came of old New England stock (his first American ancestor settling in Massachusetts as early as 1633), was an engineer on the Concord Railroad. Harry G. attended the Concord public schools, graduating from the high school in 1878. He immediately commenced the study of law in the office of W. T. and H. F. Nor-



Hon. Harry G. Sargent

ris, later attending the Boston University Law School and completing his professional training in the office of the late Hon. John Y. Mugridge, where many other successful practitioners were taught the art and science of legal controversy.

In 1881 he was admitted to the bar and immediately commenced practice in Concord, continuing for twelve years without a partner, till, in 1893, he formed a partnership with Henry F. Hollis, to which Edward C. Niles was later admitted. Subsequently Mr. Hollis withdrew, and, upon his retirement from the Supreme bench, Hon. James W. Remick became associated with Messrs. Sargent & Niles, continuing till about two years ago, when Judge Remick withdrew.

Allying himself with the Republican party soon after attaining his majority, Mr. Sargent was active in political affairs, and in 1884 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for solicitor of Merrimack County, and elected. Two years later he retired and became solicitor of the city of Concord, which position he held until his inauguration as mayor, to which office he was elected in November, 1900, over Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, Democratic candidate for re-election. During his term in the mayoralty, the new city hall building, an enterprise in which he took much interest, was erected. He served as judge advocate general on the staff of Governor Nahum J. Bachelder, and was given the honorary degree of master of arts by Dartmouth College in 1901.

In the fall of 1907 General Sargent was appointed by Governor Floyd a member of the state tax commission, provided for at the last session of the legislature, and took an active interest in the work of that body, which had brought its investigations to a practical conclusion and agreed upon its findings and recommendations the week before his death.

General Sargent was a member of the Wonolancet and Snowshoe clubs of Concord and had been president of each. He was an active member of the Lincoln Republican Club of 1906, and conspicuous in its preliminary campaign. He was a trustee of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Hampshire.

As a lawyer General Sargent held high rank and had been remarkably successful in the conduct of much important litigation. As a citizen he was popular and public-spirited and his loss is deeply felt by the community, as well as by a large circle of friends.

December 14, 1881, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Dudley of Concord, daughter of Hubbard T. and Antoinette (Gordon) Dudley, who survives him, with one daughter, Margaret Dudley.

JOSEPH P. SMITH

Joseph P. Smith, a prominent citizen of Sunapee, died in that town August 27, at the age of 85 years, having been born in that town (then Wendell) April 8, 1823.

He acquired a good English education, and was engaged many years in teaching. About 1864 he went to Massachusetts, where he was in business till 1878, when he returned to Sunapee, there continuing through life, taking a prominent part in the affairs of the town. Politically he was a Republican. He served on the school committee five years, as supervisor four years, town treasurer five years, selectman

nine years, being for seven years chairman, and represented Sunapee in the House in 1859 and 1860. He was a charter member of Lake Grange, No. 221, and was a Mason.

He was twice married, his first wife being Belinda C. Roby, who died in 1875. In 1878 he married Mrs. Harriet C. Currier, who died in 1890. He is survived by a daughter, Hattie M. Smith, and one brother, Thomas P. Smith of Newport.

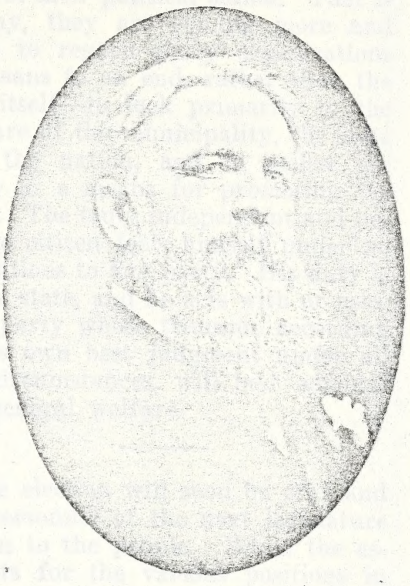
EDWIN B. PIKE

Edwin Burbank Pike, long a prominent figure in the business life of northern New Hampshire and the country at large, died at his home at Pike Village, in the town of Haverhill, August 24, 1908.

Mr. Pike was born in Haverhill, April 7, 1845, the youngest of a family of six children and the last survivor of the number. At fourteen years of age he was thrown upon his own resources, but, energetic and ambitious, he succeeded in paying his way by his own labor for a period of instruction at Haverhill Academy, and also at Newbury (Vt.) Seminary. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, when sixteen years of age, he enlisted in the Union army, but his mother prevented his entering the service, though later he was for two years connected with the railroad and supply service of the army in the South.

Early in the 70's he engaged as a traveling salesman with the Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, having had some experience in this line of work as a boy in the sale of whetstones, in company with the famous "Whetstone Palmer." He became head traveling salesman for this company and contributed largely to its success. In 1884 he was active in the organization of the A. F. Pike Manufacturing Co., of which he was vice-president, and which added to the manufacture of scythestones a general line of oil stones and other abrasives for sharpening tools. The increasing business of the concern necessitated further expansion, and in 1889 the Pike Manufacturing Co. was incorporated, with A. F. Pike as president and himself as vice-president and manager of the sales department. In 1891 the death of his brother threw upon Edwin B. the entire responsibility of the management, and from that time until his decease he was the president of the Pike Manufacturing Company, which, largely through his marked ability, tireless energy and superior business sagacity, has become the largest and most prosperous concern in its line in the world.

Mr. Pike was president of the Pike Family Association from its organization. He was for many years actively interested in the work of the National Association of Manufacturers, serving as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee and as vice-president for New Hampshire. He was also a member of the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association, of the Hardware Merchants' and Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, and one of the organizers of the Hardware Club of New York. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and served as a delegate in the last constitutional convention of the state. He was a member of the Congregational church at Haverhill for many years, until two years ago, when he became a charter member



Edwin B. Pike

of the Bethany Church at Pike, organized after years of effort on his part, and for the erection of a beautiful church edifice for its accommodation a building fund had been well started through his instrumentality.

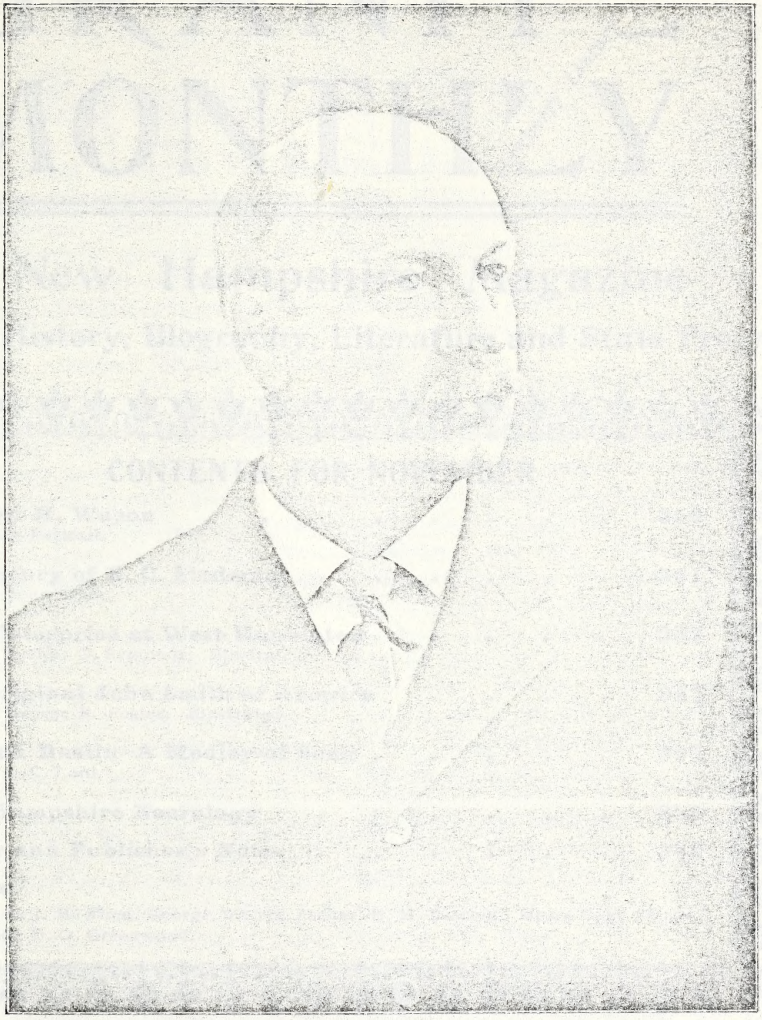
Mr. Pike was a man of strong personality, genial manners and generous disposition, hospitable, charitable and public-spirited in marked degree. He took pride in his business, in his town and his state, and was a representative American citizen of the best type. He married in Salem, Mass., April 14, 1865, Miss Addie A. Miner, who died August 27, 1887. There were three children by this marriage, of whom two are now living—E. Bertram Pike, treasurer of the Pike Manufacturing Company, and Winifred, now Mrs. Walter L. Emory, of Honolulu. He was married again, September 10, 1890, to Miss Harriet Tromblee, who, with one daughter, Katherine, survives him.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

In a letter to the editor Mayor Hackett of Portsmouth calls attention to an error in the interesting article by Howard H. Brown, on the battleship *New Hampshire* in the September number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Speaking of the old *New Hampshire*, the wooden ship built at the Portsmouth navy yard, Mr. Brown stated that the vessel was probably built inside of ninety days, which conjecture is so far at variance with the fact that it seems proper that the truth of the matter be brought out. The fact is that the vessel was laid down—that is her keel was laid— in 1817. She was carried on the rolls of the navy as the *Alabama*, and would have been launched under that name had it not been for the War of the Rebellion which made a change of name desirable. The vessel remained in an unfinished condition until after the inauguration of President Lincoln, and was then rather hastily finished and launched in 1864 as the *New Hampshire*, it really having been nearly fifty years from the start to the completion of the vessel.

There is less excitement and enthusiasm manifested in the political campaign in this state, this year, than ever before, and what is true of New Hampshire is undoubtedly true of the country at large in this regard, though large crowds have generally turned out to greet the presidential candidates of the two leading parties, wherever they have been. The absence of noisy and spectacular demonstration, however, does not necessarily indicate a lack of interest in the questions involved. Brass bands and red fire, flag-raisings and parades are less in evidence than in former years; but the people read more, think more, and are better informed upon the issues of the day. Moreover, they are becoming more independent of party restraint and less susceptible to the influences which have ordinarily been resorted to, to control their political action. That is to say, they are coming more and more to regard party organizations as means to an end, rather than the end itself—to look primarily to the welfare of the municipality, the state and the nation, and to utilize the party as a means for promoting the same. The truly independent and patriotic citizen feels himself under no obligations to any party. His duty is to the state, and he acts with or uses that party whose triumph, according to his own best judgment under all the circumstances, will best advance the general welfare.

The election will soon be over and the personnel of the next legislature known to the people. While the aspirants for the various positions in connection with the organization are pushing their claims—and they will be industriously engaged along this line up to the day of meeting on the first Wednesday in January—the people of the state, regardless of party, should be considering what legislation is really needed, and devising means to insure its enactment. It is not necessary for them to consider what are the platform promises of either party, since platform promises, as a rule, are mere demagogy; but to determine, from their own knowledge of existing conditions, what changes and improvements are desirable, and what means can be adopted to influence legislative action to the desired end.



EDWARD H. WASON



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A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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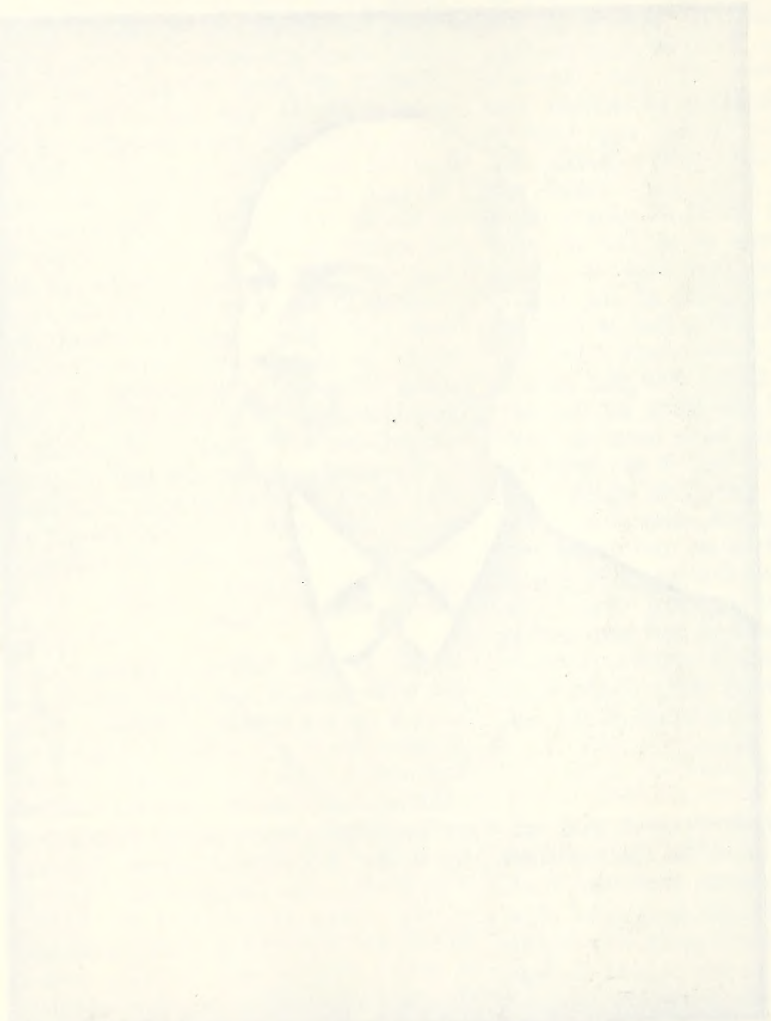
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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Edward H. Wason

Among the men chosen at the recent election to membership in the incoming legislature, who may be regarded as especially qualified by native ability and large experience in public life, for efficient service in that body, is Edward Hills Wason, representative-elect from Ward Six, Nashua.

Mr. Wason is a son of the late George Austin and Clara Louise (Hills) Wason, born in the town of New Boston, September 2, 1865. His father was a great grandson of James Wason, of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, who removed to this country in youth, locating first in Portsmouth, and subsequently in what is now the town of Hudson, where he lived until his death, August 22, 1799. His son, Lieutenant Thomas Wason, of Hudson, was the father of Dea. Robert Wason, who went in early life (1803) to New Boston to live with an uncle, Robert Boyd, whose large farm he inherited and upon which his son—George Austin—was born, September 17, 1831.

George Austin Wason was a New Hampshire farmer, of the best and most progressive type—one of the most conspicuous representatives of the agricultural life of the state, and prominent in public affairs. He was the second master of the New Hampshire State Grange, president of the old Hillsborough County Agricultural Society, twice a representative and twice a senator in the state legislature, for two terms a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and for over twenty years previous to his death a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. He died at Nashua June 21, 1906, some four years after the death of his wife.

Born and reared on a farm, Edward H. Wason developed strong physical as well as mental powers. He was educated in the public schools of New Boston, at Francestown Academy and at the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, graduating from the latter in 1886. He entered upon the study of law in Nashua, after graduation, in the office of George B. French, attending also the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in 1890. He was admitted to the bar in March of that year and commenced practice in Nashua in July following, where he has continued till the present time. He was alone in practice till 1893, when he formed a partnership with George F. Jackson, which continued till July, 1900, when it was dissolved and Thomas F. Moran became his partner, and still remains such. He has established an excellent practice and won enviable rank among the younger members of the Hillsborough County bar.

An earnest Republican, he has taken an active interest in politics since early youth. He was sergeant-at-arms of the New Hampshire Senate in 1887 and 1889, assistant clerk

of that body in 1891 and 1893 and clerk in 1895. In 1891 he became a member of the Nashua board of education, and in 1895 was chosen president of the board, succeeding the late Capt. Henry B. Atherton. In 1894 he was chosen city solicitor, and re-elected the following year. He was also solicitor of Hillsborough County two terms, from April, 1902, till 1906. In 1897 he was elected a member of the Nashua common council from ward six, and served two years as president of that body.

In November, 1898, he was chosen as a representative from his ward in the state legislature, and was a prominent figure in the House during the session of the following winter, serving on the judiciary committee, of which the late A. T. Batchelder of Keene was chairman. He was frequently and effectively heard in debate during the session, and was several times called to the chair by Speaker Currier, where he displayed signal ability in the despatch of business. He advocated but one measure during the session that did not pass the House and that was the first "good roads" bill. He introduced the bill providing for a state highway up the Merrimack Valley from Nashua to Manchester, which passed and became a law. He voted against the Boston & Maine Manchester & Milford charter, favoring what was known as the Fitchburg bill. He reported and supported the act passed during the session amending what is known as the nuisance law, strengthening the same in the country towns and rendering it generally more effective.

He represented his ward as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of December, 1902, serving on the committee on time and mode of submitting to the people the amendments agreed to by the convention, of which Hon. William E. Chandler was chairman.

In July, 1906, Mr. Wason was chosen a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, of which he is a graduate, by the alumni of the institution, and has since been an active member of the board with which his father was so long connected. He is president of the Citizens' Institution for Savings, and a director and vice-president of the Nashua Coal and Ice Company. He has always been a lover of fine horses, and has been an active member, and for some years treasurer, of the Nashua Driving Park Association.

Mr. Wason is a thirty-second degree Mason, being a member of Rising Sun Lodge, Meridian Sun Chapter, Israel T. Hunt Council, St. George Commandery and Edward A. Raymond Consistory, all of Nashua; also of Aleppo Temple, Knights of the Mystic Shrine, of Boston. He is also a member of Nashua Lodge, K. of P., and of Nashua Lodge of Elks, of which he has been Exalted Ruler.

A resident of ward six, which is ordinarily Democratic, he has won what he has secured in the line of political recognition by earnest contest, and his efficiency as a political leader has been recognized by his selection as chairman of the Republican city committee for ten years altogether, during which time he lost but a single campaign in this closely contested city.

Mr. Wason was one of the original advocates of the nomination of Col. Henry B. Quinby as the Republican candidate for governor in the recent campaign. He stands squarely upon the platform of his party, as promulgated in convention, and declares himself in favor of carrying out all its pledges in good faith, in letter and spirit. Since the recent election, many members-elect of the House have asked him to be a candidate for the speakership, assuring him a hearty and active support in case he so de-

cides. He has as yet given no indication of his intention in that direction; but, while it is not the function or purpose of the GRANITE MONTHLY to advocate the selection of any individual for any public position, it is not out of place to remark that his abilities, experience, voice, bearing and manner admirably equip him for the duties of the speaker's chair.

In Memory of E. C. Stedman

By John Albee

[Mr. John Albee, the venerable author and poet, whose summer home is in Chocorua, was for many years a resident of Newcastle and an intimate friend of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, who built a picturesque summer dwelling on a portion of the Albee farm at Newcastle, and for many years the relationship between these two congenial spirits was close and cordial. Probably no one knew Mr. Stedman any better than Mr. Albee.
The following tribute to the memory of Mr. Stedman is from Mr. Albee's pen and is a graceful expression of love, affection and appreciation.—EDITOR.]

All the unrisen genius of the land
Sought Stedman with potential books in hand;
To every one his good heart promised fame
And gladly gave his warrant and his name.
The poet's eye alert the fine points saw;
His heart alive forgave the obvious flaw.
As dear to him were all the obscure great
As those already crowned and set in state.
Apt in all choicest bits of poet lore
He kept unlocked his intellectual store;
And quick from Rome or dearer Greece to range
Back to commonplace or the Stock Exchange.
His sympathies were one with hopes or fears,
Gave smile for smile and tears to tears.
One manly trait which all disasters save
Was his; in every fortune he was brave.

So wide his gifts and tastes he touched in life
Wherever it was richest and most rife.
I knew that eagle eye, that active brain;
I saw it plan a road and lay a drain;
And in the evening hour rehearse for us
His latest version of Theocritus.
If need could lead a regiment of men
Or voice a nation's need with facile pen,
Draw Lincoln's hand with more than sculptor's scope,
Foretell the awful coil of John Brown's rope.
Worldliest of worldly men though he might seem,
Yet knew he well the joy of thought and dream;
In deepest intimate talk his prescience
Caught at your halting word and gave it sense;
Bright wit and repartee your challenge met
And tossed return of something better yet.
Whatever any man could do or say
He liked to match with some superior way.

Yet these mere outward traits were nothing real—
Far deeper down he lived the life ideal;

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and manner admirably equip him to
the duties of the speaker's chair.

He soared to faith beyond all questionings,
Not by slow logic but the poet's wings.
Farewell! Thy feet are on that blessed portal
Where mortal life is one with life immortal.

November

By L. J. H. Frost

The sad, sighing winds of November
Are piling dead leaves at my feet,
As they hurry on toward the valley,
Where the winds and the waters meet.
The birds have whispered their farewells
And have flown to a sunnier clime,
While their nests, like houses deserted,
Are all they have left behind.

We miss the chirp of the cricket,
And the hum of the busy bee,
While the meadow brook sadly murmurs
Where it once sang glad and free.
The dead flowers now lie waiting
To be wrapt in the winding sheet
Of snow that soon will enfold them
And bury them under our feet.

But a voice unto me seems to whisper,
"The Springtime will soon come again,"
And bring back to earth her green garments,
Warm sunshine and soft falling rain.
She will bring back the brook's lost music,
And the birds with their merry lays,
And the flowers with all the fragrance
That perfumes the long summer days.

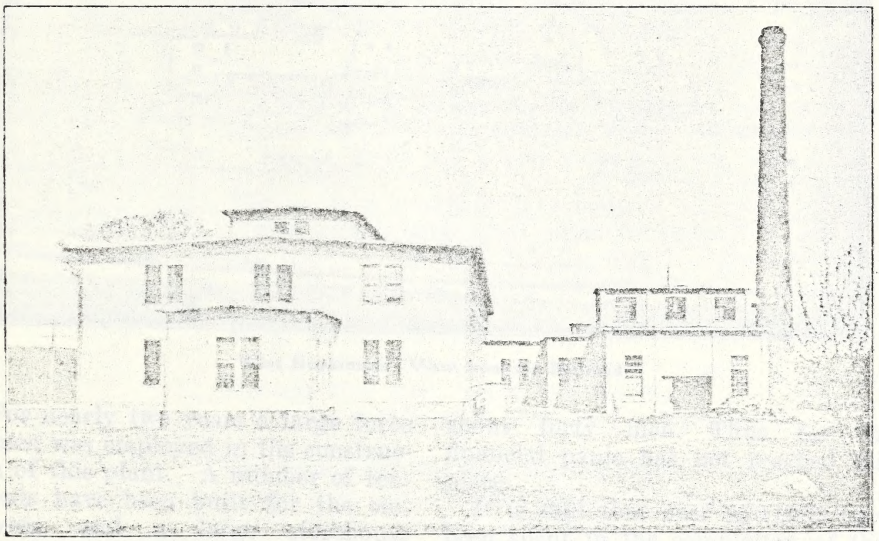
She will cover the naked tree boughs
In fair robes of beautiful green,
And send gentle zephyrs to kiss them,
And dance in their glittering sheen.
So let us be patient and hopeful,
Nor mourn for the dying year,
For Spring with all her sweetness
Will certainly soon be here.

New Enterprise at West Hopkinton

By Arthur G. Symonds

The Contoocook River, in a distance of two miles above West Hopkinton, falls over thirty feet. As the river approaches this place both its banks rise to a great height, as if Nature had chosen this spot for man to dam the mighty resources and utilize the splendid water power.

For years a dam has spanned the river at this point and furnished power for a sawmill and, years ago, a grist-mill and kit factory. But it was not until the present day that the full resources have been used.



Mills at West Hopkinton. West End View

Early in 1906 the Davis Paper Co., which formerly operated a mill at Davisville, purchased the water rights. The former owner, F. H. Carr, however, reserved the privilege of using what power he needed to run his sawmill. Just below Carr's land, bordering on the river, they purchased an interval farm. Here they erected, side by side, two large mills, one a leather-board mill, 180 x 60 feet, constructed of wood, except the foundations, basement, and first floor which are of cement; the other, a paper mill, 200 x 30 feet, built entirely of cement.

A new dam of logs, rock, plank and cement was constructed on the site of the old one. A canal was dug leading the water some three hundred feet to their land below, where a gate was erected. Then the water is conducted through two large penstocks 150 feet to the wheel pit in front of the leather-board mill which is run entirely by water power.

The plant is equipped with two large boilers, a 65 h. p. Westinghouse Standard double cylinder engine, and electric dynamo, a water reservoir, a rotary fire pump with capacity of 1,000 gallons per minute, an automatic fire sprinkler, and all the machinery necessary for making leather-board and cardboard.

On the evening of December 18,

1907, the Davis Paper Co. invited the public to attend a house warming and social dance. This was held in the upper story of the larger mill, before any machinery had been set up there. This was attended by over six hundred people, coming on special trains and in a hundred teams. This proved to be one of the biggest events ever held in this section of the country.

For nearly two years a large force of men was employed in the construction of this plant. A number of tenements have been built for the employees, and a large storehouse erected, adjoining the Boston & Maine Railroad, just across the river from the mills.

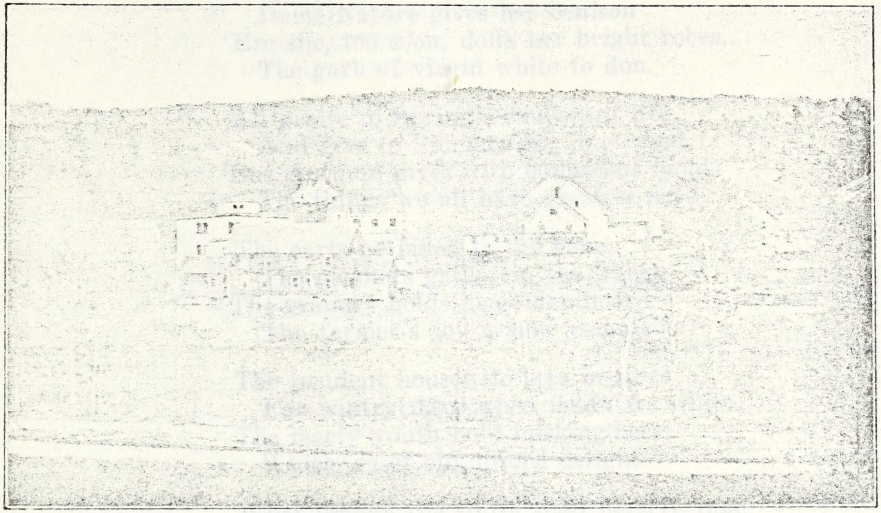
The paper mill started in March on full time, running day and night, except Sunday. About ten tons of cardboard are made daily. The cardboard is made from waste paper, old newspapers and trimmings from paper box factories. The finished product is in sheets of various dimensions and is sold to paper box makers.

The leather-board mill started on full time on May 1. The leather-board is made from waste scraps of leather from shoe factories and the finished article is in sheets.

Both mills furnish employment for about forty men. Thus far the financial panic has not reached this place.

It is said that over $300,000 have been spent in the completion of this enterprise. It is considered by competent judges to be one of the best equipped and most up-to-date plants of its kind in New England.

The once quiet hamlet of West Hopkinton is now a village with the life and activity that always follows the wheels and hum of industry.



West Hopkinton. View from the Railroad

Autumn Days

By George Warren Parker

A mild and pleasant autumn calm
Succeeds the torrid, summer day;
The varied shades o'er hill and dell
Shows winter's harbinger holds sway.

In glory such as fall invests,
Dame Nature gives her benison
Ere she, too soon, doffs her bright robes,
The garb of virgin white to don.

All praise to Spring's exuberant life
And give to Summer her due meed,
But Autumn gives with bounteous hand
The things we all have greatest need.

The carts go laden to the barn,
The gleaners gather in the wheat,
The granary holds its golden hoard,
The farmer's joy is now complete.

The prudent housewife lays in store
For wintry days when fields are white;
The merry youth hold husking-bees,
Which, as of old, afford delight.

What though the storm shall fiercely rage
And snowdrifts bar the teamster's way?
Enough that now, 'neath clearest sky,
We may with hounds through woodland stray.

Grieve not the day takes earlier flight
And soon Dame Nature stern will seem;
Earth has for all store of delight
And fields for us with bounty teem.

Our Granite Hills

By E. M. Bascom

Sunrise: and yon cloud-capped hills
Welcome the roseate morn:
Tinged with the beautiful sunlight,
Kissed by the golden dawn.

Raising their massive foreheads,
A halo of clouds around,
To catch the gleaming arrows
Of the sunbeams they have found.

Noontide: and those granite mountains,
Proudly erect and high,
Seem to be stately monarchs
Gazing towards the sky.

Twilight: and dusky faces
With eyes on the dying west,
Speak to the lonely watcher
Of all that is true and best.

Evening: and stern, gray monarchs
As you watch them from afar,
Are lifting their peaceful faces
To kiss the evening star.

So, in the beautiful morning,
At twilight and evening fair,
Those cloud-capped, granite mountains
Are always and ever there.

Oh, how I love those mountains,
My own, my native home!
God speaks from their towering summits,
Calling his children home.

Corinne

By Moses Gage Shirley

Her name it was Corrinne.
She was lovely as a dream,
And when we met my heart
Was filled with bliss.
She promised to be mine,
Where the morning glories twine,
And her promise it was given
With a kiss.

Her name it was Corinne.
How beautiful the scene
When, arm in arm, we walked
At eventide.
The memory haunts me yet,
For I never can forget
My sweetheart when she said
She'd be my bride.

Her name it was Corinne.
How the long years stretch between
Our meeting in the happy days
of old.
O memories sad and sweet,
O unreturning feet,
Which wait for me beside the
Gates of gold.

The Original John Smith of America

A Factor in New Hampshire History

By George E. Foster

The name John Smith, owing to the multiplicity of it, will doubtless continue, as it ever has been, an incentive to jokers' wit. Notwithstanding the vast army of John Smiths in this country and in municipalities across the sea, the first John Smith in America stands alone. There have been none like him. There is no evidence that he was responsible for any other who bore his name, and although his stay on American soil was short, his sojourn here was of more importance to this country than has been the prolonged presence of the John Smith army, many members of which have done valiant service during the past three hundred years.

The original John Smith of America was styled the "Father of Virginia." He was the "Discoverer of New Hampshire." This fast friend of William Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Francis Bacon, came to America first in the exploring expedition under the command of Christopher Newport, which had set sail from the Thames on the 20th of December, 1606, and arrived May 13, 1607, at an island forty miles up James River, where they made preparation to plant their new colony which they called Jamestown, in honor of the king.

Their first landing had been near Cape Henry, a point which they called after their prince. According to royal instructions, when the first landing was made the sealed box should be opened, in which had been placed further orders, and the names of those who were to constitute the council of government, and the power to select a president from among their number. The names which had been selected by royal edict were John Smith, Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall. Thus, firstly, at this time, the now much joked about name of John Smith became a known factor in American history.

All the way across the ocean the turmoil among the leading members of the exploring party had nearly equalled the tumult of the troubled sea which they had encountered, and which had ruthlessly followed them from shore to shore. Bitter jealousy had arisen, the furor of which had centered on John Smith.

It was natural that it should be so. He had already shown his capacity for leadership. He possessed many qualities of greatness, and they knew it. As a writer has said, "He appears to be deficient in nothing but that mean, cunning and sordid spirit, by the aid of which inferior men were able to thwart his views and deprive him of those stations and rewards which his services amply merited."

Again, he had been one of the earliest and most ardent of those who had undertaken the projected settlement of Virginia. His associates were so conscious of his worth that they feared that he would be their chief when the sealed box was opened. Jealousy paved the way for future charge of sedition, and by blackening his name they hoped to win for themselves the laurel wreath of leadership which subsequent events proved fitted only upon John Smith's head.

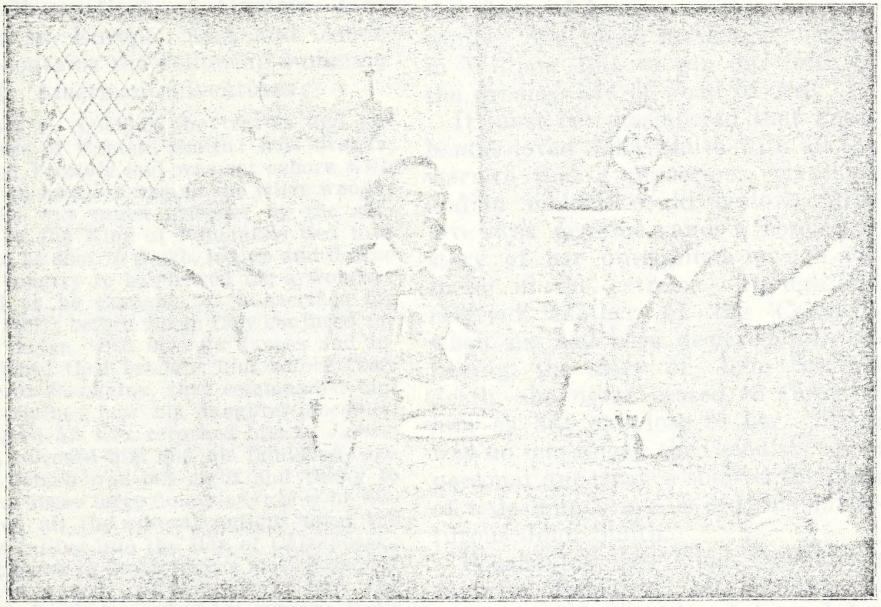
Probably the farewell supper which was given at the "Mermaid," that popular London hostelry, the chief resort for dramatic wits of the Jonsonian school, may have added to their

jealousy. This supper was given the night prior to the start of the expedition to America, in honor to John Smith by Wm. Shakespeare, then actor and dramatist, Sir Francis Bacon, the philosopher, who was also Shakespeare's staunch friend, and Ben Jonson, the dramatist. They were all congenial spirits. They were likewise great admirers of Captain John Smith, who had already taken adventurous voyages and had been knighted by Duke Sigimund for valorous deeds in the war against the Heathen Turks. Todkill, who says of himself that he had become a warm admirer of John Smith in the same conflict, was also present at this farewell supper at the "Mermaid" Inn.

"——— what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Have heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in the jest."

So wrote the poet, but no history shows that any other member of the exploring party except John Smith was invited to the farewell supper at this celebrated inn.

From the early historical writers it is fair to conclude that John Smith was a prisoner, and possibly in chains when he reached this country. And that he was liberated as soon as the sealed box was opened, but was for some time forbidden a seat in the council, and it was not until good Chaplain Hunt had long labored with the other members of the new government that he was finally given his proper place in the council.



The Farewell Supper to Capt. John Smith at The Mermaid
(From a painting by Jesse Webster Foster, the Hampton, Va., artist)

From the time that John Smith was restored from his imprisonment in April, 1607, to his departure from this country in September, 1609, Smith's life had not only been one of adventure but achievement. Others sought to lead but their endeavors were fruitless. Smith was not only the father, but the savior of Virginia. As another has so aptly written:

"If the James River Colony had failed before August, 1609, when the Third supply arrived, the colony at Bermuda would

never have been attempted; and the Pilgrim Fathers would not have gone to New England; but, if anywhere to Guiana, to perish among its forests and swamps. So that, for about a couple of years, all the glorious possibilities that are still wrapped up in the words, *United States of America*, hung, as on a single thread, upon the hardened strength and power of endurance, the self-forgetfulness and public spirit of this enthusiastic young English captain."

And again:

"If Smith had died, or left, earlier than he did, the James River settlement would have succumbed, for manifestly he was the life and energy of the whole plantation."

"The Five Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith in Europe, Asia and America" contains the following summary of his American adventures:

"Now to conclude the travels and adventures of Captain Smith: how first he planted *Virginia* and was set ashore with about an hundred men in the wilde woods; how he was taken prisoner by the savages, by the King of Pamaunke tied to a tree to be shot to death, led up and downe their country to be shewed for a wonder; fatted as he thought for a sacrifice for their idoll; before whom they conjured for three dayes, with strange dances and invocations; then brought him before their Emperor *Powhaton*, that commanded him to be slaine; how his daughter *Pocahontas* saved his life, returned him to *Jamestown*, released him and his famished company, which was but eight and thirty to possess those large dominions; how he discovered all the several nations upon the rivers falling into the Bay of *Chisapeack;* stung neere to death with a most poysoned taile of a fish called stingray; how (he drove) *Powhaton* out of his country, tooke the Kings of *Pamaunke* and *Paspahagh* prisoners, forced thirty-nine of those Kings to pay him contributions, (and) subjected all the savages; how *Smith* was blowne up with gun powder, and returned for *England* to be cared:

"Also how hee brought our new *England* to the subjection of the Kingdome of great *Britaine;* his fights with the Pirats; left alone amongst a many *French* men of Warre, and his ship ran from him; his sea-fights for the French against the *Spaniards*, their bad usage of him; how in *France* in a little boat he escaped them; was adrift all such a stormy night at Sea by himselfe when thirteen French ships were split, or driven on shore by the Ile of *Ree*, the generall and most of his men drowned, when God to whom be all honor and praise brought him safe to shore to all their admirations that escaped; you may read at large in his generall history of *Virginia* the *Summer Iles* and *New England*."

Concerning the saving of Capt. John Smith's life by the vivacious Indian maiden, Pocahontas, much has been written. By some the story is believed to be fiction, but we must remember the tendency of the modern age to remove long-credited historic matter backward among old traditions and fables. Alas, even Shakespeare would be deprived of the glory of having written his own works. We must no longer believe in William Tell, or pin our faith in the dreamy life of Joan of Arc.

It must be remembered that Pocahontas loved John Smith with all the warmth that a precocious, vivacious Indian maiden could bestow. Her love was genuine, and a connected story of her unrequited love is pathetic in the extreme. Though she married another of the Colonists when she had been decieved into believing the story of John Smith's death, she never ceased to think of him as but one lost to her. There was no one among the Colonists whose personal appearance showed the mein of a dashing brave as did this adventurous John Smith.

Pocahontas was King Powhaton's favorite daughter; all accounts go to show that the king humored her in all ways possible, and that she roamed throughout his kingdom whither she would. There is nothing strange that she appeared in so many villages of his domains. Powhaton's home was near York (Werowocomoco); he had another home at Orakakes. His chief seat of government was at Powhaton, near the falls of James River, not far from where Richmond now is. Powhaton also believed in our modern "nepotism" to the extent of his needs. Powha-

ton had three brothers, Opilchepan, Opekankanough and Catatunugh. He had also two sisters, at least two sons and two daughters. He divided the management of his extended dominions among his kinsmen, and Pocahontas seems to have been a privileged character in all the head towns, visiting them at her will.

Among her relatives she became fully posted of important events, and she could easily have acted the spy and be an informer, exciting no suspicion, as her absence from the home of one member of the family would be accounted for by the belief that she was stopping with the other, and this throws light before the doubters, and answers the question how she could play treason to her people without attracting their suspicion.

In 1607, April 28, Captain Newport with his men, having explored the country inland from Cape Henry, set sail in their shallop and arrived that night at what today is so widely known as Old Point Comfort. At this time Kecoughtan, now Hampton, situated three miles away, was ruled over by one of King Powhaton's brothers. The next day, or shortly after their arrival at Old Point, Captain Newport, accompanied by John Smith and others, rowed over to Kecoughtan and were kindly entertained by the Indians. First they were feasted, then they were seated together to smoke the peace pipe, and at last a dance was given to entertain their visitors. In John Smith's account of the festivities he was particularly enthusiastic and it was evident that the Indian maidens had been subjects of more than passing interest. When we compare the statements of the explorers concerning the size of the village, with crowds of natives present, it is fair to conclude that a large number of Indians from other villages were present, and there had been ample time for the swift-footed messengers to spread the news far and wide concerning the arrival of the ships off Cape Henry, while the white visitors had been exploring the inland country before their arrival at what is now Old Point.

George Percy in his "Discourse of the Plantation of the Southern Colony in Virginia by the English," speaking of this visit to Kecoughtan, says:

"When we came first to Land they (the savages) made a dolefull noise, laying their faces to the ground, scratching the earth with their nailes. We did thinke they had beene at their Idolatry. When they had ended their ceremonies, they went into their houses and brought out mats and laid (them) vpon the ground; the chiefest of them sate all in a rank; the meanest sort brought vs such dainties as they had, and of their bread which they made of their maiz(e) or Gennen wheat. They would not suffer vs to eat vnlesse we sate down, which we did on a mat right against them. After we were well satisfied they gave vs of their Tobacco which they tooke in a pipe made artificially of earth as ours are, but far bigger, with the bowle fashioned together with a piece of fine copper. After they had feasted vs, they shewed vs in welcome, their manner of dancing, which was in this fashion. One of the savages standing in the midst of singing, beating one hand against another; all the rest dancing about him, shouting, howling, and stamping against the ground, with many Anticke tricks and faces, making noise like so many Wolves or Devils. One thing of them I observed; when they were in their dance, they kept stroke with their feet iust, one with another; but with their hands, heads, faces and bodies, every one of them had severall gesture; so they continued for the space of haif an houre. When they had ended their dance, the Captaine gave them Beades, and other trifling jewells. They hang through their eares, Fowles legs. They shave the right side of their heads with a shell, the left side they weare of an ell long, tied vp with an artificial knot, with a many Fowles feathers sticking in it. They goe mostly naked . . . Some paint their bodies blacke, some red, with artificial knot of sundry lively colours, very beautiful and pleasing to the eye, in a braver fashion than they in the West Indies."

After making a careful study of the writings and records left by the

Colonists themselves, it is certainly fair to presume that Pocahontas was present at the feast and subsequent dance at Kecoughtan, having come there to watch the arrival of the white visitors, an occasion, as before stated, which had attracted more strangers than there were regular inhabitants at that time in Kecoughtan. If Capt. John Smith participated in the dance, as he himself intimated that he did, while writing his relations, he would not have been *the* John Smith that he was (he who had been knighted by Duke Sigismund), had he not sought out and secured as his partner, the vivacious princess, Pocahontas, King Powhatan's favorite daughter. There can be little doubt but what at Kecoughton began the fascination of Pocahontas for John Smith, which soon ripened into genuine love on her part, and, although seven years after she married another, believing Smith was dead, this love never died—her silent devotion to the memory of the first love ceased not until the hour of her death.

The record of the second meeting of Pocahontas and John Smith is more complete. This was at Powhatan's favorite town of Werowocomoca, where he not only resided, but transacted much of his official business. John Smith and picked associates had come to that place to trade for corn. At the time of their arrival the king was not at home, but somehow Pocahontas had learned of Smith's approach and met him and his associates outside the town. She was accompanied by her maids, who seem to have been of different character than the *décolleté* dancers who later came from somewhere within the forest. Pocahontas received her guests in an open field; she endeavored to assure them of peaceable intentions of the braves who "making strange Antckes and Hydeus schreeks," spread the feast in the field, and until her father's return proved herself an entertaining hostess. Then later came the dancers upon the scene, the chief dress of which were the braided leaves fresh from the forest trees, and the presence of these dancers and the disgraceful revel that followed has been sometimes used as a reproach to the fair fame of the Indian Princess. But nothing could be more unfair, neither was it consistent with the position of the Indian Princess, nor is there the least proof that they came down from the woods to the feast in the field at her order or even her wish. And shame be to any flippant writer to use this incident to blacken the fame of this Indian maiden, or for any historian to suggest unmaidenly or unchaste acts then or during any other period of her eventful life. For better and truer to herself were the words written by James K. Paulding, once secretary of the United States Navy, and also a gifted writer, where in an ode to Jamestown he wrote of Pocahontas:

And *She*, the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The Angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who joined man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourgers of her race.
Sister of charity and love,
Whose life blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear Goddess of the sylvan grove,
Flower of the forest, nature's pride.
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

When Powhatan returned, another feast was called, the peace pipe was smoked, and John Smith as head of the delegation made a successful trade for corn. The traders returned; but from the time of that visit of John Smith to Werewocomoco Pocahontas became his constant and protecting satellite. She watched over him with untiring devotion. She listened to the deliberations of her people in the Council House, and

when there were decisions adverse to her lover or his associates, she found some way to convey them the information of danger. The rescue of Capt. John Smith by Pocahontas has been a favorite subject for artists to picture, and for historians to dwell on. The incident is almost too familiar to need recalling. John Smith was doomed to die by order of the father of the Princess herself. She pleaded for his life, but Powhatan was firm, and ordered the executioner to proceed, and when that officer had raised his bludgeon, and it was almost to fall, Pocahontas threw her chubby arms about Smith's neck, she placed her own face over his, her long dark hair covering them both and thus waited to ward off the blow —a blow that never came. The executioner dare not strike to death the daughter of his king, and the king yielded, reversed his order, and John Smith lived, thanks to the devotion of Pocahontas. And at other times Pocahontas endangered her own life to save John Smith and his friends. It was this Indian Princess that secreted Richard Wyfflin, the only obtainable messenger at the time to carry news to Smith and Colonists of an intended massacre. Having secreted him she turned his pursuers in a wrong direction, and, in consequence of this act, Smith and his associates were saved from annihilation. And at still another time, when Powhatan himself grew hostile, and planned to fall upon the English and destroy them, Pocahontas walked alone many miles at night through the forest to inform Smith of the hostile plans. Henry Spillman owed his life also to Pocahontas. Writers and artists have given more attention to the saving of John Smith's life than to the crowning act of Pocahontas' devotion, when she made those long trips alone through the forest to carry food to the starving Colonists, a theme that has recently been strikingly pictured on canvas by the Hampton (Va.) artist. When Capt. John Smith returned to England he paid tribute to her act as follows:

> "POCAHONTAS NEXT UNDER GOD, was still the instrument to preserve this Colonie from Death, Famine and utter Confusion, which, if in those times, had once been dissolved VIRGINIA might have lyne as it was on our first arrival, to this day."

Powhatan yielded to the entreaties of his daughter, Pocahontas, and setting aside the death sentence, made up his mind to employ Smith as an artisan, to make for himself robes, shoes, bows, arrows and pots, and for Pocahontas bells, beads and copper trinkets. But Smith was not held in captivity much longer. Two days after, Powhatan, leaving him alone in the tent, went outside, and caused "noyses more like devils than men," and caused 200 of his people to pass before Smith dressed in devilish garb. This was probably to terrify Smith into subjection, for Powhatan at once dispatched him to Jamestown, for two great guns and a "gryndestone" for which he would give him the county of Copuhowsich, and forever esteem him as a son. Smith at once set out for Jamestown taking several of Powhatan's chief men. He fulfiled his pledge to Powhatan by offering them a large millstone and two heavy cannons, which, of course, they could not carry. Then Smith contrived to have the heavy cannon discharged. The small stones with which they had been loaded caused much commotion amidst the brush and the savage chaperons of Captain Smith fled in terror. Later, satisfactory gifts were sent to Powhatan in place of the millstones and big guns, that naturally could not be taken to Powhatan's palace. Smith never became arrowmaker for Powhatan, neither did he become his "sonne." The relations between Powhatan and Smith were ever after of a strained nature. Smith always

took an attitude of defense, while Powhatan was more conciliatory. Once in a fit of impatience, Powhatan said,

"Captain Smith, I never use any *werowance* so kindly as yourself yet from you I receive the least kindness of any."

What were the subsequent relations between Pocahontas and John Smith? Mrs. Green in her relations* says: "The young girl's interest grew daily in this white man, after he returned to his home in Jamestown, crossing the river which was two miles wide in a canoe. Mantognus, her brother, was sympathetic and kind to his sister, always ready to lend to Pocahontas a helping hand when she went on her expeditions to tryst with the captain, for he had become the absorbing passionate love of her life."

How was it with John Smith? The following is an interview which Todkill had with Smith on this subject:

Todkill.—"So you love this girl, do you not?"

Smith.—"I love her of my life, for she saved my life. But what time have I to love or marry any woman, poor soldier that I am."

Todkill.—To marry that dusky maiden would be a deadly sin."

Smith.—"A sin?"

Todkill.—"Yes, a heathen woman, who belongs to a cursed generation."

Smith (after silent musing).—"Let your mind be at rest, Todkill, she is such a child. She cannot come to me, and I shall see her no more."

Suddenly Pocahontas appears upon the scene and bade her sorrowful adieu to Smith, who next day was to sail for England, to receive treatment for injuries he had received from the explosion of gunpowder. Todkill left them together, returning some time after. In his relation of the last farewell he says:

"It was a scene I never could forget. His head was upon her shoulder and he was pale as death, and when the signal for departure came, their lips met together in one long meeting, which parted these true loving hearts forever."

This was in 1609. In 1613, after a courtship by John Rolfe, and urged on by other interested parties, Pocahontas consented to the wedding. But was her heart there?

For an answer we quote again from Todkill:

"One day I bethought myself to go to a retreat which had been the favorite tryst for the captain and my little friend, Pocahontas. I catch a glimpse of her; she looks wan and sad . . . She saw me and began weeping. I try to comfort her, but she cries, 'Oh, let me; it is for him, who they say is dead. I cannot forget him. Must I marry Mr. Rolfe?'

"The wedding took place in the church in which a few days before she had been baptized, and it was a gala day in Jamestown. The church was gaily decked with flowers by the ninety women that then were residing in the settlement. Even Pocahontas wore a smile and looked proudly on him she wed. But while the subsequent feast was in progress she stole away, and when Todkill found her at last, she was leaning against a tree in deep thought, and it was the tree that she and the captain had been found so often under together, her face concealed by her white robe and she was weeping."

Encyclopedia history has long declared that the death of John Smith occurred in London, June 31, 1631, and that he was buried in the choir of St. Sepulchre's church. It is evidently true that some one of the many John Smiths was there buried, and it is probable that it was the veritable first John Smith of America. Yet some claim that there is a reasonable doubt in regard to this. It is known that after he went back to England, for some time he was re-

*The Maid of Jamestown, by Mrs. Anne S. Green.

ported dead, when he was still alive. John Smith, when he went back to England to recuperate from the effects of the explosion of the gunpowder, fully intended to return to America. In 1614 Smith did return to Virginia, but it was on an exploring expedition in connection with several London gentlemen. The northern coast of Virginia as then was designated was visited, and he visited the coast of Maine, but he evaded the locality in which he had met Pocahontas.

The *New Hampshire Gazetteer,* published in 1823, says that "New Hampshire was discovered by Capt. John Smith," though it is probable that other explorers had seen The Isle of Shoales prior to 1614. While Pocahontas was still grieving for her lost love, John Smith, and still believing him to be dead, he was exploring our New England coast. It was on an exploring and a trading voyage that his sharp eye spied a "Heape of Rocks" which he subsequently wrote about, calling them "the remarkablest Isles for land-marks, none neare, them, against Accominticus." He landed on the rocky isles and gave them his own name. Those who have made the life of Capt. John Smith a study do not wonder that when, later, numerous patentees were scheming to divide the territory, that he chose the wild picturesque rocks on which to perpetuate his name.

"No lot for me," he said, "but Smith's Isles, which are a many of barren rocks, the most overgrowne with such shrubs and sharp whins you can hardly pass them, without either grass or wood, but three or four short shruby cedars."

In "The Story of the Isle of Shoals," by Aubertine Woodward Moore, he says: "Today, Shoalers and Shoal enthusiasts devoutly believe the ruinous cain on the summit of Appledore, toward the southern part of the island, to be the work of John Smith. Smith dubbed the headland facing the islands—our Cape Ann—Cape Tragabigzanda, and the three rocky islets at its point, the 'Three Turks' Heads.' These titles soon fell into disuse and one little cove alone, at the southwest angle of Appledore bears the name of Smith."

As previously mentioned in this article before John Smith made his first visit to America, he had made a victorious onslaught for the glory of it, against the Heathen Turks which had so delighted Duke Sigismund that he caused Smith to be knighted, a portion of his armorial bearings being the representation of three Turks' heads. Here we find the signification of the name for a time borne by the three rocky islets. A return to England was made late in the year, and he now determined to return to America for a permanent home. In 1615 his hopes seemed to be near realization, as the Plymouth Colony, as the potentates of North Virginia were called, made arrangements with him, and he sailed for New England in March. The tempestuous seas drove the two vessels which he commanded back to England. In July a second attempt was made, and his crews mutinied, and after various adventures with pirates, his vessel was captured by a French corsair, and he and his men were taken to France. Smith finally escaped to England in an open boat, and engaged in planning a new scheme for colonization, and for his efforts he was made admiral of New England for life. The scheme never materialized. After a great massacre on the James and York rivers, which resulted in reducing the colony of 4,000 souls to 2,500, the news having reached England Capt. John Smith desired to retaliate and visit America with an avenging force. His proposition was rejected and the last opportunity was lost for him to visit the New World as an adventurer, for private enterprise was lost.

The tragedy of John Smith's love story eventually turns to England. Pocahontas, now Lady Rebecca Rolfe,

goes with her husband to London. Captain Smith learns that she is coming and recognizes her as a real princess, the daughter of King Powhatan. He intercedes with Anne, the queen, to see that she have given her robes fitting her position. Soon after their arrival Todkill meets Smith, and Smith declares to him how he left Virginia to get surgeons' attention, but loving Pocahontas with every drop of blood in his heart, and believing that she loved him too. He had expected to return to Virginia and marry her, but heard that she had not waited.

"Could she not wait?" Smith moaned.

"Oh, heavens," replied Todkill, "she did wait and mourned for you as dead."

"He (Rolfe) made her think so, did he?" said Smith.

"No," said Todkill, "all the colony thought it."

It was at the Globe Theater soon after; the play was "The Tempest," founded on the wreck of a ship that had set out for Virginia. Pocahontas, as guest of honor, was seated in the queen's box, and in a box nearly opposite concealed in the curtains were Shakespeare and John Smith. Suddenly the curtains parted asunder and Pocahontas saw her lover.

Rising from her chair she points toward Smith, saying,

"He is not dead; they told me a lie; there he is! Do you not see him?"

A few days after, Smith meets her in the Court Indian at Brentwood. As she saw him she covered her face with her hands, but tears forced themselves through her fingers.

"Lady Rebecca," said Smith, bowing very low and formal.

"No, no, call me not that," said Pocahontas, "but what thou called me in Virginia."

"I must treat you now," said Smith "as a princess. I must forget the old time and live in the new. The king forbids you to be treated other than a princess."

"No, no," said Pocahontas, "thou didst call me a child once, call me that again, for you did promise Powhatan that what was yours was his; you called him father."

She then turned to Todkill and said:

"Were I married to him, my father would be his, and my father's child would be his wife."

"But," said Smith, "the child forgot the one who loved her."

"But," said Pocahontas, bursting into tears, "they told me that you were dead, and I knew nothing else until I landed in Plymouth."

From 1624 to 1631 Smith disappears from history altogether, but he evidently spent the time somewhere in literary work. His last publication, said to have been issued in 1631, the reputed date of his death, was entitled, "Advertisements for the Inexperienced Planters of New England or Anywhere; or, The Pathway to Experience to Erect a Plantation," etc.

Did John Smith, that is, the particular John Smith of which we are writing, die in 1631? History declares that he did.

In an exhaustive biography of Smith, published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1860, we read this paragraph:

"Captain John Smith died in London in 1631, in the fifty-second year of his age."

It then continues:

"It is a singular fact that no record of the events of his death has ever been found. It seems strange that one who for almost thirty years had been so conspicuous in some of the most notable and important movements of his age, should have received so little notice at the hands of the chroniclers when he departed."

Was the Capt. John Smith who was buried in the choir of St. Sepulchre's church the original John Smith, or was it a mistaken identity?

Mrs. Anne S. Green, a well-known Virginia writer, in her recent admirable story of the Indian Princess, the maid of Jamestown, seems to doubt the identity of the one buried in the choir of St. Sepulchre's church, and says:

"Tradition is borne out in matters of record from Northumberland and Stafford County, Va. Records from Stafford County state that Francis B. Dade, the first of the name to settle in Virginia, was known as Major *John Smith.*

"Tradition and history tells that he was the identical John Smith, who took that name when returning to Virginia.

"This Dade Smith married the widow of Mayor Andrew Gibson, a merchant. Her maiden name was unknown.

"This Francis (Dade) Smith was alive and purchased lands in Virginia in 1654. He died in 1662. His will was recorded in Northumberland County. He left one son who always bore the name of Francis Dade."

It would be unfair to quote further from Mrs. Green's collection of records.

And here we are again. Was there a William Tell? Did Bacon write Shakespeare? What about the dreams of Joan D'Arc? Who was Todkill, was he a myth? Which John Smith was our John Smith? Did he die in London in 1631, aged 52, or did he surreptitiously return to America after being turned down in 1626, purchase a plantation as late as 1654, and still later in 1662 did he die in Northumberland County, Va., at the age of 83? Who can satisfactorily answer the question so often asked at the postoffice, which John Smith took John Smith's mail? Many other complications in future history of the world can be prevented by members of the Smith family ceasing to name their male children after the name of their ancient ancestor—the original John Smith.

The interest in John Smith has been greatly increased by the Jamestown Exposition of 1907. New monuments in his honor have been erected and old landmarks restored in Virginia, and in October of the present year appropriate ceremonies were held at Jamestown Island at the unveiling of a statue of the man who more than all others is entitled to the distinctive honor of "Founder of Virginia," and "The Discoverer of the Isle of Shoals." But to return to New Hampshire. In the *New England Magazine* of July, 1898, I find this paragraph:

> "In 1864, on one of the highest eminences of Star, a shaft of marble, surmounting a rough stone pedestal, was erected to the memory of this hero, (John Smith) of many adventures. Time's ravages have sent tumbling down, one by one the three Turk's heads once crowning the monument, and rendering it difficult to decipher the lengthy eulogism occupying its three sides."

This state of affairs brings no great credit to the antiquarian and historical societies of New Hampshire. "The Three Hundredth Anniversary" of Smith's discovery of New Hampshire will be in 1914, and in honor of his memory, that year, at least, should see all old landmarks restored,—and why not restore the name by which the adventurous hero introduced these isles to the world?

Mrs. Anne S. Green, a well-known Virginia writer, in her recent admirable story of the Indian Princess, the maid of Jamestown, seems to doubt the identity of the one buried in the choir of St. Stephen's church, and says:

"Tradition is borne out in matters of record from Northumberland and Stafford County, Va. Records from Stafford County state that Francis B. Dade, the first of the name to settle in Virginia, was known as Major John Smith.

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"And here we are again. Was there a William Tell? Did Hamlet write Shakespeare? What about the drama of Joan D'Arc? Who was Tokeah, was he a myth? Which John Smith was our John Smith? Did he die in London in 1631, aged 32, or did he surreptitiously return to America after being buried down in 1820, purchase a plantation as late as 1654, and still later in 1662 did he die in Northumberland County, Va., at the age of 83? Who can satisfactorily

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

(Continued from last month)

IN THE SHADE.

Breathe, gentle airs, among the trees!
So fares lithe fancy on the wind,
As Psyche yields but soft decrees,
And sweet Irene lures the mind.

Lisp, tender leaves, in whispers low!
So thought conceives a message quaint,
Evoked on high, half-heard below,
To touch the heart and loose its plaint.

Sink, passive soul, in depths of calm!
So dreams in rest each sense release,
While solace floats on waves of balm,
And sighs dissolve in tones of peace.

Canto VII

The night was dark. The curtain of its shade
Was drawn in somberness. The dismal gloom
Seemed like a token of some dreadful deed
Of time anticipated, and the hearts
Of the three plotting captives, for a sense
Of stress unbidden and of nameless strength,
Felt each slow hour portentous in the depth
Of its dark meaning. Posing as for rest,
With eyelids shy, they slept not, while the lad
And nurse in silence for the signal dumb
Of Hannah Dustin waited. On the ground
Within the wigwam, dimly by the blaze
Of the low central heat for comfort slight,
The chief, the brave, the squaws, the boys and girls
Of dusky faces, and the captives white,
Lay round the fire, the tender feet within,
The heads enduring outward, till in sooth
Each savage sank and unto sleep gave sway.
Then Hannah Dustin signaled, and they rose—
The three white captives—and each right hand took
A deadly tomahawk, and then a pause
Came as of instinct, and a moment passed,
As oft the soul thinks deeply on its cause
And silently evokes the mighty aid
Of the great Arm resistless; and the dame—
Staunch Hannah Dustin—lifting high her hand,
Half spoke the words, "God help us!" while the blow
Descended with great might and struck the chief,
The impact on his temple; and he lay
All motionless, for e'er his heavy breast

No more responded to the breath that stirs
In life's deep, restless bosom. Next the lad
Struck a prone brave, and then the nurse a squaw,
The chief's own wife, as by agreement placed
In station for each deed, and both were still
And lifeless. Then with strength and yet with speed
The blows rained rapidly, death after death
Succeeding hastily, till Mary Neff
For some inconstancy of ardor swift
Or tremulous foreboding, felt her arm
Fall slantingly, her weapon on a squaw
To deal but partial hurt, the temple grazed
And gashed with aspect bloody, and the stunned
But quickly conscious squaw arose, and shrieked,
And from the wigwam rushed, and in the night
Took her swift refuge. There was one, a boy,
Still left for quick assault, but he awoke,
And him the white lad threatened with a hand
Uplifted, but the redface boy was mild
And gentle in his mien, and oft had shown
The captives tender feeling, and his tame,
Kind spirit proved his ransom; and the lad
Who would him slay true Hannah Dustin touched,
And stayed his zeal, and swiftly from him snatched
The tomahawk, and thankfulness redeemed
The life considerate within the soul
Barbaric, yet of nobler essence found.[25]

The dusky boy in thoughtless terror fled,
And the white captives three, in fortune turned
To victors, conquering, were left alone,
Their victims dead excepting. So the word
Of Hannah Dustin spoken gave the swift
And sure direction in the issue straight
That sought redemption perfect, heart and hand
Conjoined in love and peace, in blissful rest
In home so blest and yet so far to seek
In sacred pleasure. By the crystal stream
That circled round the isle lay strong canoes,
And, one selected, all the rest were made
A quick destruction, lest pursuit might be
Too facile, and the bark reserved was made
Of goods recipient—provisions crude
Against a distant journey—nor was care
Unmindful of a gun—an arm secured
For service possible.[26] Then on the wave
The craft was launched and, all within, the three
Began the wishful journey. On the breast
Of the fair Contoocook they floated, still,
Till on the bosom of bright Merrimack,

25. It seems to be the fact that a wounded squaw and a boy alone escaped. It also appears that the white captives, for some reason, had no desire to injure the boy.

26. This gun afterwards came into the possession of the Dustin Monument Association of Haverhill, Mass., to which organization it was presented by Mrs. Lucia H. Dustin, widow of Thomas Dustin, of Henniker, N. H., in 1859.

They glided onward in a stronger flow
Of the descending waters. As they sped
Far from the smitten wigwam, in the mood
Of solemn, awful thought, a spectre black
Stood back against the view receding e'er
In the glad distance, soul and sense but one.[27]

THE MESSAGE

The scene is weird, the site is lone,
  Where lie the dead beneath the trees
That breathe, with oft and solemn tone,
  The accents of the passing breeze.

Here childhood comes, when morn is high,
  To sport by tombstones old and quaint,
And wonder, when the treetops sigh,
  What cause evokes the wind's complaint.

Here age at eve reflective strays
  And tells their names—the lost and gone—
And asks in vain the air that sways
  The leaves what grief its thought bears on.

But once a bard, his heart in tune
  With nature's voice, or grave, or gay,
Approached and sang, "The breath of June
  In verdure lisps of endless day."

CANTO VIII

Down, down the stream the light bark floated fast,
The spring thaws urging e'er the flow that bore
On to the ocean and its liquid depths,
The home of all earth's waters. In the craft,
At the frail prow, in watch and steady heed
Of danger imminent, in prudence wise,
Sat the brave lad. Behind him in a mood
Of dumb passivity, crouched Mary Neff,
Of heavy heart yet hoping. In the stern,
With paddle deftly handled, like a calm
And skillful pilot in a sea of storms,
Posed Hannah Dustin, in her thoughtful mind
And aspect competent, acknowledged guide
And mistress of the journey. Hasting hours
Dispersed the curtain of the night, and morn
Far eastward dawned in smiling, lustrous glow
Of purple, red and gold, and day began
In the glad sky to prosper. Then a new,
Strange mood seized Hannah Dustin, as she said,

27. The escape of Hannah Dustin and her fellow captives occurred on the 30th of March, or fifteen days after the Indian raid upon Haverhill, Mass. In this length of time the reader must account for the journey from Haverhill to the island, the invention of the plan of escape, and the conference and agreement of the captives. See note 16.

With fervid speech intense, "Here let us stop
And straight reverse our course! We must go back!
Our errand is undone—our work unwrought!
Now we return and take each savage scalp
That covers yet a crown of our just slain
By us in God's great favor. Turn the bark
Around!" Thus, acting to her word, the oar
In quick dexterity applied, she changed
The onward motion and the boat compelled
To try the stream's swift current, with each face
To north revealed presented. Then a fear,
Great and tumultuous, in Mary Neff,
Found vent in protestation, anxious, swift,
She said: "O are ye mad? What vain desire
Prompts this decision? Have we not all woe
And misery attempted, save alone
The death that is more sweet than endless dread
In sad uncertainty? In this our gain
Of but a hopeful prospect, hasting on
Amid a thousand dangers, as the foe
May lurk in any quarter of this wild,
In sooth will ye return and test in vain
Our greater peril for the worthless prize
Of naught but bloody trophies, where the foe—
Aroused to vengeance by the swift report
Of two escaping from our hands, to tell
The great calamity that we have wrought
Upon the chief and household—where the foe—
With speed shall us consign to tortures sharp
And slow, that in their horrors make glad death
Too long in blissful coming?[28] Now I feel
Despair upon me brooding! Yea, the Lord
May haply us have left to meet the end
That waits for souls deserted!" So she cried
And wailed with many tears their lot distressed.
But Hannah Dustin said: "We now have need
Of proofs of our assertion. If we gain
Our thankful homes in mercy of the Lord
We have a tale to tell that human ears
Will list with strong misgiving. All the world
Is moved to thoughts incredulous, if once
Great wonder speaks, and no one lifts a pledge
Of declarations strange that try the heart
Of faith in hearing. When we oft rehearse
The deed destructive that our frames released
From cruel bondage, waiting on the dread,
Sure torments that the savage hand inflicts
On helpless paleface women, will the world
Believe us, holding nought to put to rest
The tongue of doubt disporting? Who are we
In the world's sight to dare in doom and death
To thus supplant a foe? We will return

28. The Indian practice of torturing their captives is well attested in history.

And take our tokens in the scalps that e'er
Will serve as sureties of the word we bear."
Then silence reigned and up the stream the bark
Stemmed the stout swelling tide with movement slow.

Upon the isle where stood the wigwam lone
In tomblike silence with its dead disposed
In motionless array, and stiff as still,
The voyagers fain halted in suspense,
In caution lest surprise and ambush fierce
Incur their own destruction. With an ear
That searched the quiet of the primal wood
They listened, while each breath of breezes low
Seemed footsteps heralding the hostile foe
In vengeance swift advancing. One by one
Each soughing air swept by to leave no sign
Of harm anticipated, and the will
And nerve grew stronger, bolder, till at once
Firm Hannah Dustin to the lodge went forth
And, grasping in her hand a savage blade,
With action spirited, each hairy scalp
From its cold crown clave cleanly. Then she spied
By hap the fabric from her loom once torn
By the red captor, and with haste she took
And wrapped the ghastly trophies in the cloth;
And to her comrades flew again with breath
With restless ardor panting. Then all took
Their course resumed fast down the stream impelled
By ever rising waters, each heart bent
On the blest goal of leal and longing love.

REGRET

Soft sunbeams glint, where gently sway
Leaf, bud, and bloom, and "Come away!"
Call the dear birds the livelong day,
But my love is late.

A lisping breeze revolves and tells
Of cool retreats, where Psyche dwells,
And fancy dreams in soulful spells,
But my love is late.

I come. Deal kindly, O ye powers,
Bear to my heart your blissful dowers,
I muse within these sacred bowers,
But my love is late!

Canto IX

Upon the bosom of the Merrimack,
Its waters faster, wider, deeper e'er,
The melting potency of spring's bright hours

The frozen bonds of earth by winter bound
In gladness loosing, sped the little band,
Each moment drawing nearer to the boon
Of home, and rest, and blessing. Yet the time
Was fraught with caution prudent. In the wild
Through which the river ran its liquid way,
What dangers might beset the lonely course
Of the three fugitives? The redman, vexed
By deadly deeds that scathed his kith and kin,
Might break from cover and destruction deal
To the white culprits, hasting from the scene
Of their rash daring: and resistless thought
Precaution prompted. In the frail canoe
E'er crouched one like a sentry, who, in pose
And aspect threatening, the faithful gun
Held ready. When the curtain of the night
Drew darkly round, the dim, receding world
In obscuration hiding, ever one
Kept the sure watch and anxiously the boat
Directed—guard and pilot strictly one
In sore emergency—and thus the day
And night recurring strait and need beheld
That merged on care that plies the hapless soul
With frenzy oft distracting. Once a form
Stirred in the thicket on the fertile bank
Of the swift stream, and startled fancy drew
Its frightful picture; but a harmless deer
Alone beheld the bark in silent mood
Of brutish wonder. Once a heavy tread
Broke in the stillness of the forest deep
That bordered on the river, and the sound
Of dread resentment grumbled on the ear
Of dire suspense alarming; but a bear
Strode forth and growled, or moaned, or some brute frame
Of feeling gave expression. Oft the mink,
Or muskrat, splashed a wave, or oft a bird
That swam in placid water, rose with wings
That noisily the air beat suddenly,
And then all faces quickly blanched, the while
All hearts with loud pulsations leaped and toiled
In life's exertion troublous. Then full oft
The swollen cataract with frightful roar
Its peril gave loud accent, and the bark
Was turned aside to land, where with slow steps
In trepidation toiling, through the maze
Of the deep wood primeval, down the stream
The precious craft was borne, to reassume
Its course upon the wave, where each one sank
In breathless, sore exhaustion. Yet was all
Time's trial wrought intense and keenly sharp
In each recurring nightfall, when through dark
And cold, and weird imagination, woe
Seemed made complete and fate a scornful fiend
With face averted. Still the glimpse of hope

In comfort's meed increasing, smiled in light
And warmth of spring advancing, as the snow
Retreated, and the cheerful land grew broad
In sweet, renewed assurance of the leaf
And bloom so soon to triumph in the glow
And pride of summer; and the fainting hearts
Of the sad sufferers revived betimes
To nature's faithful promise, gladful, kind.

One day, to view the rising, spreading stream,
That coursed its endless way within the vale,
Some gentle folk in Thomas Dustin's town
Went forth half listlessly; yet on their way
The recent scenes afflictive of their moods
Claimed recognition, and the doom, and death,
And desolation by their fellows borne,
In sad discourse rehearsing, once they plied
Their wits' imagination, haply to discuss
The fate of Hannah, and the nurse, and babe,
And fondly speculated of the price
That yet would bring redemption, they in sooth
With their companions safely held in bonds
In the far north, of lust of wealth the prey.
Then one looked up the river and espied
A floating object and at length beheld
A small boat drifting as the current bore
It swiftly onward, and within descried
The forms of human beings, and he asked
What errand sped them forth on such a tide;
And one responded, citing those who sought
The lower country for domestic needs
And social comforts; and when one more keen
Of distant vision told the outlines true
Of two fair women, passing converse held
In mind the frequent custom of the dames
And maids to ply the oar in journeys oft
To marts and places public.[29] So the time
Passed fast and triflingly, till, in a mood
Astonished, one in startling speech exclaimed:
"My God! Lo! Hannah Dustin!" Then the group
To swift attention rallied, gave their eyes
To the strange presentation, half in doubt
Lest some delusion of the sight, entranced
By schemes demonic, held their souls allured
By stealthy bonds destructive. Yet the boat—
A birchen, light canoe, swung round to shore,
And the glad truth had triumphed. On the land
Soon stood the lost returning, and no thought
At first craved knowledge in a wider scope
Of face and form yet absent. On the wings
Of the swift wind the joyful word went forth,
To all the township, while the welcome three
To shelter kind were brought, and rest and food—

29. In earlier times in New England, the rivers often served as thoroughfares, on which both men and women went journeys in boats of different sizes and capacities.

The soft repose and dainties delicate
That serve the wasted frame—were made their boon
And choicer portion. Swiftly came, and saw,
And wept, and wondered, groups of tender dames
And gentle maids, and oft a man his sleeve
Across his cheek drew quickly, as a tear
Sped down his visage. Once a goodwife, filled
With pious ardor, from the Scripture wise,
Drew forth a simile, and said, "To us
This is like Naomi from Moab come
To her own people." Then, refreshed, revived,
And strengthened, Hannah Dustin in reply
Spoke fervently: "I am as Naomi
In that I would be Mara, for the Lord
With me hath dealt most bitterly, and yet
Of his rich grace hath brought me home to bear
The tokens of his mercy and his care
In deep affliction dreadful." As she ceased,
Her eager listeners, in heart full glad
To know the burden of the woes she bore
In savage bonds, broke forth with questions free
And craved the whole narration; and she told
The mighty peril, and the deadly march,
The hostile wigwam, and the direful threat
That held such horrid doom in prospect dark,
And lastly death's redemption in the arm
That by God's goodness slew the captors wild
And rent the captives' chain; and when the sign
Of thoughts incredulous the faces marred
Of all the company who heard with awe
In patient sympathy, she raised a hand
And the sure proof presented. "Here," she said,
"Is borne truth's testimony. See within
This simple cloth—each pledge reserved for time—
Ten scalps, the trophies of as many crowns
With justice deadly smitten!" Then they saw
The ghastly tokens and their faces blanched
In horror manifest; but doubt was gone.

An hour and then another fled, and then,
From distance westward, Thomas Dustin came
To greet with solemn joy his faithful wife,
God's prisoner released by wondrous deeds
Of Providence eternal. As he reached
Her lodge of comfort, straight within the room
He passed with haste, and then the door was shut.
Next, in the blissful gift of love in life
And glad reunion, children came and leaned
Upon the breast maternal, thankful, sweet.

(Concluded next month)

New Hampshire Necrology

HENRY A. WEYMOUTH, M. D.

Dr. Henry A. Weymouth, born in Gilmanton October 14, 1820, died at Andover October 22, 1908.

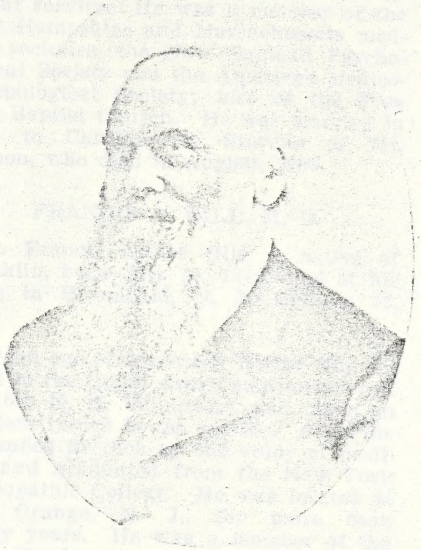
Doctor Weymouth was the son of Daniel and Honor (Hall) Weymouth of Gilmanton, and a grandson of George Weymouth, a native of Rye, who married Huldah Folsom of Epping and settled in that part of Gilmanton now Belmont.

He was educated in the academies at Gilmanton and Meredith; studied medicine with Dr. Nahum Wight of Gilmanton and attended lectures at the Dartmouth and Vermont medical colleges, graduating from the latter, at Woodstock, in June, 1843, and commencing the practice of his profession in Andover in September following, where he continued until his death—a period of more than sixty-five years. He was for a long time located on "Taunton Hill," in the east part of the town, but finally removed to the Center Village.

While devoting himself mainly to his chosen profession, in which he attained great skill and won wide reputation, and rendered faithful service to the people, in whose affectionate regard he held higher rank than most men of his profession ever attain, he took a deep interest in the general welfare of the community and gave time and attention to its promotion in other directions. He had served as moderator at the Andover town meetings for fifty terms; was for some years a member of the school committee; represented the town in the legislature in 1869, 1870, 1879, 1880 and 1899, and had been a justice of the peace for thirty-eight years. He also served as physician for the town board of health from the time when the office was established. Politically he was an earnest and unswerving Democrat, and was associated with the Unitarian church at Andover. He was a member of the Masonic order, of the New Hampshire Medical Society and of the American Medical Association.

Doctor Weymouth married Louisa, daughter of Bailey and Polly (Rundlett) Young of Gilmanton, who died June 13, 1890. Their children were Hattie Elizabeth, who married William A. Walker, assistant superintendent of the Concord and Peterborough division of the B. & M. Railroad, and died in 1889, leaving a daughter, Alma L., an accomplished musician, whose home has been with her grandfather; Daniel Bailey, now a prominent merchant of Bristol, and George Weare, a successful physician at Lyme.

It is said of Doctor Weymouth that he never presented any man a bill for professional service in all his long career, and never failed to respond to a call for service if it was in his power to do so. On the occasion of the 88th anniversary



Henry A. Weymouth, M. D.

of his birth, occurring but eight days previous to his sudden summons "over the river," the following poetic tribute from the pen of Hon. Clarence E. Carr, to the "Good Old Country Doctor," friend and neighbor, were read, the same appearing in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY and which may be appropriately reproduced at this time:

In the warp of the years scrolled behind you,
You have woven the hearts of your friends,
By this token they come to remind you
Of affection that fades not, nor ends.

The mountains and skies high above you,
The waters that flow at your feet,
Are singing today how they love you,
And bringing you memories sweet.

And richer and fairer and sweeter
Than the hills in their gorgeous array
Is your life. It is fuller, completer,
And subtler and grander than they.

May the strength of the hills be about you,
Their glory abiding, divine,
Be your glory in hearts that ne'er doubt you,
And love passing woman's be thine.

REV. ELIJAH R. WILKINS

Rev. Elijah R. Wilkins, long a prominent clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, and for several years chaplain of the New Hampshire State Prison, died September 30, 1908, at the residence of his son, Dr. Russell Wilkins, in Concord.

Chaplain Wilkins was born in May, 1822, at De Peyson, N. Y., though his ancestors were among the early settlers of Londonderry. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Derry and Londonderry. He learned the printers' trade in Manchester and followed the same, in different places, till 1850, when he was converted, joined the M. E. church and decided to prepare for the ministry. He pursued his studies at the Methodist Biblical Institute in Concord, graduated in 1853 and immediately commenced preaching. He was pastor of the Methodist church at Lisbon when the Rebellion broke out. He soon opened a recruiting office, enlisted a number of men for the service and himself went out as chaplain of the famous "Fighting Fifth" N. H. Regiment, remaining until, broken in health, he was brought home on a stretcher in June, 1862. Ultimately recovering, he returned to the work of the ministry and continued in the N. H. Conference, filling important assignments, until his appointment as chaplain of the state prison in 1884, which position he held till 1896, and again from 1898 till 1905—nineteen years in all, during which time his work for the convicts was most faithful and devoted.

Chaplain Wilkins was active in the Grand Army, in Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves two sons, Rev. W. J. Wilkins of the N. H. M. E. Conference, and Dr. Russell Wilkins of Concord, and a daugther in Nova Scotia.

DR. JOHN P. BROWN

John Peaslee Brown, M. D., for twenty-eight years superintendent of the hospital for the insane at Taunton, Mass., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. S. Ward, in Springfield, Mass., on September 19.

He was a native of the town of Raymond, born October 12, 1833, the son of Jonathan and Hannah (Heath) Brown, and a descendant of that John Brown who settled in the town of Hampton in 1639. He was educated in the district schools; at Phillips Andover Academy and at Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1860; also from Harvard Medical School in 1865.

He was assistant physician in the N. H. State Hospital in Concord from 1865 until 1878, when he became superintendent of the Taunton Insane Hospital. Owing to ill health he resigned from his position in November, 1906, and since that time had made his home with his daughter, who was his only near relative.

Upon his resignation Doctor Brown received a communication from the trustees, paying him high tribute for his efficient service. He was a member of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts medical societies, the New England Psychological Society and the American Medico-Psychological Society; also of the Free Will Baptist Church. He was married in 1865 to Caroline A. Stevens of Mt. Vernon, who died in August, 1906.

FRANCIS A. GILE, M. D.

Dr. Francis Alfred Gile, a native of Franklin, born July 19, 1845, died at his home in Bloomfield, N. J., October 12, 1908.

At the age of seventeen Doctor Gile enlisted in the Union Army, as a member of the 16th N. H. Volunteers, and made an excellent record in the service. After the war ended he took up the study of medicine and graduated from the New York Homeopathic College. He was located at East Orange, N. J., for more than twenty years. He was a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church at East Orange, of the G. A. R., and of the Royal Arcanum. He had resided in Bloomfield about five years. He leaves a widow, a brother and two sisters.

GEN. SAMUEL E. CHAMBERLAIN

Gen. Samuel Emery Chamberlain, born in Center Harbor November 28, 1829, died in St. Vincent Hospital, Worcester, Mass., November 10, 1908.

When a boy of seven he removed with his parents to Boston. On the death of his father in 1844, he went to Illinois to reside with an uncle, but on the outbreak of the Mexican War enlisted and served in the army. He was afterward engaged with the Rangers in the service of the governor of Durango, in the campaign against the Apaches. He was a member of the Walker Expedition to Lower California in 1853, and also made a brilliant record in the Union service in the Civil War, having participated in thirty-five battles and numerous skirmishes and been wounded seven times. After the war he

was stationed in Texas and was finally mustered out in October, 1865.

He served on the staffs of Governors Bullock and Claflin, as assistant quartermaster-general. He was warden of the Massachusetts state prison ten years and of the Connecticut prison eight years. He was a member of the Grand Army, Loyal Legion and the Masonic fraternity, and president of the Mexican war veterans.

REV. JOHN D. KINGSBURY, D. D.

Rev. John Denison Kingsbury, D. D., born in Hanover April 19, 1831, died at his home in Bradford, Mass., November 11, 1908.

He was the son of Joseph and Eliza (Whitcomb) Kingsbury, who removed to Jericho, Vt., during his boyhood. He prepared for college at Bakersfield Academy and graduated from the University of Vermont in 1852. For a year afterward he was principal of Hinesburgh Academy, and from 1853 to 1856 was a student at Andover Theological Seminary. Upon completing his course there, he was called to Brandon, Vt., where he was ordained to the Congregational ministry September 22, 1856. He was four years at Brandon and subsequently four years at Winooski, Vt., and settled in Bradford, Mass., in 1866, as pastor of the First Church, where he continued for thirty-five years in the service. He was a special representative of the executive board of the Home Missionary Society in Cuba during the occupation of the American troops in 1899, having leave of absence for the work. He resigned his pastorate in 1901, subsequently holding the position of pastor emeritus.

In 1887 the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by the University of Vermont. He was for many years the baccalaureate preacher to the graduates of Bradford Academy and served as secretary of its board of trustees and as treasurer of the corporation.

In February, 1861, he married Charlotte Martha Field, daughter of William M. Field of Brandon, Vt., and she survives him, together with two daughters, Mrs. Frank H. Colby and Mrs. Clifford Poor, both of Bradford.

Recompense

By Alice D. O. Greenwood

I do not ask when this life is over,
That the task assigned me may be complete,
I only trust that you may discover
Some good accruing through my defeat.

I only hope those who may come after
And travel the paths my feet have known,
May catch some note, of song or laughter,
Or pluck some blossom my hand hath sown.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

The state and national elections developed less partisan spirit in New Hampshire, this year, than is usually the case, though factional differences in one of the leading parties intensified the interest in the gubernatorial contest and made it closer than has been the case for the last fifteen years, with the exceptional instance of two years ago, the majority over all given for the candidate of the dominant party being just under 1,000. The incoming legislature will be looked to for the inauguration of important reforms, promised directly or by implication, in several directions, the most vital of which concerns the matter of taxation, an equalization of burdens being the object sought and promised. The report of the commission, appointed a year ago to investigate conditions and make recommendations, will be before the legislature, for guidance or information. Another reform, to which both leading parties are distinctly committed, and which the legislature will surely be expected to carry out, is the enactment of a primary election law, which shall operate to bring the choice of the public servants more directly into the hands of the people. A change in the manner of selecting railroad commissioners, so that they shall be chosen by the people, instead of being appointed by the governor and council, is demanded by the platform of one party and inferentially promised in that of the other, so that action in this direction may reasonably be expected; as may also such amendment of the existing liquor law as shall make a "no-license" vote by any town or city more surely effective than is now the case. It may also be added that the legislature will be asked by the advocates of woman suffrage, as indicated by the action of their recent state convention at Portsmouth, to provide for the voting of women, on the same terms as men, at the primary elections to be provided for at its hands; also for woman suffrage in all municipal elections.

"ROXY'S GOOD ANGEL AND OTHER NEW ENGLAND TALES," by Eva Beede Odell, is the title of a dainty little volume just issued from the Rumford press. These stories, or sketches, half a dozen in number, most of which have heretofore appeared in the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY, are charmingly written, in the New England vernacular, and finely typify the New England life and character. The book is admirably adapted, if not specially designed, for holiday gift purposes, and may be had, prepaid, for 75 cents, by addressing the author at Meredith, N. H.

The annual announcement of the *Springfield Republican* appears on the outside cover page of this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY. We call special attention to the same for the reason that we regard this paper as the model American newspaper, especially for New England, not only for its admirable presentation of the essential news of the day, divested of all sensationalism, but for its fearless, faithful, candid, intelligent and independent expression of opinion upon all important questions of current interest and public concern. While the daily and Sunday editions are admirable, the Weekly is particularly worthy of recommendation for general circulation as containing more really valuable matter than is given by any other paper in the country for the price—$1.00 per year.

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Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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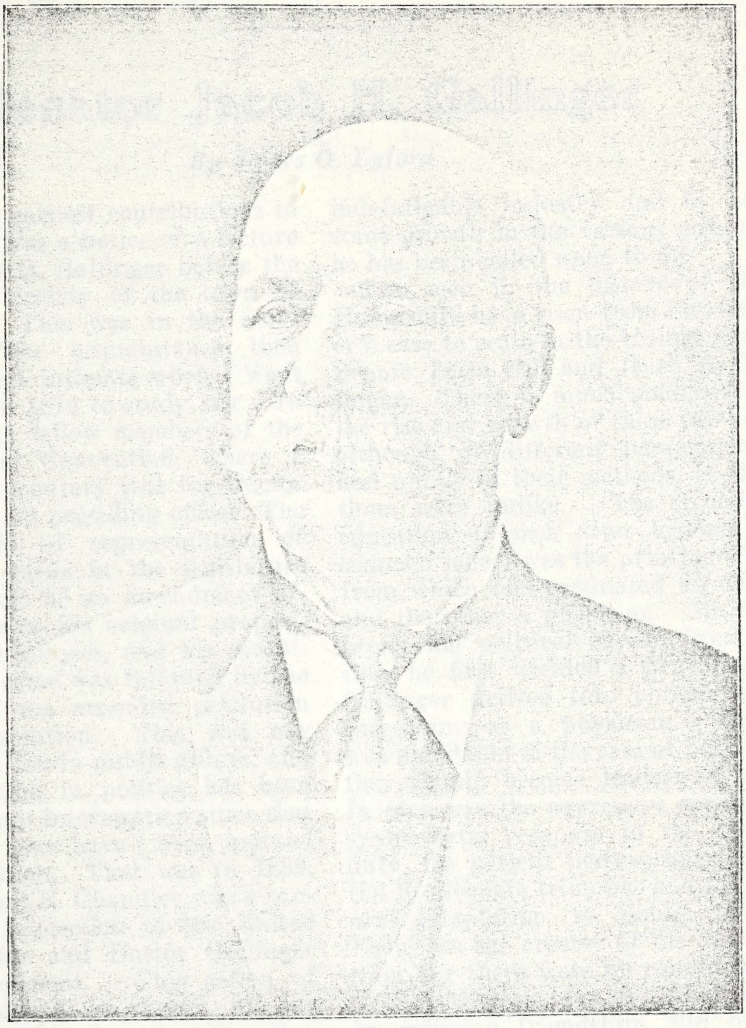
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Hon. JACOB H. GALLINGER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XL, NO. 12. DECEMBER, 1908. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 12

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger

By James O. Lyford

One of my earliest contributions to a newspaper was a notice of a lecture by Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger before the Educational Society of the town of Canterbury. This was in the early seventies. The acquaintance then formed became intimate when I went to Concord in 1874 to study law. In 1876 we were fellow members of the Constitutional Convention, where I cast a complimentary vote for Doctor Gallinger as its presiding officer. The present ratio of representation of towns and wards in the legislature was the result of an amendment offered by me to his original proposition on that subject, and his acceptance of the same was followed by the adoption of the amended resolution by the convention. This was our first coöperation in public affairs, and our association in politics has been almost without interruption since that date. Only once have I been opposed to his ambition. That was in 1889, when William E. Chandler was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate and Doctor Gallinger was his opponent. This action of mine occasioned no break in our friendship. Therefore, in responding to the request of the editor of this magazine for a brief sketch of Senator Gallinger's public career, I am writing from a close observation of more than a generation of one who has by his own exertions reached the highest honors of the state and who has literally earned these honors by indefatigable industry and by constant growth in the various positions he has been called upon to fill.

Two men in the history of New Hampshire have risen from the printer's case to seats in the United States Senate, Isaac Hill and Jacob H. Gallinger. There is much similarity in the rise and growth of these two men, although of different temperaments and unlike in their methods, as their times were unlike. The secondary education of each after leaving the common school was the printing office, from which one graduated an editor and the other a physician. Mr. Hill began his political career from the time he first wielded a pen; Doctor Gallinger drifted into politics after succeeding as a physician. Yet it was inevitable in the case of both that they should become leaders of men. In each was the aggressive spirit, the sympathetic response to the call of duty, the patient perseverance essential to ultimate triumph, and the natural adaptation to public affairs. Each was the creator of his own fortune, for there were no contributions to their success, save as each builded in enduring friendships and public confidence for future returns. Neither Mr. Hill nor Doctor Gallinger was a native of the state which honored him, and the latter had the further handicap of being born outside the jurisdiction of the country which he adopted. Both aspired to political honors and both were eminently successful.

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger

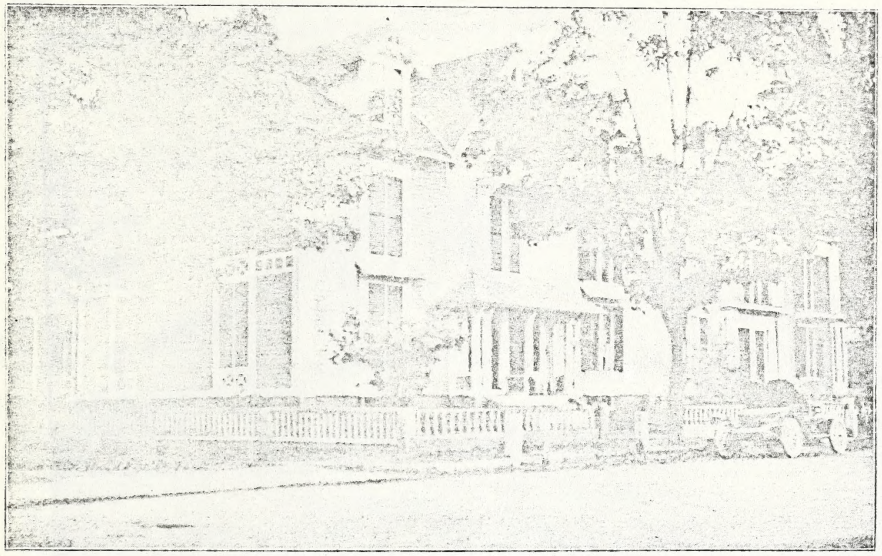
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One of my earliest contributions to a newspaper was a notice of a lecture by Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger before the Education Society of the town of Canterbury. This was in the early seventies. The acquaintance then formed became intimate when I went to Concord in 1874 to study law. In 1876 we were fellow members of the Constitutional Convention, where I cast a complimentary vote for Doctor Gallinger as its presiding officer. The present ratio of representation of towns and wards in the legislature was the result of an amendment offered by me to his original proposition on that subject, and his acceptance of the same was followed by the adoption of the amended resolution by the convention. This was our first cooperation in public affairs, and our association in politics has been almost without interruption since that date. Only once have I been opposed to his ambition. That was in 1883, when William E. Chandler was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate and Doctor Gallinger was his opponent. This action of mine occasioned no breach in our friendship. Therefore, in responding to the request of the editor of this magazine for a brief sketch of Senator Gallinger's public career, I am writing from a close observation of more than a generation of one who has by his own exertions reached the highest honors of the state and who has literally earned these honors by

Each faced discouraging environments in early life and each overcame these obstacles by the forcefulness of his exertions and by making and improving opportunities.

Doctor Gallinger had hardly hung out his sign as a physician in Concord, in the year 1862, before he began to take an interest in the welfare of the city. The schools, the church, the cause of temperance and the public health enlisted his attention and coöperation. I can not recall the time when he was not an interesting speaker and a ready debater. Yet he would probably refer to these early efforts to influence public opinion as his novitiate. Charles James Fox is said to have spoken upon every measure before parliament at his first session to qualify himself for a parliamentary leader. There was hardly a mooted question of importance to Concord for more than a decade on which Doctor Gallinger did not take a positive stand and defend his opinions with earnestness and power. In these days his defeats were quite as numerous as his triumphs, for he frequently espoused the unpopular side, even though morally right. This active participation in local affairs did not tend to promote immediate popularity. It did secure recognition of a commanding personality soon after to be considered, while it may have been his training school for future usefulness.

One of the local wits of Concord once said of Doctor Gallinger that he "never secured any success in a dead calm." This is literally true of most of his public life and promotion. If in these later years two party renominations as United States senator have come to him unanimously and a third is to be given in January next, they may be said to have been earned because of the long period in which he was the storm center of our politics, local and state.

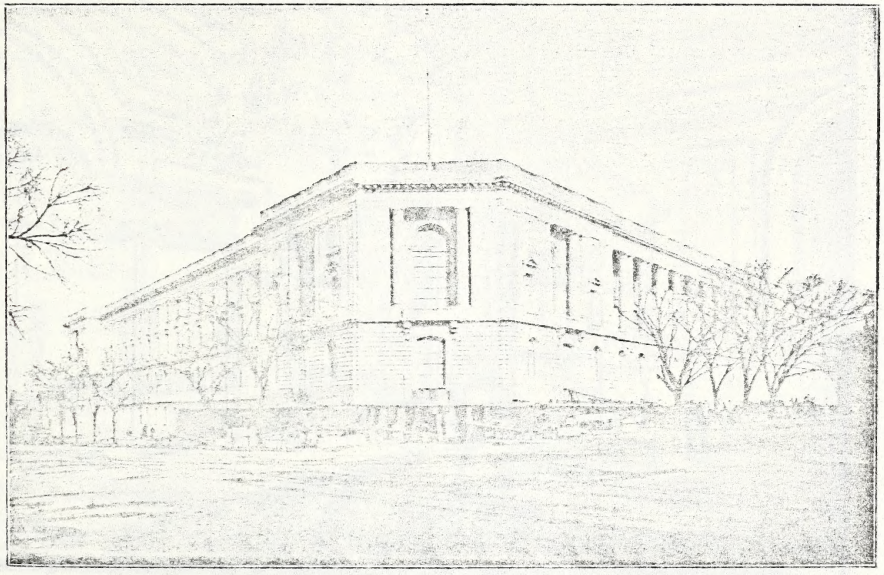


Residence of Hon. J. H. Gallinger, cor. No. State and Center Sts., Concord

Beginning his political life in Ward 4, Concord, a ward celebrated both for its strenuous contests and the number of public men it has furnished to the state and nation, Doctor Gallinger was elected to the legislature in 1872 and re-elected the next



year. In this body, which at that time more than in recent years was the stepping stone to higher office, his readiness in debate and his knowledge of parliamentary law gave him a commanding influence. His election to the Constitutional Convention of 1876 from the same ward was the natural sequence of his service in the house. That convention had in its membership the ablest men of the state, being presided over by Judge Daniel Clark, at one time president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. With these seniors in experience and legislative service Doctor Gallinger held his own in debate and in the parliamentary management of the measures he advocated.



U. S. Senate, Office Building, Washington, D. C.

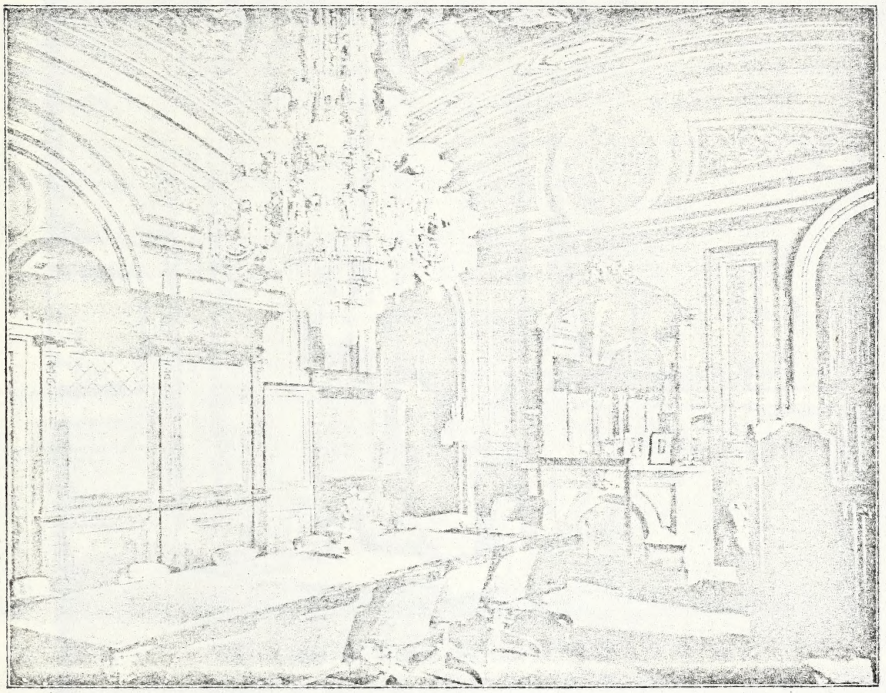
Two years later he was elected to the state senate from District No. 4, the last session of the old senate of twelve members. As he participated in the old order, so he became a part of the new. He was elected to the first senate of twenty-four members from District No. 10 and was chosen its presiding officer. As a state legislator, Doctor Gallinger was a working member of both branches, diligent in committee service and active upon the floor, framing and amending measures and leaving his impress upon the legislation of that period. His legislative experience was not only valuable to him when later he was sent to Washington, but it helped his promotion by extending his acquaintance throughout the state.

Some of the people of New Hampshire will readily recall Doctor Gallinger's introduction to the larger politics of the state in 1882. There had been a strenuous political canvass for the Republican gubernatorial nomination between the supporters of Moody Currier of Manchester and Samuel W. Hale of Keene. The latter won the nomination after several ballots by a narrow margin. The canvass had engendered bitter feelings, and Hale's nomination was bolted by the Republicans in Cheshire County and in Manchester. The Republican party of New Hampshire had at that time no such margin to go and come upon as it has had since 1894. Few entertained the hope of Hale's election



even by the legislature, should the third party and scattering vote prevent a choice by the people. Doctor Gallinger was elected chairman of the Republican State Committee. It was his first state wide experience in politics. No chairman since the Civil War and reconstruction periods faced a more trying situation. To Doctor Gallinger's skill as a political organizer and manager was due in a large measure the victory which that year was snatched from seeming defeat. Success in this campaign led to subsequent re-elections to the chairmanship of the state committee, so long as he would consent to serve. With one exception, these were unanimous elections based upon the confidence of the party in his political sagacity and their faith that he subordinated all personal interest to the success of the cause.

The campaign of 1882 was not only the first test of Doctor Gallinger's leadership but also the first evidence the people of the state had of his capacity for work. As a physician, he had a large and growing practice, covering not only the city of Concord but many of the surrounding towns. In addition to his labors at headquarters in this campaign, he neglected none of his patients, while during the closing weeks of the canvass he spoke almost every evening at some political rally. Oftentimes when leaving on an afternoon or evening train to attend a political meeting, he gathered up the unfinished correspondence of the state committee to take with him, and answered letters in long hand after his audience and the local leaders had retired for the night. When he found time to sleep in this and other critical campaigns has always been a mystery to his friends. After twenty-four hours' rest at the close of a campaign, he appeared to be as fresh as at its beginning. His robust phys-

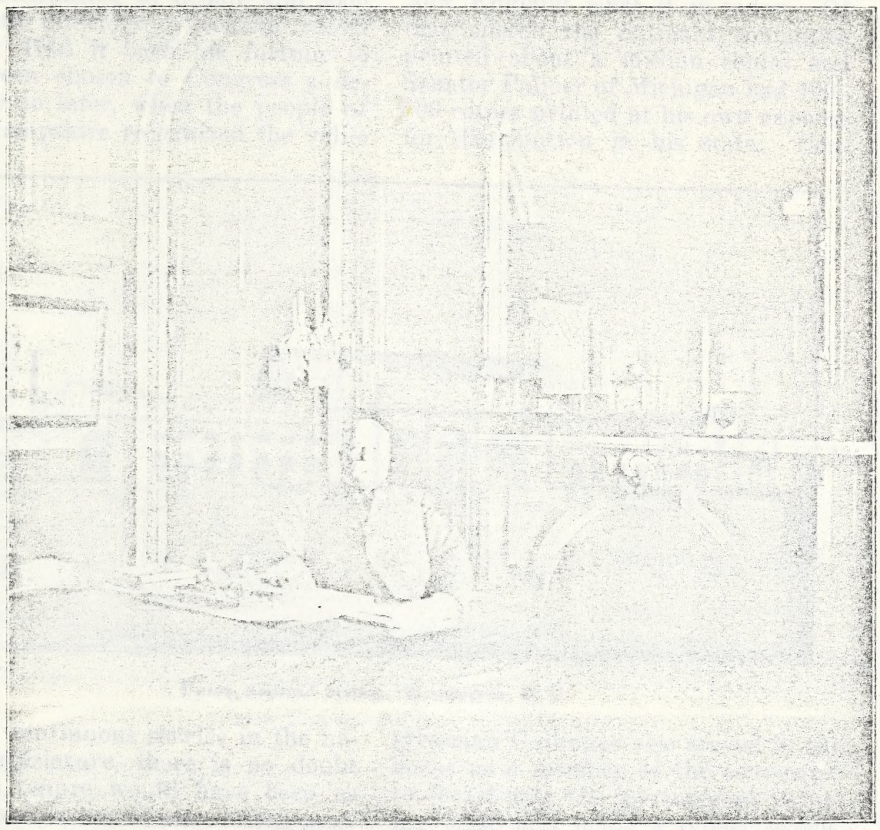


Room of the Senate Committee of the District of Columbia



ique, combined with a long life of exemplary habits, enables him to hold his own at the present time with much younger associates.

The campaign of 1882 at once transferred Doctor Gallinger from the field of local politics to the greater sphere of state affairs, enlarging the circle of his friends and increasing the demands upon his time and influence.



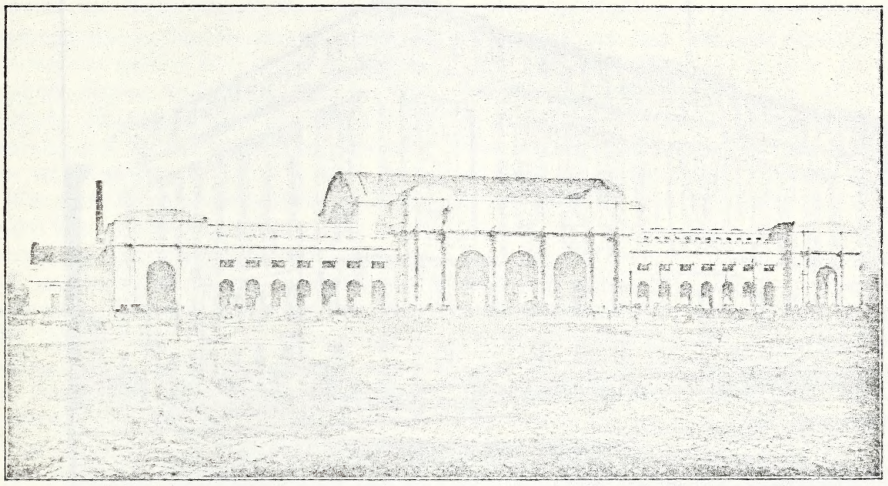
North-west Corner of Senate Committee Room

It was soon apparent that he must choose between his profession and politics. The choice came two years later when a new candidate was to be selected for Congress in the Second District. There were three candidates in the field, but Doctor Gallinger won the nomination on the first ballot. With the exception of two years intervening between his service in the national house and in the United States Senate, he has been performing public duty ever since.

At the period of Doctor Gallinger's early career in politics, rotation in office was the rule in New Hampshire. Under our annual system of elections, more than two terms in an office was seldom accorded to members of the legislature, governors and congressmen, while United States senators had to be content with one term, with rarely an exception. The state was close and debatable between the two political parties, and it was successfully argued that to accord more service to the individual was to destroy the initiative and interest of party workers. Bowing to this custom, Congressman Gallinger after two terms



in the national house declined to seek a third nomination. He could have been nominated and elected a third time had he signified his willingness to become a candidate, for his activities in the house gave promise of his speedy growth to leadership in that assembly, but he determined otherwise. Mastering the intricate rules of that body, he made his opportunities for participating in debate and soon had little difficulty in securing recognition. Had it been his fortune to have been chosen to Congress a decade or so later, when the people of New Hampshire recognized the value of long, continuous service in the national legislature, there is no doubt that his tenure would have been as permanent as that of some of the present leaders of the house. For the give and take methods of the popular branch of Congress, with the necessity of quick thinking and action on the part of its members, Congressman Gallinger was particularly well fitted by nature and training.



Union Railroad Station, Washington, D. C.

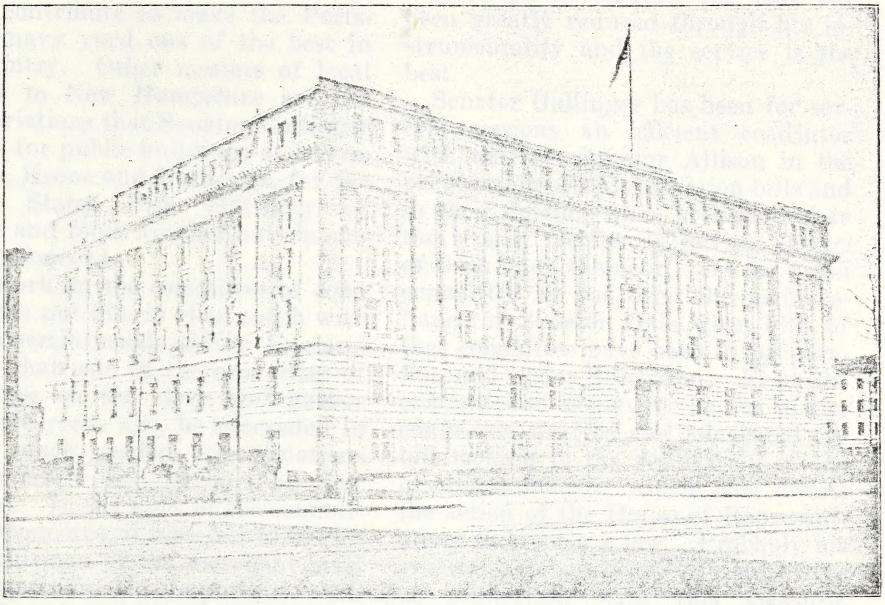
During his service in the House of Representatives, covering the period from 1885 to 1889, he delivered two speeches that attracted much attention, one on silver coinage and the other on the tariff. The speech on silver coinage reads exceedingly well at the present time, showing that he had a reasonable grasp of the problem which for a decade or more engaged the attention of the country to a great extent. The tariff speech was entitled "A Plea for New England," being a comprehensive analysis of the various industries that have made New England what it is today. Of that speech the national committee printed about a million copies and Senator Palmer of Michigan had 400,000 copies printed at his own expense for distribution in his state. Congressman Gallinger also served in the house as a member of the committee to investigate the government printing office and made a report which, owing to his practical knowledge of printing, proved most valuable to Congress.

When he declined a renomination, Congressman Gallinger thought that he was practically done with politics. He returned to the practice of his profession, contented with his public experience, and for two years enjoyed the quiet of private life. Obligations to friends and that willingness to be helpful in public affairs, which have



been his striking characteristics, drew him back into the political forum. In 1889, he sought the nomination for the United States Senate and failed. Two years later he was again a candidate, receiving the nomination on the second ballot. A week later he was elected to the senate by the legislature. When Congress met in December, 1891, he took his seat in the upper branch, to begin what was to become a long and useful service to the state and nation.

into three classes, the constitutional lawyers, the working senators, and those whose wealth enables them to take a prominent part in the social life of Washington. To the second class Senator Gallinger belongs. A master of details, his committee service has been most valuable. It is his knowledge of parliamentary procedure, his aptness in drafting bills and committee reports and his equipment for debate as well as his long service that have secured for him assignments



New Municipal Building, Washington, D. C.

To even summarize Senator Gallinger's career in the United States Senate would be beyond the space alloted to this article. It is only possible to touch upon its salient features. As has been before remarked, his life has been a constant growth, and in no place and at no time has that growth been more apparent than since his entrance to the senate. This is the universal testimony of his associates in that body, and especially of his colleague from New Hampshire for ten years, William E. Chandler. United States senators may be divided

to the most important committees of the senate. Were it not for his long training in dispatching work, he could not now perform the arduous duties of chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia and give the attention he does to those leading committees of the senate, Appropriations, Naval Affairs and Commerce, of which he is a member.

Senator Gallinger's first important chairmanship in the senate was that of the committee on pensions, a most laborious committee. Here it was that his patient consideration of re-



quests from the old soldiers and their dependants, quite as much as the general and special legislation he secured in their behalf, that endeared him to the survivors of the Civil War. He is the author, however, of several general pension laws which have been beneficial to the veterans of this war.

As a member of the committee on naval affairs, he was instrumental in getting appropriations for a new dry dock at Portsmouth, for the removal of Henderson's Point and for the construction of several fine buildings which contribute to make the Portsmouth navy yard one of the best in the country. Other matters of local interest to New Hampshire are the appropriations that Senator Gallinger secured for public buildings at Dover, Nashua, Keene and Rochester, for the United States Fish Hatchery at Nashua and for a weather bureau station at Concord.

His work on the committee of commerce has put him in close touch with the commercial needs of New England and, as chairman of the committee of conference on the river and harbor bills three years ago, he succeeded in getting much needed appropriations for the rivers and harbors of New England. In the work of the committee on commerce, it also fell to his lot to be chairman of the merchant marine commission, the important work of which commission is well known to the country.

As chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia, Senator Gallinger has been closely identified with all the recent improvements that have tended to develop and beautify the city of Washington, taking an especial pride in the construction of the Union railroad station, the municipal building, the senate office building, the filtration plant, which was built at a cost of about $4,000,000, and many other public enterprises. Both as a member and as chairman of this committee, he has also given much time to securing medical and sanitary legislation for the District and for the liberal support of the hospitals and charitable institutions of the city of Washington. When he became a member of the committee, the street railroads of the District were of primitive construction, the motive power being horses, while now the District has an underground electric system equal in efficiency to any street railway system in the world, with a lower fare than any other American city. In the matter of gas, electric and telephone service, the cost has been greatly reduced through his instrumentality and the service is the best.

Senator Gallinger has been for several sessions an efficient coadjutor with the late Senator Allison in the preparation of appropriation bills and in their defence when brought before the senate, frequently having charge of them upon the floor. On the naval committee he has been the main reliance of Senator Hale when bills of that committee have been in preparation and under discussion. From the committee on commerce he has in two congresses drafted and advocated the bill looking to the restoration of the merchant marine, which now awaits the action of the House of Representatives to become a law. Probably his greatest parliamentary triumphs were in connection with this measure, which, in spite of determined opposition, he has twice successfully piloted through the senate. The restoration of our flag to the ocean carrying trade has long been a declared policy of the Republican party. The last national convention confirmed this policy. Whether the bill now pending in the house shall become a law at this session of Congress, or the country wait until a similar measure shall be advocated by the next administration, the work that Senator Gallinger has contributed to this important measure will hereafter identify his name with one of the most far-reaching acts of legislation in this generation.

I have reason to know that the acknowledged leaders of the senate would gladly testify to the desirability of Senator Gallinger's retention in that body if he so wished, but he has said to them as he has to others that, after eighteen years' service, the people of the state should be left free to determine for themselves whether or not he should be re-elected. In this connection, however, it seems fitting to republish the tribute of a senator well known throughout the country. On the evening preceding the last Republican state convention, the Hon. William Warner, United States senator from the state of Missouri, a distinguished soldier and at one time at the head of the Grand Army of the Republic, who served with Senator Gallinger in the national House of Representatives of the forty-ninth and fiftieth congresses, was a visitor at Concord. In talking with a reporter of the *Monitor and Statesman*, he said:

"Senator Gallinger is one of the leaders of the senate, not only because of his seniority, which counts for much, but because of his marvelous industry and his intellectual power. If you were to name the six most influential members of the senate, your list must necessarily contain Senator Gallinger's name, and the position which New Hampshire takes in the national councils because it has continued Gallinger in the senate is a commanding one, which must arouse great pride in the people in your state. I hope to see him in his seat in Washington for many years to come, to aid us with his wise counsel and to lend to the work of the national senate that poise and judgment which his keen legislative capacity, long experience and ripened intellectual resources so well supply."

Since his first term in Congress, Senator Gallinger's correspondence with his constituents on all subjects has been most voluminous. Yet, however trivial the subject of a letter may have seemed, it has never been ignored. In his public service he has known no party lines. Democrats appeal to him with the same confidence of attention as his staunchest supporter.

Amid all the stormy scenes through which he has passed, Senator Gallinger's kindly nature, his readiness to receive suggestions and his charitable construction of public and private criticism have been large assets



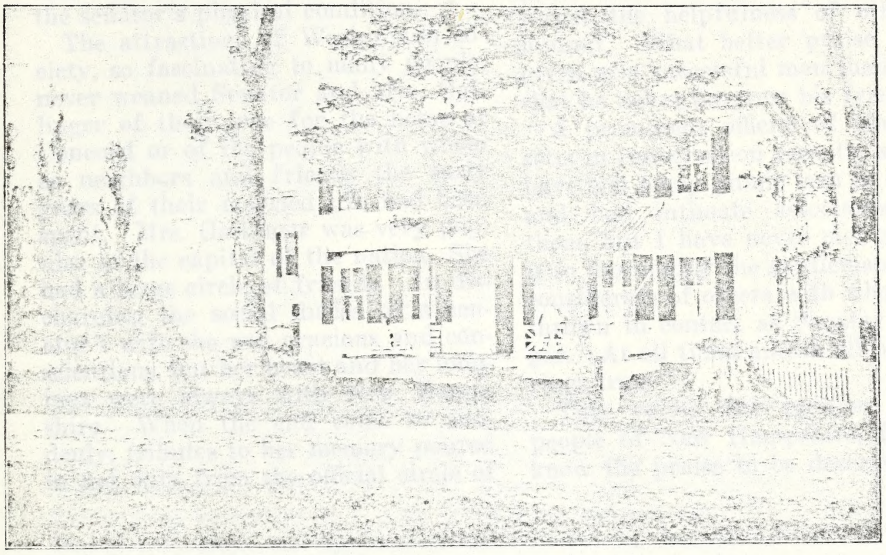
Snapshot of Senator Gallinger Leaving the Capitol

in his successful leadership. There have been crises in the party welfare when self sacrifice was essential. He has never hesitated to make that sacrifice. Frequently thrust into positions he did not want, he has accepted the trust, conscious that the discharge of its duties would bring censure. Yet in his appreciation of the honors bestowed upon him, he has felt that his own judgment should yield in these matters to that of his party associates. In all that pertained to his course as a senator in Congress, he has acted

solely upon his convictions, while broadly tolerant of the different views of others.

In his long political and public service he has been brought into personal contact with more of his constituents than any leader of his time through his correspondence, his management of political campaigns and his public addresses throughout the state. His record is better known to the people of New Hampshire than that of any public man of this generation. It, therefore, must be particularly gratifying to him at this time to find such a universal call for his re-election to the senate, extending even to the Democratic minority, who, while they would choose one of their own faith as his successor if they had the power, take just pride in his achievements as a senator from New Hampshire and in the influence the state has in the councils of the nation through his service. Almost a majority of the replies received to his announcement of his present candidacy for re-election contain the affectionate postcript that the principal reason the writer desired to go to the legislature of 1909 is to vote for him for senator. No more touching tribute could be paid to a public servant than is contained in these personal assurances of kindly regard.

Senator Gallinger married August 23, 1860, Mary Anna Bailey, daughter of Major Isaac Bailey of Salisbury. She died in the city of Washington February 2, 1907. Six children were born to them. Two died in infancy and a third, the eldest daughter, Alice, wife of Arthur H. Williams of Manchester, died December 16, 1886. The three surviving children are Mrs. H. A. Norton of Cambridge, Mass., William H. Gallinger of Salisbury and Dr. Ralph E. Gallinger of Concord. The latter is a successful physician of the capital city of New Hampshire, with an office in the same house where his father so long received patients and political callers.



"The Poplars"—Summer Home of Senator Gallinger

"The Poplars," Senator Gallinger's summer residence, is the ancestral home in Salisbury of Mrs. Gallinger's family, having been built by her grandfather, Major Green, about a century ago. The property has been much improved and beautified by the

senator, who has a great fondness for country life. Here he spends the greater part of his vacation during the recess of Congress, dividing his time between the official demands which follow him to New Hampshire and farming. Without doubt this out-of-door activity at Salisbury Heights is a great contributing factor to his remarkable vitality. Returning from Washington after a long session of Congress, completely exhausted by his arduous labors, a month at "The Poplars" works a complete restoration of the senator's physical condition.

The attractions of Washington society, so fascinating to many people, never weaned Senator and Mrs. Gallinger of their love for the home at Concord or of the people with whom as neighbors and friends the early years of their married life had been spent. Mrs. Gallinger was very popular at the capital of the nation. She had a large circle of friends. In discharging the social duties of a senator's wife she was gracious and conscientious, but her heart and her longings were always with New Hampshire. When the end came so suddenly, tributes to her memory poured in not only from the official circle of which she was a part but also from many of the people in the employment of the government, in whose welfare she always took a deep interest.

Twice in his senatorial service Senator Gallinger has had an opportunity of naming a postmaster of Concord, his home, about the only patronage, except his clerk, which a senator can dispense without consultation with his colleagues of the state delegation. In both instances he recognized the obligations of early association and friendship. He did not forget the helpfulness of others to himself. What better praise can be given of a successful man than to say that he never outgrew his friends.

A prominent official of Massachusetts in conversation recently said, "I have met many public men in my day and had intimate association with them, but I have never met one who is so thoroughly the gentleman and so considerate of others with whom he is thrown in contact as Senator Gallinger. At all times and in all places he rings true."

This voices the opinion of the people of New Hampshire, for they know the praise to be deserved.

The Call

By Mary Bassett-Rouke

A wet wind rattles my window pane,
  Set high 'mid brick walls where I work,
And the clinging robe of falling rain
  Blots out my view of the grimy murk;
But little I heed the outlook now,
  For fancy is luring me far away,
Where heaven's fresh air beats on my brow,
  And my soul flies close to the gates of day.

Away from the pent-up, noisy town,
  With its rigid rules of bell and tome,
To the far, far north, where the hills look down
  And call and beckon their children home.

"Come up," they say, "ye sons of men,
Drink health and strength from my pine-clad breast,
Lay down the lathe, the sword, the pen,
Creep into my arms and be at rest."

Oh, you who have stood on some lofty peak
And gazed with awe upon nature's face,
Have you heard the voice of the Silence speak
Or felt a Presence pervade all space?
Have you felt the thrill of Cosmic force
That girdled these mountains at their birth?
Or tracked the darkling river's course,
As it fled to its home in the caves of earth?

Have you seen the rise and set of sun,
The snapping stars, or the chaste moonbeam,
As, flashing down on the snow, frost-spun,
It hung with diamonds the leaping stream?
Have you felt your spirit grow broad and strong?
Has hope rekindled your life anew?
Then give to the hills your meed of song,—
The hills of the north—they are calling you.

Christmas Bells

By Frederick Myron Colby

Ring, fairy bells of Christmas-tide, ring out across the snow,
And bring to us the memories that throng the long ago.
The happy hours of childhood when our life was all aglow,
When 'midst the kitchen's cheery blaze we hung the mistletoe.
Those little stockings in a row, I see them hanging yet;
The choral songs, the laughter sweet, I never can forget.
A sacred hush comes o'er me as the cadence softly swells
Across December's landscapes, of joyous Christmas bells.

To cottage of the peasant and the palace of the king
Come greetings of the Christmas as they musically ring.
By ice fields of the Baltic, where the Thames and Tiber flow,
The music of the Christmas bells brings e'er a cheery glow.
They ring for all from Iceland's snow to India's coral strand,
From pines of lofty Andes to the palms of Samarcand.
They tell the story vibrant of the joy that reigns today,
The festal glow of Christmas-tide that cheers our earthly way.

In every land, by every sea, the merry chimes ring clear,
And countless hearts in unison rejoice in Christmas cheer.
The monarch lays aside his state, the peasant leaves his toil,
While little children full of play and tillers of the soil
All keep the day with merry glee, as rings the Christmas chime,
Proclaiming to a weary world a better, holier time.
For, once the gates of Janus close, the bondsman finds release,
When o'er the earth the Christmas bells ring jubilees of peace.

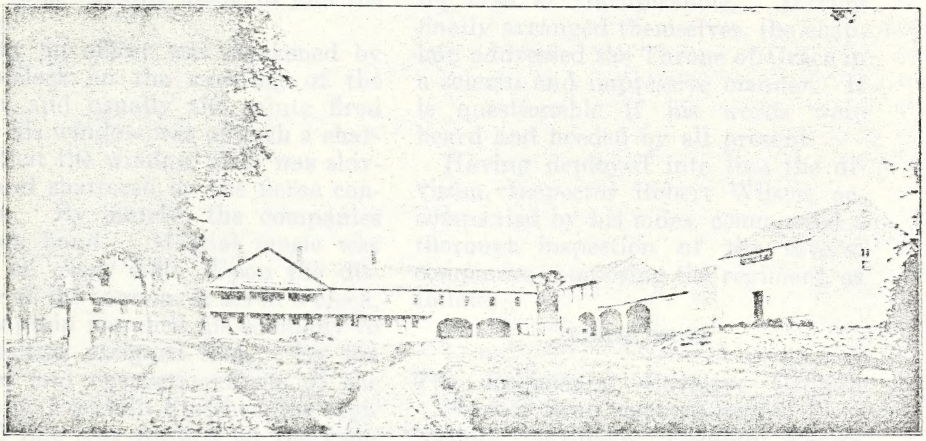
An Old-Time Muster

By Charles S. Spaulding

At the present time we hear little about the famous old musters of the early days. Few of the present generation know anything concerning those musters which were famed far and wide. What was a muster? Why were they started and when were they discontinued? What constituted a muster?

After Queen Anne's War, although a treaty of peace was signed by the Indian chiefs in 1713, many of the warlike Indians were treacherous, and depredations continued. The governor and council accordingly organized a militia. The militia were to be in training and were expected to be ready, should emergencies arise. In 1718 a militia law was passed which provided that all men, except negroes and Indians, who were between the ages of sixteen and sixty, should perform military duty. It was further ordered that each captain should call out his company four times each year for drill, and that once in three years there should be a regimental muster. As a consequence, military spirit was aroused; regiments of cavalry and infantry were trained; colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors reaped honors and glory and the training days and, above all, the big muster, became red-letter days in their lives.

The new state constitution was adopted in September 5, 1792, and within four months of that time the legislature had the militia arranged in battalions, regiments, brigades and divisions. A few of the older residents of many a New Hampshire town vividly recall the great "Muster Day" of their village or in some adjoining town.



Old Farwell's, or Holt, Tavern, where the Colonel of the Fifth Regiment called the Line Officers to Meet for Drill

Among those well-remembered was the famous muster at "Hardscrabble," now South Merrimac, which occurred September 5, 1838. It was then that a review of the old Fifth Regiment of state militia occurred.

All through the night preceding this muster the highways leading to Hardscrabble were filled with men and boys who were untiring in their efforts to keep up a continual din resembling that attending the advent

of the Fourth of July. Everybody from everywhere planned to attend the muster. All were up early and many a boy did not even retire, fearing he might oversleep and miss the great event by losing his seat in the first load when they started forth in the early hours of dawning day, for all were off for the muster by dawn, carriages and wagons from every direction loaded with soldiers came streaming into the little village; men on foot trudged along the dusty highway; men on horseback spurred on their horses that they might not be late to the field; troops of women and children joined the fast-growing crowd and pedlars with all kinds of wares came rattling along to join the throng.

Many an officer was awakened by two o'clock on the morning of the muster and usually the salute fired under his window was of such a character that the window glass was shivered and shattered by the fierce concussion. By sunrise the companies were on hand. Martial music was heard on every side. Upon the discharge of the cannon, at seven o'clock, each captain marched his company to the position assigned him. By the prompt and energetic efforts of the adjutant, Franklin Fletcher, the regimental line was formed on the common near the meeting house, with the left wing extending up the Cricket Corner road. The regimental standard was carried to the center in true military style. The musicians also took their position at the center of the regiment, which was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Mooar of Hollis. This was a large regiment and probably over 1,200 men in line marched to the music of fife and drum to the muster field. This muster field was situated southeast of the railroad station at South Merrimac and nearly opposite George E. Patterson's place. In a solid column the regiment was marched to the center. The march was a slow one, the men taking short steps and often consuming an hour in traveling one half mile. Across the years again come strains from the lively fifers of such tunes as "The Road to Boston," "The Campbells Are Coming," "Yankee Doodle," or that famous air called "White Cockade," which was so well played by Luther Blanchard for the Acton Company when the brave boys passed over the Concord bridge to take their part in the Concord fight in 1775. And now, sixty-three years later, it was played with as much spirit and vim by fifers, snare drummers and bass drummers as they proudly marched to the muster field at Hardscrabble. Having finally arranged themselves, the chaplain addressed the Throne of Grace in a solemn and impressive manner. It is questionable if his words were heard and heeded by all present.

Having deployed into line the division, Inspector Robert Wilson, accompanied by his aides, commenced a thorough inspection of the several companies composing the regiment, as follows:

RIGHT WING

The Regimental Cavalry, Captain Warner Read commanding.

Nashua Artillery, Captain Perley Foster commanding.

Nashua Boy's Artillery, Captain John G. Foster commanding.

Milford Light Infantry, Captain Franklin Abbott commanding.

Nashua Guards, Captain John Eyers commanding.

Van Buren Guards, Hudson, Captain Ethan Willoughby commanding.

Nashua La Fayette Light Infantry, Captain George Tuttle commanding.

Hollis Stark Grenadiers, Captain Stillman Spaulding.

Milford Red Coats, Captain Stephen Blanchard.

LEFT WING

1st Company Infantry, Nashua, Captain Franklin Shattuck.
2nd Company Infantry, Mont Vernon, Captain John D. Nutter.
3d Company Infantry, ————.
4th Company Infantry, Merrimac, Captain Ira Spalding.
5th Company Infantry, Hollis, Captain Varnum Wheeler.
6th Company Infantry, Amherst. Captain Ebenezer T. Duncklee.
7th Company Infantry, Litchfield, Captain Nathan Richardson.
8th Company Infantry, Nashua and Hudson, Captain Samuel Merrill.
10th Company Infantry, Nashua, Captain Moody M. Barrett.
11th Company Infantry, Brookline, Captain Franklin McDonald.
Amherst Rifle Company, Captain Sewall G. Mack.
Merrimac Rifle Company, Captain William B. Wheeler.

The regiment was then reviewed by Major-General James Wilson of Keene, who praised them for their soldierly bearing and for marching with precision and in good order. This major general was six and one half feet tall and was a most imposing figure as he reviewed the men before him. No two companies wore uniforms alike. All presented a most gala appearance. We recall the Nashua Guards, with their white pants trimmed gayly with red stripes down the outside, their blue coats, their upright black leather hats, with shining silver tinsel trimming, crowned with the waving two-colored plumes of black and red.

We see again the Milford Light Infantry on the right wing, with their white pants, blue coats trimmed with three rows of silver-washed bell buttons, buff stripes between the outer rows; their glazed black caps taller in front than in the back, upon which are two heavy black ostrich plumes which nod in the breeze. How often that Milford Infantry won warm words of approval and received universal praise for their soldierly bearing, the skillful ease of their movements and, most of all, for their wonderful and complex evolutions. What mattered it to them if the Nashua Guards were considered the best drilled, best disciplined company? The evolutions of the Milford Light Infantry were remarkable to behold.

But the review continues and we see the Nashua Artillery, with blue pants and blue coats, while attached to their belts are canteens, priming brush, swords. The soldiers are short and straight; the officers are tall. In fact, when first formed, every man was six feet tall and weighed at least two hundred pounds. All are eager to hear warm words of approval and praise. The Regimental Cavalry are gay in new uniforms, bright and clean, and their long boots are in evidence. Approbation and a general murmur of approval is theirs.

Out on the right wing again we see a brilliant bit of color which attracts our attention, for here is the company commanded by tall, straight Stephen Blanchard, always "well-disciplined and well-officered." How well they bear the close scrutiny of the review! There they are in scarlet coats, with upright leather hats of black, surmounted by white plumes, which boast red tips at the end. Each man well knew that his town of Milford, during the early part of the century, had been noted for its military spirit, and now that reputation should not be weakened by any act of the "Milford Red Coats." A brilliant and inspiring sight it was to all who beheld these old companies. Long to be remembered were the gay uniforms, the music, the vast concourse of people, the spirited, fine-looking horses, many of which were hired for this special occasion and for the use of which thirty dollars a day was freely and willingly given to the obliging owner. In addition to this spectacular scene

there were the liquor sellers, the gambling tables, the venders, the innumerable and unnameable side shows, the striped pig, the stuffed crocodile, and other attractions never to be forgotten.

The inspection and review occupied most of the morning. After dinner the sham fights usually occurred, but, upon this occasion the line officers voted against a sham fight, much to the disappointment of many a youngster, who half expected to see some one killed outright. The regiment was dismissed early in the afternoon. But this dismissal was not a signal for dispersal.

In that portion of the field assigned to the spectators, tents were seen on every side. Here liquor could be had in all forms, from egg-pop, mug of flip, tom-jerry and black strop, down to the raw "New England." The effects of such was seen in the gait of no small number, who went to have a spree. There were several gambling tables, well patronized by a motley crew of blacklegs and drunken rowdies. As was usual on these occasions, auctioneers and all sorts of pedlars were conspicuous. The razor strop man cried his wares; the suspender man sold his suspenders as, "long enough for any man and short enough for any boy," and the gingerbread man was seen at every turn. Then, too, there was the alligator show, the nigger show and the puppet shows, and every sort of scheme to obtain the money of the people.

The "striped pig" was upon exhibition, for on a tent near by was a notice which told the unsuspecting country folks that a striped pig might be seen within for six and a quarter cents (the latter was a Spanish coin then in general use). Curiosity prompted people to enter this tent in which was exhibited a common and natural pig with stripes of paint drawn upon its body. Near by was another "critter" on exhibition, which proved to be the greater attraction and close scrutiny revealed it to be liquor in a decanter with sugar and water in it. Persons who paid their entrance fee looked at the pig and were treated without further words or additional charge. This was a device gotten up by a shrewd Yankee to evade the Massachusetts Fifteen Gallon liquor law. This show was so extremely popular that it was on exhibition at nearly every muster in New Hampshire. In one of those doggerel ballads composed and sung at the time was:

"The striped pig is running loose,
The devil finds the liquor;
And all that piggy has to do
Is just keep up the dicker."

The gingerbread vender was there, selling his wares from four to five cents a sheet. Later in the forenoon it was three cents a sheet. In the afternoon it was reduced to one cent a sheet, and later it was thrown at the crowds as they left the muster field.

As the years passed the militia became unpopular and the trainings were a burlesque. About 1850, when peace societies were formed, when ministers preached against musters, and when statesmen delivered orations against the horrors and barbarisms of musters, the New Hampshire legislature abolished the militia system and the old-time muster passed into the category of historic events long since passed away.

Hannah Dustin

A Medley of Song

By C. C. Lord

(Continued from last month)

BEYOND THE BAR

Storms rage and waters boil: I am not brave
Far distant from the strand;
For I distrust the wild and restless wave,
And crave the solid land.

The billows toss me through the rolling years,
And rouse reflection sore,
And anxious thought longs hard to soothe its fears
Upon the rock-bound shore.

So e'er my heart forsakes the faithless sea
For peace no woes can mar:
I pray at last in joyfulness to be
Safe—high beyond the bar.

Canto X

Spring revels in bright gladness, and the hours
Flit by in lustrous joyfulness of day
In sunlit splendor, and the buds break forth
In bursts of vernal cheer and happy bloom,
The while the merry birds exult in song
In laughing accents; and the heart of man
Lays hold on pleasure in the thought of time
Exuberant of life in nameless glow
And endless ecstacy. Yet oft a soul,
For saddened memories of woeful scenes
That, on the canvass of the silent thought,
Recur and plague reflection, feels and sees
Some grief in things that of the pride of spring
Take rapt fruition. Thomas Dustin bore
In thankful mood his wife, love's precious boon,
To his safe dwelling, new and strong, its walls
Shaped for defence in peril,[30] and his home
Was radiant of blessing; but the gloom
Of pains and pangs that earth may not invade
With comfort luminous hung o'er its hearth
And shaded oft its altar. In the toils
And cares that love makes ever consecrate
And grateful, Hannah Dustin oft recalled
Some meed of sorrow as her mind unbid

30. It appears that Thomas Dustin had a new brick house for the reception of his wife on her return from captivity. Mr. Dustin was a brick-maker, and his new house was a garrison.

Reviewed some sharp affliction, when the dart
Clave her heart's core when fate was dim and slow,
And thus she paused, and sighed, and wiped a tear,
In the glad season. Then betimes her feet,
To her sad impulse yielding, sought the path
That led where stood a tree, and the dear babe,
So small, and sweet, and sinless, to her sense
Seemed softly speaking in the sighs that stole
Among the branches till in frame she fell
On kindly consolation. Thus the spring
Passed by and summer came and earth was crowned.

The seasons fly and years roll on and tell
Their ceaseless changes, and the grief that gnaws
The heart in bitterness subsides and turns
To calm solemnity and patience true
That lean on helps eternal, and strong faith
The higher prize holds constant, vital, sure,
Though life below still holds some virtue oft
In ripe fruition. Hannah Dustin gained
The comfort everlasting, while on earth
Of rich integrity she reaped reward
And of her race took homage.[31] Once the hearth
And altar gleamed with fairer light and pure,
Fed by God's love, a daughter, rare and sweet,
The household band rejoicing, sire and dame,
Brave brothers and fair sisters,[32] knit again
In peaceful bonds domestic, thankful, proud:
And when the goodman came to kneel and pray,
He said, "Thou who dost give and take away,
And take away to give again in joy,
We thank thee for thy grace, and crave thy arm
For this, thy house, for aye. Thy will is just."

O earth and time in promise ever rich
Evoke fair childhood's praises, when the days
Are lithe with expectation! Yet the scenes
And years maturer steal the hope away,
Rebuke the smile, and bathe the face in tears,
And give despair the triumph, but for light
That breaks through mundane clouds of doubt and dread,
Revealing Love's compassion, vast, divine,
And endless, though earth's shining prospects fade,
And time's assurance bright dissolves in dark
Impervious to sorrow's sight and ken.
There is an aspect of the soul that soars

31. On April 21, 1697, Thomas Dustin and his wife arrived at Boston, Mass., and the provincial legislature eventually granted £50 to the party escaping from Indian captivity at the island on March 30. One half of the expressed amount was given to Mrs. Dustin, and one fourth each to Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson.

32. The following appears to be the complete list of the children of Thomas and Hannah Dustin; Hannah, b. Aug. 22, 1678; Elizabeth, b. May 7, 1680; Mary, b. Nov. 4, 1681; d. Oct. 18, 1696; Thomas, b. Jan. 5, 1683; Nathaniel, b. May 16, 1685; John, b. Feb. 2, 1686; d. Jan. 28, 1690; Sarah, b. July 4, 1688: Abigail, b. Oct.—, 1690; Jonathan, b. Jan. 15, 1692; Timothy, b. Sept. 14, 1694, twin to Mehitable; d. Dec. 16, 1694; Martha, b. Mar. 9, 1697; Lydia, b. Oct. 4, 1698.

In faith and ripe fruition to glad heights
That dwell in light and peace that fain ignore
The lower world contingent, while the beams
Of the eternal Sun illume the face
That nevermore in shades of vain concern
Is cast for things uncertain. Thus was she—
The heroine whose life evokes this tale—
In inward grace elated. Days fled on,
And years rolled swiftly by, and in her soul
She rose to comfort changeless, peace complete
In pious elevation, far above
The strength of tumult rising. When the tongue
Of conversation oft to trials turned
In the old days departed, she in calm
And sacred resignation said, "Then was
A great affliction, but the Lord, who makes
The wrath of man to praise him, to my soul
Hath proved his mercy measureless, and I
No longer doubt his arm or dread his hand,
That through dull grief's dark vale leads me to light
Upon the hills of Heaven." Thus she lived
And sped to life's last shadow, and when eve
Crept down the west, e'er sunset's glories paled,
She beamed in smiles that into laughter woke,
And cried in ecstacy—"My babe! My cherub babe!"—
And then the night descended. There she lay,
A soft, sweet light upon her features wan,
The days last glint that decks the peaks of time.

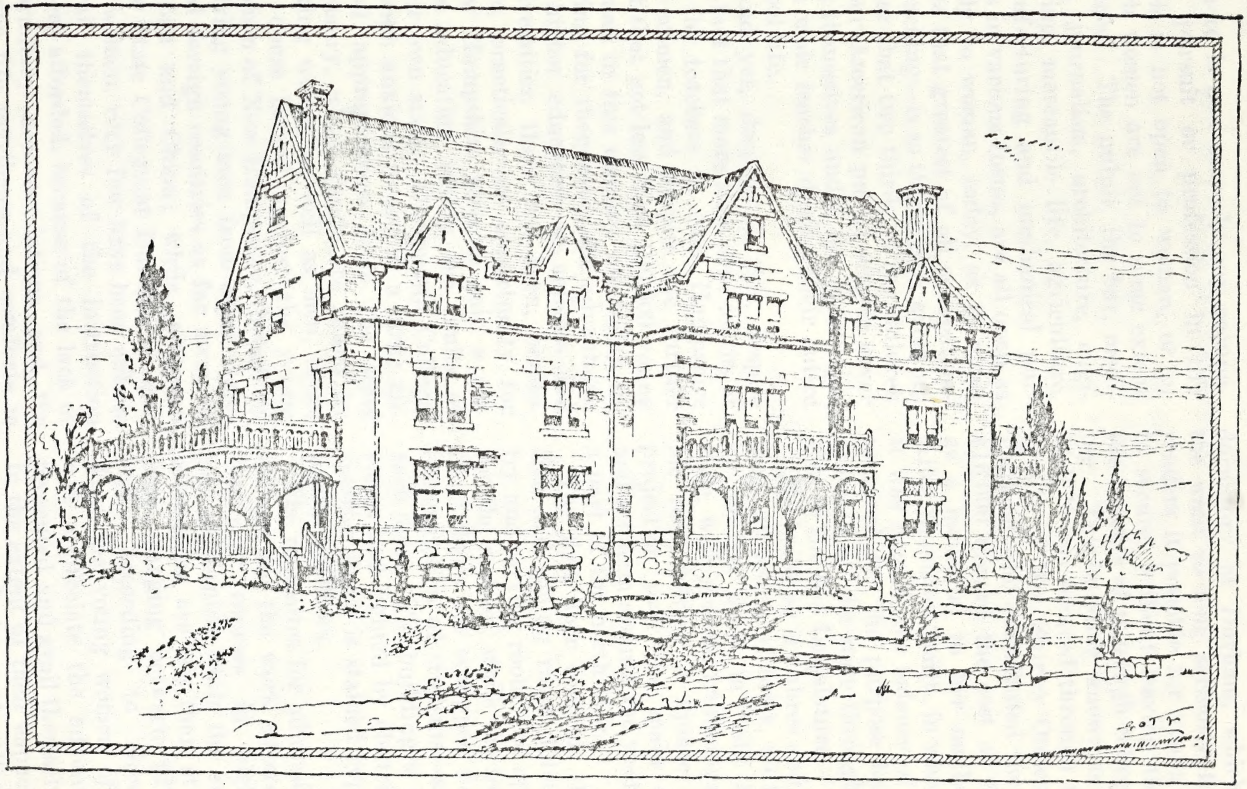
SUNSET SONG

Sweet friend, behold the western sky!
The day is dying. Lo, the night
In splendor burns. The wishful eye
At eve takes comfort of the light.

The earth is gloaming, yet above,
Afar, and beautiful, the dome
In pride displays the charms we love
When dark obscures the paths we roam.

O darling sign! The royal sun
With mist confers at twilight gray,
And clouds depict the smiles begun
On high while tears below have sway.

Thus let us muse within the vale
Of life expectant! Patience knows
The promise wrought for sadness bale
In gladness when time's sunset glows.



Smith Hall—The New Girls' Dormitory at Durham

A Long-Felt Want Supplied

There is now scarcely any occupation, pursuit or profession in life which is not open to woman, or in which women are not to some extent engaged. The pulpit, the bar, medicine, journalism, architecture, engineering, mercantile life, agriculture, manufacturing and mechanical pursuits in various forms, are all open as freely to woman, today, as to man; while that greatest of all occupations —teaching—is so thoroughly given up to her that two thirds of the children in our American public schools never find themselves under the instruction of a male teacher during their entire school life.

And yet, despite all this, despite the fact that more than nine tenths of all the teachers in New Hampshire are women, and despite the further fact that not less than 100,000 young women in this country are today securing for themselves the advantages of higher education in colleges and universities, there has been, heretofore, practically no opportunity for New Hampshire girls to gain a college education within the limits of their own state. Dartmouth College, though anxious to secure a large annual appropriation from the state treasury, whose funds are raised by taxing women as well as men, keeps its doors barred against the young women of New Hampshire, though receiving young men from other states and foreign countries as far away as Japan and China; while, although the State College at Durham is open to women, very few have been able to avail themselves of the instruction there afforded, because of the lack of dormitory accommodations and the home life privileges and comforts in connection therewith.

There has, however, recently been completed and opened for use a girls' dormitory at Durham, which meets the want so long seriously felt, and renders it possible for young women to secure, without leaving the state, the benefits of thorough college training. This building, known as "Smith Hall," was secured through the generosity of Mrs. Shirley Onderdonk of Durham who contributed the sum of $16,000 toward the cost of the same as a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Alice Hamilton Smith, in whose honor it was named, the balance of $10,000 required for the purpose being contributed by the state through the action of the last Legislature.

The building is a three and one half story structure of brick, 86 feet long by 36 feet deep, in "old English" style, with granite trimmings and gable roof, having a square vestibule projection over the main entrance, and a piazza around the west end and a part of the north side.

The first floor contains the reception and dining room, kitchen, pantry and serving room, and apartments for the matron, while the second and third floors are equipped for the accommodation of students—sixteen on each floor. The building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The interior finish is stained cypress with hardwood floors.

The requisites for admission to this college are the work covered by the four-year courses in high schools and academies, while the expenses of attendance are less than at most colleges, ranging between $212.50 and $295, according to circumstances. That the young women of the state will appreciate the advantages now presented and avail themselves thereof to the extent of their capacity, by the opening of the next college year, if not before, is to be hoped and expected.

A Long-Felt Want Supplied

The Rumford Printing Company

By H. H. Metcalf

Comparatively few people, even in the city in which it is located, are aware of the magnitude of the business done by the Rumford Printing Company of Concord. The foundation of this business was laid before the middle of the last century, in the job printing establishment connected with the old *New Hampshire Statesman,* which had assumed considerable proportions in the days of McFarland and Jenks, between 1850 and 1870, and acquired still greater importance under the Republican Press Association in later years.

In 1897 there was a division of the business which the Republican Press Association had long carried on, the same passing into the hands of two new companies, entirely independent of each other, the publication of the daily and weekly newspapers—the *Monitor* and *Independent Statesman* being assumed by the Monitor and Statesman Co. and the proprietorship and conduct of the job printing business, to which book-binding and photo-engraving had been added, going into the hands of the Rumford Printing Company, of which Edward N. Pearson, now secretary of state, was the first manager. This business was removed from the *Statesman* building to Bridge Street, where it continued for several years, returning about four years ago to the former building, corner of Depot Street and Railroad Square, which the Monitor and Statesman Company had vacated soon after the division, and three entire floors of which it now occupies for the purposes of its large and growing business.

The capital stock of the Rumford Printing Company is $40,000. The board of directors includes John C. Pearson, William E. Chandler, George H. Moses, John W. Bourlet and John D. Bridge. Mr. Pearson is the president, Mr. Bourlet secretary and Mr. Moses treasurer. John D. Bridge, who came into the company in 1902, is the manager, and by his business acumen, energy and enterprise has succeeded in putting the concern upon a handsome dividend paying basis.

In the magnitude and variety of its business this company undoubtedly surpasses any other in its line in New England north of Boston. It gives employment to about sixty-five hands, upon an average, in its several departments, with a weekly pay roll of between $700 and $800. Its orders for work come from all parts of the state and all sections of the country, and from all professions and lines of business. Its ability to meet every demand of the printers' and bookmakers' art, without going outside for any item or detail, gives it a vast advantage over ordinary establishments in competing for many large contracts.

Its workmanship is of the best in every department, and its superior facilities give it marked advantage when rapid execution is demanded. As an illustration of its capacity for rapid work on a large scale may be noted the fact that it produced the journal of the proceedings of the National Grange, at its recent annual session in Washington, in a pamphlet of 150 closely printed octavo pages, of which 10,000 copies were issued, doing the entire work of composition, printing, binding, packing and expressing to the granges throughout the country, in a single week from the receipt of the manuscript copy—a feat that could not be surpassed by any printing house in New England.

While any kind of a job that may

The Rumford Printing Company

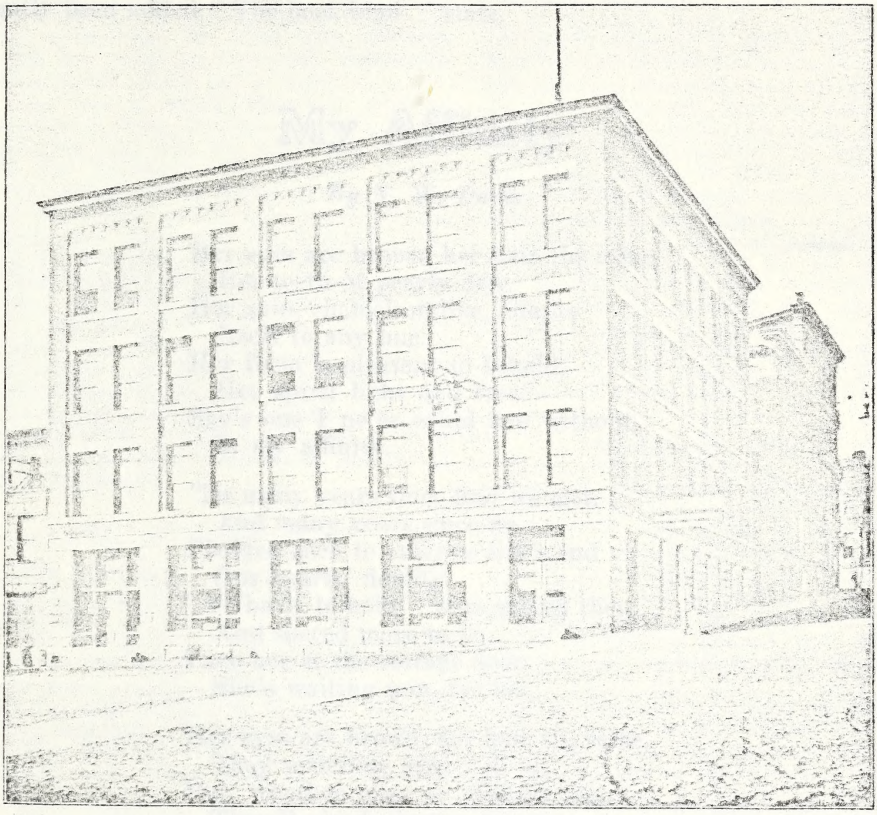
By W. M. Morey

Comparatively few people, even in the city in which it is located, are aware of the magnitude of the business done by the Rumford Printing Company of Concord. The formation of this business was laid before the middle of the last century, in the job printing establishment connected with the old Two Penny State-man, which had assumed considerable proportions in the days of McFarland and Jenks, between 1830 and 1870, and acquired still greater importance under the Republican Press Association in later years.

In 1897 there was a division of the business which the Republican Press Association had long carried on, the same passing into the hands of two new companies, entirely independent of each other, the publication of the daily and weekly newspapers—the Monitor and Patriot Statesman being assumed by the Monitor and Statesman Co. and the proprietorship and conduct of the job printing business, to which book-binding and photo-engraving had been added, going into the hands of the Rumford Printing Company, of which Edward N. Pearson, now secretary of state, was the first manager. This business was removed from the Statesman building to Bridge Street, where it continued for several years, returning about four years ago to the former building, corner of Depot Street and Railroad Square, which the Monitor and Statesman Company had vacated soon after the division, and three entire floors of which it now occupies for the purposes of its large and growing business.

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be required in the printing line, from a visiting card to a large illustrated volume, can be done here as promptly, as cheaply and as well as at any printing establishment in the country, a specialty is made of lawyers' briefs (of which it does more than any three other establishments in the state), town histories and half-tone work of all kinds. Fine illustrations printed here have been those of Rye, Salem, Bedford, Northfield and the city of Concord, while the company is now engaged on histories for Lebanon and Andover. A $10,000 contract for printing the statute laws of the state of Vermont was one of the items of last year's work, while many large contracts for work in that state have been filled in the recent past. About



Home of The Rumford Printing Company

of the latter work are to be found in the several issues of the publication gotten out under the auspices of the state board of agriculture entitled "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," which have been as generally admired for the excellence of their mechanical execution as for the subject matter presented.

Among town histories recently a dozen regular publications, including the GRANITE MONTHLY, the *Magnificat*, the *Journal of Economic Entomology*, the *Fly-Leaf*, *Popular Odd Fellow*, and various school magazines are printed here, together with irregular and souvenir publications, in endless variety. The journal of the house and senate and the printed bills for the coming session of the legislature

will be furnished from this establishment, as in former years. The New Hampshire law reports are another example of the substantial work done at this establishment.

To be fully up-to-date and at the front in the matter of equipment is the purpose of the management, and to this end new presses of the latest designs, and other improved machinery in the various departments have recently been added. The book-binding department is particularly noted for the superiority of its work, while the photo-engraving here produced compares favorably with the best in the country, and commands a wide patronage. In short, prompt business methods and excellence in execution combine to give the Rumford Printing Company of Concord, N. H., a reputation at home and abroad creditable alike to itself, the city and the state.

My Affinity

By N. W. Davis

Her eyes are brown, her hair the same,
  Her teeth of pearly dew,
Her skin, chameleon-like, adapts
  Itself to any hue.
Her form is pleasant to behold,
  Her spirit light and free.
She's one I ne'er could live without,
  Is my affinity.

'Tis many years since first we met,
  And many years since we
Pledged each to other to life's end
  Our hearts' fidelity.
"To have, to hold," were sacred then,
  And sacred more to be.
I see her at the cottage door,
  She's waiting now for me.

Her eyes are brown, her hair the same,
  They sometime gray will be,
But, whether gray or dimmer hue,
  They'll e'er be brown to me.
Who else could overlook my faults,
  My follies fail to see?
I pray the Lord He'll ne'er send harm
  To my affinity.

New Hampshire Necrology

JOHN HARVEY TREAT

John Harvey Treat, born in Pittsfield July 23, 1839, died in that town November 8, 1908.

He was a son of the late James A. Treat, founder of the Treat Hardware Company and owner of Brechin Block at Lawrence, Mass. He graduated from Phillips Andover Academy, and from Harvard College in the class of 1862. After graduation he went into business with his father in Lawrence, continuing therein for nearly thirty years.

He was a great historical student, especially along the line of the Catholic religion, and was the author of "Notes on the Rubrics," "The Catholic Faith," "The Catacombs of Rome, with a History of the Tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul, with Notes and Illustrations"; also of a "Genealogy of the Treat Family," "The Ancestry of Col. John Harvey," and many pamphlets. He donated a large and valuable library to Harvard College, containing the Treat Collection of Works on Ritualism and Doctrinal Theology, and contributed liberally in aid of Professor Marnochis' work in excavating the Catacombs of St. Priscilla. He was a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati.

COL. LYCURGUS PITMAN

Col. Lycurgus Pitman, born in Bartlett April 9, 1848, died at North Conway, November 12, 1908.

He was the son of the late Hon. George W. M. and Emeline (Chubbuck) Pitman, and great grandson of Joseph Pitman, one of the first settlers of Bartlett. His father was long a leading citizen of Carroll County and had served in the state legislature more terms than any other man of his time.

Soon after attaining his majority he engaged in the drug business at North Conway, and continued therein up to the time of his death.

He was active in political life from early youth as a Democrat, attending the state conventions as a delegate for many years; also the national convention of 1880. In 1886 he was elected to the state senate from District No. 2, his father and grandfather having previously served in the same body, and in 1889 he was a delegate in the constitutional convention. In 1896 he left the Democratic party and allied himself with the Republicans, continuing thereafter with the latter. In 1901 he was appointed an aide on the staff of Governor Jordan, with the rank of colonel, and in 1904 he was an alternate delegate in the Republican national convention.

Colonel Pitman was one of the promoters of the North Conway water works, of the North Conway & Mount Kearsarge Railway and of the North Conway Loan and Banking Company, and president of the latter up to 1905. He was prominent in the Masonic order, with which he had been associated since 1870; had been several times master of Mount Washington lodge at North Conway, district deputy grand lecturer, and deputy grand master.

Colonel Pitman married first Lizzie I. Merrill of Conway, who left two daughters at her death in 1891, who still survive. Later he married Mrs. Anna C. Bragdon, widow of the late Dr. W. H. Bragdon of North Conway. He is also survived by one brother, W. M. Pitman of Jamaica Plain, Mass.

DEMERITT PLACE

Demeritt Place, born in Rochester February 8, 1814, died in Strafford December 2, 1908. He was a son of Rev. Enoch and Sally (Demeritt) Place, and was a man of strong character and much business ability. He engaged in the produce business, buying of the farmers and supplying dealers in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and continued the same for nearly seventy-five years. He was interested in religious and educational affairs; was an active worker in the Free Baptist Church and long clerk of the quarterly meetings of his district, and for more than half a century a trustee of Strafford or Austin-Cole Academy, and president of the board up to within a year of his death. He had also been prominent in public affairs and held many town offices.

He married in 1837 Mary Jane, daughter of William Foss of Strafford, who died in 1874, leaving one daughter, Ella, wife of the late Prof. Charles H. Waterhouse of the State Agricultural College, who after her husband's death made her home with her father.

New Hampshire Necrology

Editor and Publisher's Notes

This number of the GRANITE MONTHLY completes the present volume, which is Volume XL of the regular, and Volume III of the new series, commenced when the present editor and manager resumed the publication of the magazine January 1, 1906. At that time the issue had been suspended for a year, or rather the numbers for 1904 did not all make their appearance till 1905 was well advanced, so that there were no issues for the latter year, and it was only to insure the continuance of the magazine, which was the only publication in the state devoted to New Hampshire history, biography and kindred subjects, that the editor again assumed the responsibility for its issue. The term for which he assumed control has now expired. During these three years past the magazine has appeared regularly, and all bills incurred in connection with the work of publication have been met, though not without some anxious effort which the publisher should be spared through the hearty and prompt coöperation of patrons. The publication will go on for the year to come under the same direction as in the past three years. All subscribers are requested to see that their subscription is paid in advance, and those in arrears may settle at the advance rate of $1.00 per annum for the entire time, if payment for a year in advance is also included and the same be paid before January 10. Any subscriber making advance payment for two other subscriptions besides his own before that date, will receive a year's credit for the three for $2.00.

One of the most important contributing factors in the thorough compilation of our New England town history is found in the inscriptions upon the gravestones in the cemeteries where the remains of the early settlers and their immediate descendants are buried. These inscriptions are fast being obliterated by the relentless hand of Time, and many of them must soon be lost to the world (as some have been already) if not transcribed and permanently placed on record for future reference. Public and private action to this end has already been instituted in some towns. The town of Peterborough, at the annual meeting of 1898, made an appropriation and appointed a committee of three, consisting of James F. Brennan, Eben W. Jones and William Moore, to prepare a survey and plan of the two old cemeteries, on the hill used by the first settlers, and to copy and have printed for permanent preservation, a copy of the inscriptions on all the gravestones therein, which work has recently been completed, and is presented in a pamphlet of 68 pages, containing 545 inscriptions in all, besides some 25 or 30 half tone engravings of some of the more interesting headstones.

Mr. Charles B. Spofford of Claremont has prepared and printed at his own expense, an attractive pamphlet, presenting the inscriptions from the ancient gravestones in the old cemetery in Acworth to which is also appended a list of the names of the Revolutionary soldiers of the town.

The volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1906, 1907 and 1908, bound in cloth, will be furnished subscribers at 50 cents per volume, in exchange for their unbound numbers; or sent postpaid to any address for $1.00 per volume.